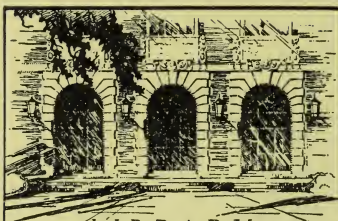


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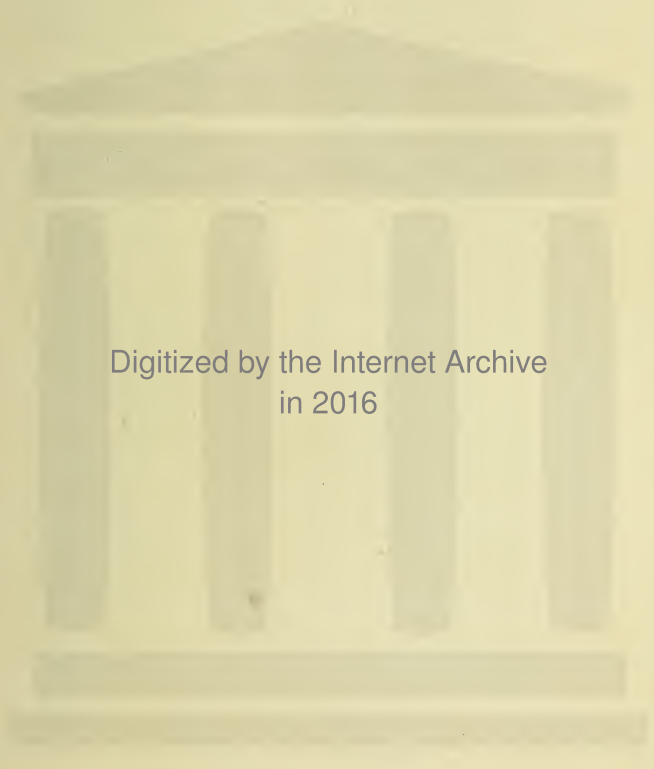
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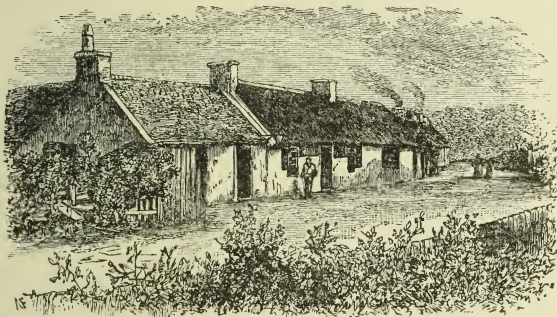
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CHARLES KENT

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

AUTHOR OF "ALETHEIA," "DREAMLAND," ETC.

COMPLETE EDITION



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If we applaud the Roman Emperor who found Rome brick and left it marble, what shall we say of the man who found the songs of his country indelicate and left them pure—who made wholesome the air which the spirit and the affections breathe? And Burns did this: and not only did he purify existing Scottish song; he added to it all that it has of best and rarest.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

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Introductory Biography.

As suddenly as though he had grasped it at a single bound, Burns, less than a hundred years ago, Prometheus-like, sprang to the possession of a glory of which he can never now be deprived, that of being at once recognized, alike by peer and peasant, as the great National Poet of Scotland. His reputation, achieved upon the instant of his first appearance, and since then only confirmed and consolidated, was, and is, and always will be, distinctly that of the National Poet, as Scott's a few years afterwards became that of the Dominant Genius of Scotland : precisely as Goethe is known to all Europe as the pre-eminent Genius, but Schiller as essentially the supreme Lyrical and National Poet of Germany.

ROBERT BURNS, the eldest of seven children, was born on the 25th of January, 1759, under the thatched roof of a little cottage situated about two miles to the south of Ayr, within a very short distance from Alloway Kirk and the Auld Brig of Doon, localities both of them immortalized within less than thirty years afterwards by the then infant, in his famous poem of "Tam o' Shanter." The humble birthplace is still carefully preserved, being used, to this day, as it has long been, as a little country alehouse, and for half a century has been an object of pilgrimage for travellers, drawn thither from the extremities of both hemispheres. It is a tenement of the very lowliest description, the merest "clay biggin," consisting only, in country parlance, of a but and a ben, otherwise of a diminutive common house-room or kitchen, with an equally small inner parlour, just perhaps a shade better in its appointments. So peculiarly frail and primitive was the structure, within which the future Bard of Caledonia first drew breath, that when he was not yet ten days old, one boisterous morning in February, a portion of the gable collapsing, the child and his mother had to be conveyed through the storm to a neighbour's dwelling, where they remained for a week together, until their own dilapidated cabin was again rendered habitable. The father, who was a gardener by occupation, had been his own architect, and, as the incident just mentioned served only too plainly to show, was as little skilled in building up a hovel as he throughout unhappily proved to be unskilled when he essayed to become the architect of his own fortunes. A peasant in his origin, descended as he was from a race of small farmers, he could nevertheless trace back his progenitors during a period of nearly two centuries. The seventeenth century had hardly begun when the first of

these of whom there is any record, one Walter Campbell by name, finding himself driven by political exigencies out of his native Argyleshire, settled down in the parish of Glenberrie, in Kincardineshire, and in so settling down took by way of blind the name of Burness or Burnhouse. His son Walter, who owned the farm of Bogjoran, had four sons, the third of whom was James Burness, born in 1656, and who died in 1743, at the age of eighty-seven, tenant of the farm of Brawlinmuir. It was his third son—the third son of a third son—who was Robert Burness, the Poet's grandfather. And it was the younger of his two sons, William Burness, the gardener of Alloway, whose privilege it was to be the father of the Poet of Scotland. At nineteen William, in company with his elder brother Robert, had gone south from Glenberrie in search of employment, their father, who had been out for the Pretender in the '45, having lost his farm through troubles consequent upon the Rebellion. William, having first of all vainly endeavoured to establish himself as a gardener in Edinburgh, later on drifted westwards into Ayrshire. There, for a couple of years, he laboured, with spade and rake and hoe, on the estate of the Laird of Fairly, and afterwards, in the same way, on that of the Laird of Crawford, of Doonside. Steadily plodding on after this fashion, he at length ventured to take a lease of seven acres from Dr. Campbell, a physician of Ayr, and on the ground thus brought under his immediate control started afresh in life as a public gardener and nurseryman.

Scarcely any opportunity, however, as it happened, was afforded him of evidencing whatever skill he might have possessed in the management of a nursery, seeing that but very shortly, indeed, after he had embarked upon the enterprise, he was engaged once more as a private gardener and overseer—this time to a neighbouring landowner, one Provost Ferguson of Doonholm. Such, in fact, was his lowly occupation and his simple mode of life at the very time when, under his obscure roof-beams, the child was born to him whose possession of the incommunicable gift of genius was to render himself and his surroundings thenceforth and in perpetuity illustrious.

William Burness, the Poet's father, born at Clockenhill, in Kincardine, on the 11th of November, 1721, had, on the 15th of December, 1757, upon the morrow of the completion of his thirty-sixth year, married Agnes Brown, then in her twenty-fifth year (she having been born in the Carrick district of Ayrshire on the 17th of March, 1732), the daughter of Gilbert Brown, a small farmer of Kirkoswald. The honest gardener of Alloway was not merely, according to Biddy's description of Jo in "*Great Expectations*," "a worthy, worthy man,"—he was not merely a man of sterling excellence, he was intrinsically one of the noblest and loftiest character. With his own hands he had constructed the clay tenement to which he brought home his wife on the day of their nuptials. There for nine years together they lived, though with exceeding thrift, most happily. There four of their seven children first drew breath. Robert, whose glory has reflected light upon them all, was the eldest. He had three brothers, Gilbert, William, and John, and three sisters, Agnes, Arabella, and Isabel, the eldest of his brothers and the youngest of his sisters being alone in any distinct

way, as will be seen a little later on, associated with the growth of his powers and the dawn of his reputation.

There can be hardly any doubt whatever that it was from his father that the Poet inherited his vigorous intelligence and his melancholy temperament, or that it was from his mother he derived, just as unmistakably, his joyous bursts of vivacity and his exquisite sense of the ridiculous. The father passed away before a line of Burns had been published, the mother, on the contrary, survived until her eighty-eighth year, when her famous son had been nearly a quarter of a century in his grave, having long assumed his place, by right, among the recognized classics of our literature. Agnes Burness, the mother, at the time of the Poet's boyhood, was remarkable, we are told, for a well-proportioned comely figure of the ordinary height, for the loveliest red and white complexion, for the darkest eyes and the deepest ruddy hair and eyebrows. William Burness, the father, on the other hand, was thin and sinewy, some five feet eight or nine inches in stature, slightly bent with toil, his locks prematurely scant and grizzled, his complexion swarthy and saturnine. If their eldest born may be presumed to have drawn intellectually from the father his strong manly sense, and physically, his dark swarthy complexion, while the mother may be credited with having given him his intense predilection for ballad lore and his delight in lilting lyrics, it has been admirably well said, by an apt quotation with reference to his genius, that—"the light that led astray was light from heaven!" Though his birthplace was little better than a hovel, Robert's education was cared for betimes. When a little creature of six he was daily sent to school a mile off, at Alloway Mill, where a Mr. Campbell presided over the slate and hornbook as his pedagogue. It happened, however, that when he had been only a few months under the guidance of this teacher the latter was removed elsewhere. Resolutely bent upon arranging promptly in some other way for his children's tuition, the honest gardener of Alloway entered into a compact with five of his neighbours, by means of which the services of an intelligent stripling of eighteen, one John Murdoch, were secured for a certain small stipend quarterly, the teacher passing from house to house in succession and at preconceived intervals. Heartened by this exceptional arrangement to a renewed effort to acquire betimes the rudiments of knowledge, Robert, and with him Gilbert, his junior by nearly a twelvemonth, began to study with such zest under Mr. Murdoch that they soon mastered the difficulties of reading and writing, and later on got thoroughly well grounded in English grammar.

It is whimsical now to remember that, according to the tutor's own account of his pupils, the younger one seemed to be not only the more engaging of the two, but the brighter in every way intellectually—the elder being silent for the most part, in some respects appearing decidedly stupid, and on the whole wearing a serious and sombre countenance. A threefold light has been since then thrown upon the little household. Robert, in his autobiographical epistle addressed to the author of "*Zeluco*," revealed it to the world's observation in the first place, as upon the disc of a camera obscura; Gilbert and Murdoch, each in turn afterwards, bringing the homely group and its surroundings more and more distinctly to view, as by the

aid of binocular vision. The Poet describes himself as at that time a favourite of no one, as repelling rather than attracting sympathy, as chiefly remarkable for a retentive memory, as being possessed by, what he terms, a kind of idiot piety, and as having about him what he just as significantly describes as a stubborn sturdy something in his disposition. There can be little doubt that sooner than ordinary he became an excellent English scholar, and that at an unusually early age he was, as he says himself, a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In his earliest years the humblest, horniest hand flung wide open for him the gates of Fairyland. This was the hand of one Betty Davidson, an ignorant old woman who rendered herself generally useful in the little household, and, on the score of her being a poor relation upon the mother's side, was counted, indeed, as one of the family. She appears to have been chiefly remarkable for her want of book-lore, her credulity, and her superstition. Yet has the old dame, for all that, won to herself, in some measure, the gratitude of posterity by unconsciously fanning into a flame the newly-kindled spark of genius in the dawning intelligence of the small urchin who listened so greedily at her knees to her wonderful store of songs and tales about fairies, witches, warlocks, giants, demons, dwarfs, wraiths, and apparitions. There can be no question that to her seemingly idle teaching, far more directly may be traced the poetical imaginings in after years of "Halloween" and "Tam o' Shanter" than to all the brightening influence of those especial friends and companions of the Poet through life from boyhood upwards—the Schoolmasters.

Foremost among these more particular associates and chosen favourites of Burns, nevertheless, must always be counted very gratefully also his first youthful pedagogue. To Murdoch's lending him the "Life of Hannibal," and to the Village Blacksmith's lending him soon after that the "History of Sir William Wallace," may be attributed the first awakening in the boy's heart of a sense of the heroic, out of which grew his earlier consciousness of ambition, and later on his passion for literature. Child as he was, at the thought of Hannibal he would strut enraptured after drum and bagpipe in the train of the recruiting-serjeant, longing for the time when he might have grown tall enough to think of enlisting as a soldier. Musing over the career of Wallace, he started off one summer day a dozen miles from home to Leglen Wood, famous as the haunt of the National Hero; incited to this boyish adventure, as he wrote long afterwards when referring to the incident, by as much enthusiasm as ever carried pilgrim to Loretto.

When Robert was yet barely seven years of age, his father, in the November of 1766, removed the family from the auld clay biggin near Alloway Kirk into the parish of Ayr, where they settled down for the next ten years upon a farm of seventy acres, known as Mount Oliphant. William Burness was enabled to make this apparently considerable advance in his fortune by obtaining the loan of £100 (for the purpose of stocking the farm) from—his employer until that time, but thenceforth his landlord—Mr. Ferguson. As events proved, the small farmer had better have remained content with his humble lot as a working gardener. There, however, for a full decade he struggled on manfully against accumulating difficulties. And there, too, prematurely aiding him, at the last just as manfully, Robert grew up in

those now classic haunts from a child of seven to a stripling of seventeen. Meanwhile, among the earliest discomforts of their new life at Mount Oliphant, Murdoch, the congenial tutor of Robert and of his younger brother Gilbert, was withdrawn by circumstances from their neighbourhood. The education of the home group from that moment devolved upon the true-hearted father. Afield so long as the sun was above the horizon, he and his boys worked together. At thirteen Robert wielded his flail like a man; at fourteen, sickle in hand, he could bind as many sheaves within a given time as the sturdiest reaper; at fifteen he was the principal labourer at Mount Oliphant. Severe economy regulated the household. Incessant toil was the rule among them all during daylight. Added to this, they lived so thriftily and sparingly that for years together butchers' meat was with them an unknown luxury. Reverting to that period when he had suddenly become famous, the Poet summed up the utter weariness and seclusion of the life he then passed in two terrible phrases—the moil of a galley slave, and the seclusion of a hermit! The family existed, from week's end to week's end, in absolute retirement. William Burness, however, seized every opportunity in the intervals of labour to direct the attention of his boys to matters that were at once interesting and instructive. And when the nights closed in he would gather them and their sisters about him in the house-room by candlelight, and instruct them, among other things, in arithmetic, with the aid of a Ready Reckoner. From a book society in the neighbouring town of Ayr he procured such works as Stackhouse's "History of the Bible," as Ray's "Wisdom of God," as Salmon's "Geographical Grammar," and as Derham's "Physico and Astro-Theology," by conning over the pages of which with his children, he did his best to expand their intellects, and contrived in the instance of the eldest to liberate his latent powers, as the fisherman in the Arabian tale did by the Genie imprisoned in the Brass Pot, sealed with the seal of the Great Solymán.

Occasionally, to the delight of them all, Murdoch dropped in upon the little household, sometimes bringing with him a new book, that is, a book new to them; but, in any case, gladdening them with an animated conversation. Once, seated by their hearth, he read aloud, to the general horror of his listeners, but especially to the tearful indignation of Robert, who threatened to snatch the leaves out of his hand and burn them for his pains, Shakspeare's terrible tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*.

At fourteen Robert trudged "week about" for a whole quarter with his younger brother Gilbert, three miles off, to obtain instruction from a writing-master in Dalrymple. A twelvemonth later (in 1773), he went alone to Ayr, where he boarded for three weeks with his friend Murdoch, by that time securely established there as a schoolmaster. Robert's object in paying this visit was so to revise his knowledge of English grammar that he might be competent to instruct his brothers and sisters without extraneous assistance. At the close of the first week his revision of his knowledge of English grammar was so far accomplished, that his mentor proposed to teach him something of the French language. To this new study Robert applied himself with such zest and eagerness during the ensuing fortnight,

that at the termination of his visit he carried back with him to Mount Oliphant, with an eye to self-tuition in the intervals of his toil as an agricultural labourer, a copy of Fénelon's "Télémaque," together with a pocket dictionary. A smattering of Latin also he contrived in some mysterious way to pick up, so that he could even apply, when the occasion for it arose, an apposite phrase from one of the Roman classics. Whatever books came in his way he grappled with; their range, however, was unhappily restricted. A collection of letters imparted elegance to his turns of phraseology. A collection of songs gave him a relish for lyrical effusions. Addison and Steele's *Spectator* realized to him the charm of pure and idiomatic prose. Shakspeare and Pope's "Homer" lifted him into the empyrean of poetry. These last mentioned, in particular, familiarized to his thoughts the true grandeur and glory of literature. Beyond them all, however, as helping to bring directly home to himself the notion of poems as racy of the Scottish soil as the thistle and the heather, there were the works of Allan Ramsay, barber, bookseller, and author of the "Gentle Shepherd," that genuine song-writer of the ingle-nook, from whose yearning tenderness for the little barefoot children clustering about the poor man's hearth, could come such an exquisite ejaculation as that which he puts upon the lips of one peasant conversing with another,—

Wow! Jeannie, can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toollying at our knee?

With Allan Ramsay's well-thumbed volume at his elbow, Robert Burns had an incentive to think and feel rhythmically in the vernacular, more potent in its influence at first than any other that could well be named. Another, it is true, came to him a little later on, which eclipsed even the spell of the gentle-hearted author of the "Gentle Shepherd." Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, the little song-book of "The Lark," Thomson's "Seasons," Shenstone's "Schoolmistress"—over each of which in turn the Ayrshire ploughboy and stripling reaper delighted to muse as he trudged to work, or even while he laboured—were all forgotten or superseded when the day came at last upon which Burns took into his hands, and immediately afterwards into his heart, the poems of the author of "The Farmer's Ingle," poor, afflicted, ill-fated, rarely-gifted Robert Fergusson, who, singing himself to death like the fabled swan, passed from the world, insane and impoverished, at three-and-twenty. Prematurely though his career was closed, the merely half-opened blossoms of his genius, strange to say, had, apart from himself, their unlooked-for fruition. One, immeasurably Fergusson's superior, was to catch, from the dying-out of the lamp of his life, the flame of as homely but of a far brighter, and, intellectually, a far more happily realized ambition.

Up and afoot in the fields early, out and about the livelong day at the ever-varying toil of a farm labourer, home dog-tired, as the twilight deepened after sundown, from Sunday to Sunday, from year's end to year's end, the boy Burns at fourteen or fifteen did the work of a full-grown man at Mount Oliphant. In the midst of all his sordid surroundings, hopes started to life in his heart and dreams in his imagination, as spontaneously as the primroses by the hedgebank or the cowslips in the

meadow. Slowly but surely, meanwhile, his father was going down to ruin. Not only was the farm itself proving a bad bargain, but the kindly landlord having recently died, power had passed into the clutches of a cruel Factor, who ground to the dust that little home group, which, when it is looked back to now in the retrospect, is, beyond all question, the most profoundly interesting, and in some respects it may even be said, the most venerable, in the whole wide range of Scotland. The priest-like father of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was its central figure. The Poet of the hereafter, bright of eye, strong of thews, ready of hand, was, in more senses than any member of it suspected, the rising hope of the household. Yet at this very time, when he was barely sixteen, that incarnate hope for them all was at moments very near akin, indeed, to despair. "My indignation," he would write long afterwards, "yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears." Release from this wretch's thralldom came at last, however, when, in the Whitsuntide of 1777, Robert being then seventeen, his father removed the family from Mount Oliphant to the larger farm of Lochlea in the parish of Tarbolton. Even there, though under somewhat brightened circumstances, the life allotted to them all was one of mingled toil, thrift, and solicitude. Robert received from his father (as did also his brother Gilbert) a yearly wage of seven pounds sterling, being at the rate of less than two and eightpence-halfpenny a week, as remuneration for ceaseless employment. Already, even then, at intervals, he had tasted the sweetness of a doubly exquisite consolation. In his fifteenth autumn that twofold solace had come to him, and it had come to him with the repercussion of a shock of hardly definable delight. Assisting one day in the harvest-field a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass, by name Nelly Kilpatrick, daughter of the neighbouring blacksmith who had lent him the "History of Wallace," his sensitive heartstrings felt, then and there, the thrill of the first touch of love. And those heartstrings being touched gave forth music—the music of his first lyric, "My Handsome Nell." These were the revelations, indeed, which reconciled him betimes to a life otherwise hardly endurable, his soul being already astir with secret, and at first to himself bewildering, aspirations.

Clad in the homeliest raiment, nourished by the poorest diet, labouring hard all the day and sleeping at night in a garret under the farmhouse thatch, the stripling, strong in build though he was, grew up into premature manhood, so over-weighted with care and so worn with toil, that he suffered more or less habitually from tormenting headaches, from violent palpitation of the heart, and from profound fits of melancholy. Fortunately in one sense, unfortunately in another, he went to reside for some weeks during his seventeenth summer, for the purpose of learning mensuration and surveying—thereby unconsciously preparing himself in a professional way for his future duties as an exciseman—on a part of the coast frequented by wild seafarers and smugglers, at Kirkoswald. There, away for the first time from his virtuous home and his God-fearing father, he learnt, betimes, at the tavern, how to swill his tankard. His book-learning again, towards the close of his sojourn, was put to rout in a manner thoroughly characteristic, by reason of his catching sight, in a garden near the schoolhouse, of one Peggy Thomson, whose blooming cheeks

and bright eyes "overset his trigonometry," as he afterwards expressed it, "and set him off at a tangent from the sphere of his studies." Returning home to Lochlea, he brought back with him, besides whatever unwholesome experience he had acquired through his first intercourse with the outer world, an acquaintance with the writings of Thomson and Shenstone, which imperceptibly imparted new colour and charm to his own imaginings. A collection of letters penned by the wits of the age of Queen Anne happening also about this time to fall into his hands, he drew from his study of these new graces of style and idiomatic turns of expression, that appreciably tended to ripen and elevate, thenceforth, his own capacities in correspondence. On his return from Kirkoswald, with a view, as he observes himself, "to give his manners a brush," he, much against his father's inclination, attended a dancing academy. Fast multiplying, already, his friendships among the lads of the neighbourhood, he now began to add a widened intimacy, as yet all innocent, with the lassies of that countryside. Stripling as he was, he dallied harmlessly with the pastime of rustic courtship. According to his brother Gilbert, he was, more or less, continually smitten with the beauties, real or imagined, of one or another of the homely cottagers thereabouts. Besides his own coy approaches to whatever maiden at the moment had captivated his attention, he was the confidant of every enamoured swain in the parish—his heart being not only, to use his own phrase, completely tinder in regard to his own love affairs, but in sympathy for the love affairs of those with whom he was associated.

At nineteen he began to awaken to the stirrings of ambition, but as yet, as he expressed it in his autobiography, they were but the blind gropings of the Cyclops round the cavern in Homer's "*Odyssey*." Ploughing, sowing, harrowing, reaping, threshing, according to the season, he toiled on with unflagging perseverance during the daylight; loitered, may be, with some lassie by the hedgerows in the gloaming; pored with eager eyes over a well-thumbed volume by hearth or candlelight in the house-room, and so won his way to well-earned rest of nights on the truckle-bed in his familiar garret.

Afield with his implements of husbandry, he carried in his pocket the little book of songs which he got to know pretty well by heart, often enough stringing rhymes of his own together to the ripping music of the ploughshare, or to the rhythmic sweep of the sickle among the yellow corn blades. Already, besides writing several love songs and satiric verses, he had sketched the outlines of a tragedy, of which, however, the merest fragment alone has been preserved. In association with half a dozen other young fellows, at the Martinmas of 1780, he started a Debating Society or Bachelors' Club, at Tarbolton, of which for several years together he continued to be the very life and soul, as well as officially from the first the President. As illustrating in a remarkable way the rational character of their discussions, it is noteworthy that the thesis submitted to them on the very evening of their inaugural gathering, on that 11th of November, is still preserved in the handwriting of Robert Burns—its proposition being put thus, by way of alternative: Suppose a young man, bred a farmer, but without any fortune, has it in his power to marry *either* of two women, the one a girl of large fortune, but neither handsome

in person nor agreeable in conversation, yet who can manage the household affairs of a farm well enough; the other of them, a girl every way agreeable in person, conversation, and behaviour, but without any fortune :—Which of them shall he choose?

One of the members of this club, David Sillar by name, describes Burns as he was at that period, when, as a comely young fellow of two-and-twenty, he strode, *facile princeps*, into their midst, or sauntered into the meadows with one or another in between sermons on a Sunday; conspicuous among the whole parish even in appearance, his being the only tied hair thereabouts, being held together in straggling locks by a wisp of ribbon, while his strange fillemot-coloured plaid was twined in a peculiar manner around his shoulders. By fits and starts again, at this juncture in his life, he showed a new passion for reading, often musing over a book as he strolled, or even at mealtime. Thus, dropping his spoon one sown supper, when he was intently poring over the pages of “*Tristram Shandy*,” we hear of his exclaiming, in a tone scarcely imitable, “*Alas ! poor Yorick.*” While known far and wide among his fellows as the sturdiest farm labourer in all that country-side, he was already acquiring among them also a distinctly bookish reputation.

Nearly eight months after the foundation by him of the Debating Club, at Tarbolton, Robert Burns, on the 4th of July, 1781, was enrolled there in the St. David's Lodge as a Freemason. A little before then he had gone to reside with one Peacock, a relation of his mother's, at Irvine, partly in obedience to a whim, partly that he might learn the craft of a flax-dresser. Again, as at Kirkoswald, he fell, unhappily, into intimate companionship with a lawless race of smugglers and freebooters. There, for the first time, he heard illicit love spoken of with the levity of a tar by one of his sailor associates. Up to that date—the date of his twenty-third year—the atmosphere he had breathed was that which his readers may still breathe in the “*Cotter's Saturday Night*,” the pure and wholesome air of a homely sanctuary. Thenceforth, however, from the time of his familiar intercourse with those riotous seafarers at Irvine, it was for him as if the bloom of life had been rubbed off and the dew dried up, as if the sweet bright freshness of his whole nature had been blurred and tarnished. Until then, according to the deliberate assertion of his brother Gilbert, his coquetries with the rustic Dulcineas of his neighbourhood had always been governed by the strictest rules of decorum, from which, in fact, they had never once deviated. Precisely at this most unhappy juncture in his career, events seemed to conspire against him in a succession of disasters. His partner in the flax-dressing project defrauded him with the coolest effrontery, and at the close of a carouse to welcome in the new year, 1782, the little warehouse containing their whole stock-in-trade caught fire, and was utterly destroyed. To put the climax to his miseries, however, his last sweetheart, to whom he was tenderly devoted, at the very moment when he was looking forward eagerly to their happy marriage, played him false, by abruptly and peremptorily breaking off their courtship. This was Ellison Begbie, whom, as he declared, five years after, in his autobiography, he adored, and who, nevertheless, as he says, then jilted him with peculiar circumstances of mortification. Borne down by this accumulation of disappointments, the constitu-

tional melancholy of Burns was intensified to a degree that, at moments, seemed all but overwhelming. Letters addressed to his father from Irvine are still preserved, which, in their profound depression, breathe the language almost of despair.

One consolatory circumstance, at any rate, sprang, as a rainbow glorifies a storm-cloud, from his sojourn at Irvine in the midst of these misfortunes. Among the books that fell in his way, by happy accident, were the Scottish Poems of Robert Fergusson. Eight years only had elapsed since the date of their first publication. Then, at length, they came into congenial hands. Thrilling at once to the sympathetic heart of Burns, they awoke him to a sense of his own dormant capacities, and to a recognition of his hitherto but half-suspected aspirations. Roused to emulation by what he read with such keen delight, the appreciator of Fergusson, soon after his return home from his bootless labours as a flax-dresser, began to pour forth in astonishing abundance effusions of his own, by which all others in the Scottish dialect have been utterly eclipsed.

Meanwhile, the career of his noble-hearted father, good William Burness, of Lochlea, was rapidly drawing to its close. Harassed by litigation, distracted by anxiety, worn out by toil, and, at last, completely prostrated by disease, it must have been with a sense of absolute relief that he, at length, laid down the weary fardel of his sixty-three years at that porch of the tomb which his strong faith told him is for every human soul, at its own free will, the entrance, through death, to bliss or woe everlasting. Three months before he breathed his last, on the 13th of February, 1784, thereby escaping the gaol by dying of consumption, his two elder sons, Robert and Gilbert—with a view to provide a haven of rest for the family when the impending crash, which they recognized as inevitable, should have fallen in due course upon the doomed fortunes of the tenant of Lochlea—took, at a rental of £90 a year, from Mr. Gavin Hamilton, Writer to the Signet at Mauchline, a farm of 118 acres, now famous all the world over as having been for three memorable years Burns's home at Mossgiel.

When William Burness died, towards the close of the second week in February, Robert, though he was within little more than two years afterwards to be hailed by acclamation as the National Poet of Scotland, was as yet utterly unknown to fame. Nevertheless, we have it on the authority of his youngest sister, Isabel, afterwards Mrs. Begg, that at a very early period in her brother's life their father noted the bright intellect of his eldest son, saying in his regard to their mother, "Whoever may live to see it, something extraordinary will come from that boy." Deprived at the most critical period of his life, both morally and intellectually, of the heartening presence of that first appreciator, Robert Burns, at five-and-twenty years of age, found himself, in the March of 1784, settled down at Mossgiel, with his widowed mother and his brood of brothers and sisters, the head of the household. His determination, as noted down in his autobiography, was, "Come, go to, I will be wise!" Resolved upon making this a new point of departure, he read farming books, calculated crops, and attended markets. Again, however, as at Irvine, circumstances were against him. The seed he purchased and confidently sowed proved worse than indifferent. The soil was poor—the harvest late. When

gathered in, on the tardy coming round of autumn, half the crops anticipated had vanished. As if in sheer disgust and desperation, the good resolutions formed half a year before vanished with them. This backsliding he attributed, himself, speaking of it with all the frankness of remorse, to what he called, not inaptly, his social and amorous madness, combined with his harebrained imagination. An illegitimate child being born to him, according to the primitive custom in those parts, he was publicly taken to task in church for his transgression, and reprehended before the whole congregation for his licentiousness. Meanwhile, at a penny wedding in Mauchline, he met for the first time in his life that "bonnie Jean" who, as the event proved, was to bring him at once his greatest grief and his greatest gladness. This was that Jean Armour who was, thenceforth, to be the ruling passion of his existence. Thrown together at a merry meeting, their acquaintance ripened into intimacy almost upon the morrow of their first frolicsome dance at the penny wedding.

In between-whiles, the young farmer's growing propensity to string rhymes together was indulged at every opportunity, to his own secret delight and exultation. Whatever touched his heart or jarred upon his nerves, by a sort of necessity in his nature found utterance in verse. Love songs sprang to life as the natural expression of his tenderness. And, as inevitably, whenever his indignation was aroused in downright earnest, it found relief only in the inditing of a satire so fierce and blighting, that his pen might have been fittingly a dagger and his ink vitriol. His earliest repute in Ayrshire as a writer was distinctly and pre-eminently that acquired by him as a satirist. The earliest copy of verses put into circulation in manuscript among his neighbours was his scathing sarcasm entitled "The Twa Herds; or, The Holy Tulzie," in which the finger of derision was pointed, with almost intolerable scorn, at two Calvinistic Auld Light Divines who had recently in those parts got to loggerheads. It so caught the fancy of the opposing faction among the clerics, namely, those who were known generically as the Evangelical New Light Divines, as well as of a very considerable proportion of the laity, that it was welcomed, to use the author's own delighted phrase, with a roar of applause. The two ill-fated Auld Light Divines who were thus held up to the ridicule of the whole country-side, and who were by name the Rev. John Russell, and the Rev. Alexander Moodie, suddenly awoke to the recognition in the Young Farmer of Mossgiel, whom they had, no doubt, often seen trotting peacefully to market on his nag, of a satirist whose irony cut as keenly and as pitilessly to the bone and marrow, through their sacred broadcloth, as ever did Juvenal's, in the old Roman days, through senatorial toga and imperial purple. That this terrible derider of men placed even as high above him as the occupants of the pulpit, had the power, whenever he so pleased, of dragging them down from that coign of vantage, of flaying them alive, and then of steeping them from scalp to heel in the nitric acid of his scorn, he soon after this made manifest by his two formidable onslaughts upon those he had chosen as his victims, hight respectively, "The Holy Fair," and "Holy Willie's Prayer." From the date when those withering satires began to be shown about in manuscript, Robert Burns was a marked man in Ayrshire.

Thenceforth he was recognized by men of every class, laird and peasant alike, as, intellectually, what Saul was physically among the Israelites, higher than them all by a head and shoulders. And his derision was not by any means restricted to the ecclesiastics. When, for example, the schoolmaster at Tarbolton, upon opening a general store, began to dabble in drugs and affect to have mastered all the mysteries of the Pharmacopœia, Rob Mossgiel was so tickled into sarcastic laughter by the preposterous swaggerings of this shallow pedant, this worse than mere player with edged tools, this deliberate trifler with poisons, that he conjured up, during a saunter home after nightfall from the Masonic lodge to Mossgiel, his stupendous phantasy of "Death and Doctor Hornbook." The rapidity with which his poems were thrown off in the merest intervals of his daily toil as a farmer who, with his own hand, ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and thrashed, wielding the pen alternately in between-whiles with the plough, the sickle, and the flail, remains to this day matter of absolute amazement. Anything approaching the fecundity of imagination thus displayed by him is not readily to be adduced from the annals of literature. Lord Byron wrote the "Corsair" in a fortnight. Lord Lytton wrote the historical romance of "Harold" in three weeks. Each was a veritable *tour de force*, as, in a minor way, also was Harrison Ainsworth's penning, in "Rookwood," of the episode of "Turpin's Ride to York" at a single sitting. Whatever Burns jotted down, not as an exception but as a rule, was "writ large," and in hot haste. His conceptions were habitually struck off at a heat. And he went in no way far afield for the themes he has immortalized. They were one and all drawn from his immediate surroundings. Under the farmhouse thatch of Lochlea he found the interior, painted by him with a master hand, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night." During a stroll together one Sunday afternoon he repeated the whole poem off-hand to his brother Gilbert, who, as he listened, was fairly electrified. Another while, when they were jogging along the road with their carts laden with coal, Robert, to the monotonous grind of the wheels and rattle of the harness, astounded Gilbert by reciting to him his eerie "Address to the De'il." Wit, humour, sarcasm, pathos, tenderness, alternated in his verse accordingly as they were suggested by the subject he had chosen, or by the mood in which it was treated. A favourite ewe was half strangled by its tether line, and in the very act of ringing out rhymes in celebration of that homely incident, Burns opened to the world's view, at a glance, in "Mailie's Elegy," a new vein of humorous description, so rich and so entirely without parallel, that a master of epithet as inexhaustible as Carlyle can alone define it with anything like accuracy, by speaking of it in so many words as—the humour of Burns. The Poet-Farmer, in 1786, was ploughing, one April day, at Mossgiel, when, with the stilts guided by his strong grasp, he turned down at a momentary sweep of the ploughshare that exquisite daisy which has ever since been blooming, crimson-tipped and with the dew as of a sympathetic tear yet sparkling upon it, in that verse in which its otherwise perishable beauty has been embalmed and eternized. Another day, again at Mossgiel, just six months earlier, he was following his ploughshare in that same field in the November of 1785, when, upon turning up the nest of a field-mouse, and seeing the "tim'rous beastie" pursued, upon the instant, by his little ploughboy, John Blane,

armed with his brandished pettle or plough-cleanser, Burns shouted to him to desist, bidding him let the poor creature be. Throughout the rest of that November day the master appeared to be more than usually moody and taciturn, and immediately after nightfall roused the little labouring hind from his slumbers, under the garret roof-beams, to hear repeated that poem "To a Mouse," which among all Burns's productions is perhaps the most winningly tender-hearted. There, in that same garret at Mossiel, the Poet-Farmer nightly slept off the toils of the day, occupying the same humble sleeping chamber with his ploughboy attendant. Besides the patch-quilted pallet of each, a rush-bottomed chair and a little deal table formed the only furniture of that primitive apartment. Often, before retiring to rest, mostly as a rule, Burns sat at that little deal table, sometimes late on into the night, jotting down the rhythmical thoughts which during the day had occurred to him in the midst of his farm labour. Occasionally, as in the instance of the poem "To a Mouse," just as Molière was wont to read a freshly written scene to his housekeeper, Burns would rouse John Blane from sleep to listen to the ring of the newly minted coinage of his brain. In the drawer of the little deal table in the garret the poet kept his manuscripts; and thither, day after day, on his going out into the farmyard in the afternoon, his youngest sister, Isabel, afterwards Mrs. Begg, would hasten on tiptoe, to rummage on the sly for a glance at his latest composition. Love songs, inspired by one or another of the lassies in his neighbourhood; epistles addressed to one or another of his fast multiplying friends, to Davie Sillar, to John Lapraik, to James Smith, to William Simpson, accumulated on his hands, and intermittently got into circulation among the more thoughtful and appreciative of the people around, who began to recognize in Burns the *Poeta nascitur*, the trenchant satirist, the born song-writer. With people of every grade in the social scale, even the very lowliest, he delighted to forgather. The tramp, the rough, and the gaberlunzie had from him at least the readiest recognition. If, in his dabbling in Latin, he could have mastered no other passage in Terence, he would, for certain, have construed, upon the instant, those trite but immortal words in which the Roman poet declared that no human creature existed who was alien to his sympathies. The loves, the griefs, the joys, the superstitions of his fellow-mortals he sang of in turn, and of all *con amore*. "The Jolly Beggars," "Halloween," and "Man was Made to Mourn," of this it may be said, of themselves afford conclusive attestation. Though the instrument at his lips was but an oaten reed, breathed into by his soul of fire, it sounded the whole gamut of human emotion, from the highest treble to the deepest diapason.

Meanwhile affairs were rapidly going from bad to worse at Mossiel. In spite of the utmost thrift and the severest toil, the farm was turning out the most lamentably bad bargain. Sharp frosts, late springs, indifferent seed, insufficient harvests, a cold wet soil, and a constantly diminishing stock, drifted the energetic but dreamy young farmer, notwithstanding his strenuous efforts to redeem his position, nearer and nearer towards bankruptcy. To complete his misfortunes, he suddenly realized, in the second quarter of 1786, that the intimacy which had begun at the penny wedding in Mauchline, had led to a result that threatened to load him with disgrace, by

blasting the reputation of one who was thenceforth far dearer to him than his own life. Their love having ripened into passion, Burns learnt with dismay that Jean Armour was about to become a mother. Aghast at the discovery, he at once presented to her, as the only consolation or compensation still left at his command, a written paper, in which he solemnly pledged himself to her in marriage. This document being then brought to the knowledge of the young girl's father, who thus for the first time realized the fact of his disgrace, he was so stricken with grief at the announcement that he fainted away, so tenderly attached was he to his favourite daughter. Upon recovering consciousness, his anger found vent in an outburst of ungovernable indignation. The written promise of Burns was thereupon summarily destroyed. That paper would have been sufficient of itself, according to the Scotch law, to have legalized the hitherto illicit connection. It was, however, at once peremptorily swept aside by Mr. Armour, who appeared to regard it only as an added insult, rather than as any adequate act of reparation. It had been proposed by the ruined and conscience-stricken farmer of Mossiel that, with a view to prepare some new home for his intended wife, far away from the business entanglements then surrounding him in the mother country, he should have gone out to the West Indies, and have there started afresh in the capacity of bookkeeper to one Dr. Douglas, upon the latter's estate in Jamaica. The proposition was scornfully rejected, however, by Jean Armour's father, who, lowly though his own position in life was, looked with disdain upon any such arrangement. Burns, distracted by mingled grief and indignation at Jean's submission to her arbitrary parent's decision, directed his attention thenceforth to the carrying out of his Transatlantic project, with a view to his own escape from the miseries of all kinds in which, supposing him to have remained in his native land, he appeared to be inextricably involved. To the end that he might obtain sufficient money to pay his passage out to Jamaica; to the end, in other words, that he might raise just nine pounds sterling to carry him away for once and for all into exile—from his ruined home at Mossiel, and from his ruined love at Mauchline—he determined upon seeing whether or not he might be enabled to acquire the necessary means for this removal, by turning into cash the manuscripts which, during the winter of 1785-86, had been night by night accumulating in the drawer of the little deal table in his garret bedchamber. On the 14th of April, 1786, having previously given up his own share of the farm at Mossiel to his brother Gilbert, he issued a printed circular prospectus of proposals for publishing by subscription "*Scottish Poems, by Robert Burns, in one volume, octavo, price, stitched, three shillings.*"

Strange to say, it is exactly at this turning point in his career that mention has to be made of an episode in the Poet's life, so exquisite and yet so shadowy of its kind, that it resembles less an oasis than a very mirage in the wilderness. It has relation to a love which seems to have sprung out of the very revulsion of his overwrought feelings, by reason of what he regarded as the heartless desertion of him by his bonnie Jean of Mauchline. It refers, in fact, to the wooing by Burns of Mary Campbell, then a fair-haired, blue-eyed nursery-maid, in the family of Gavin Hamilton, and whose memory he has immortalized as that of his Highland Mary,

far more surely than Herrick has that of his Julia, or Waller that of his Saccharissa—as securely, indeed, as Dante Alighieri has immortalized his Beatrice, or Petrarch his Laura di Noves of Vaucluse. Their reciprocal attachment, which, if fated to be brief, was intensely ardent, attained its climax on the second Sunday of May, that is on Sunday, the 8th of May, 1786, when they met, as the event soon proved, for the last time in this world, and solemnly pledged themselves to each other in betrothal. Their place of rendezvous was a sequestered spot near the banks of the Ayr, not far from which main stream they stood, upon either side of one of its little limpid tributaries. Dipping each the left hand into its current, and holding each with the right a Bible between them, they there interchanged their vows to be mutually faithful. The Bible thus held between them at their betrothal, and which was then and there given by Robert Burns to Mary Campbell, is preserved to this day as a sacred deposit in the Poet's monument at Ayr. It is in two volumes, upon the flyleaf of the first of which is dimly distinguishable the half-obliterated autograph of Mary Campbell, and upon the flyleaf of the second the signature of Robert Burns of Mossgiel. Parting at the close of this tender interview, the lovers never again met. The understanding between them was that Mary, after visiting her relations in the West Highlands, should return for the bridal ceremony. On her arrival, five months afterwards, at Greenock, however, she was stricken down by a malignant fever, to which she rapidly succumbed in October. There, in the commonplace graveyard of that busy out-port, rest the mortal remains of Highland Mary, her memory hallowed even in the dust by the tender lamentations of the lover, whose most exquisite lyric in her honour rapturously sang of her as in heaven.

While waiting for her return, and little dreaming of his impending bereavement, Burns, during the summer of 1786, was, with all the heart he could find, in the midst of accumulating anxieties at Mossgiel, preparing to escape from imminent ruin at home, by taking ship for Jamaica. His affairs generally were bad enough in themselves, but the Armour distraction was little less to him than maddening. "Dear, ungrateful Jean," as he called her, rent his soul with anguish. "I can have no nearer idea of the place of eternal punishment," he wrote on the 12th of June, "than what I have felt in my own heart on her account." Pledged though he was at that very time to his Highland Mary, he nevertheless wrote then in so many words of Jean Armour, "Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her; and to confess a truth, between you and me, I do still after all love her to distraction." Meanwhile his circular proposals for the issuing from the press of his maiden volume of poems had met with a sufficiently encouraging response to justify him in seeing to their publication. To evade the terriers of the law, by whom he was then threatened, he disappeared from Mossgiel, and took refuge, for a while, in the house of an aunt of his named Allan, in Old Rome Forest, near Kilmarnock. Thither he conveyed the sea-chest containing his outfit for the West Indies, and there he beguiled his time by correcting the proof sheets of the little volume then preparing to be printed off, to the number of 600 copies, by John Wilson, of Kilmarnock. On the 31st of July it made its

appearance in the shape of a thinnish octavo, blue boarded, with a white back, entitled, "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns." It was to win him, as he hoped, a word or two of praise. It lifted him at once into celebrity. All Ayrshire was soon ringing with the fame of it. It was the small pebble stirring the peaceful lake sung of by Pope—

"The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide, and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast."

The earliest of all the numerous biographers of Burns, Robert Heron, who published his excellent little memoir of him upon the very morrow of the Poet's death, recorded in 1797 his own recollection of the stir made in Ayrshire, eleven years previously, when the book first came out, he, himself, being then resident in Galloway. "Old and young," he writes, "high and low, grave and gay, learned or ignorant—all were alike delighted, agitated, transported." Ploughboys and maid-servants, though they sorely wanted their hardly earned wages for necessary clothing, gladly parted with them for the Works of Burns. A friend placing a copy in Heron's hands on a Saturday evening, he opened it while he was undressing to go to bed, and closed it not till a late hour on the Sunday morning, having read every syllable it contained. Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop, a lady notable as the lineal descendant of the brother of Burns's favourite hero, Wallace, upon reading the "Cotter's Saturday Night," at the close of which such glowing homage is paid to the memory of the patriot, was no less electrified, in her turn, than Gilbert had been when listening to its first recital. Filled with admiration for the hitherto unheard-of author, she despatched a messenger to him in hot haste with a letter, conveying in unaffected terms the expression of her heartfelt acknowledgments. One of the choicest friendships of the Poet-Farmer's life was thus charmingly inaugurated. Profit as well as praise gladdened the heart of Burns upon the morrow of his book's publication. The imprint of 600 copies was so rapidly exhausted, that his own family were unable to see him in the glory of type, until the poems were some little time afterwards republished in the capital. The maiden issue of them in Kilmarnock not only paid its expenses, but put twenty pounds into his pocket. With the first half of that modest honorarium, he secured a berth as a steerage passenger on board a vessel which was to leave Greenock for the West Indies in September. His little book, as he wrote to a friend at Glasgow, was just the last foolish thing he intended to do before quitting Scotland. Small though the cost of it was, the price of it being no more than three shillings, it is comical enough, and yet contemptible to remember, that one of those who had promised to be a subscriber, begrudging that paltry sum, became a defaulter. As Mr. Douglas notes with scorn in the Kilmarnock edition of ninety years afterwards,

the blockhead, who thus shabbily refused to redeem his pledge, little dreamed that a copy of the precious volume was to fetch at a public auction, in the May of 1871, as much as seventeen pounds sterling. As the August of 1786 advanced, Burns busied himself in winding-up his affairs, and in bidding adieu, one by one, to those he cared for in Ayrshire. On Sunday, the 3rd of September, however, an event occurred which made him loth to take his departure. Jean Armour gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl, the knowledge of whose existence caused the scapegrace-Poet to loiter lovingly about his old haunts from a keen sense of paternity. Clad in the then familiar buckskins and top-boots, and wearing over all a long drab great-coat, he sauntered among his neighbours with something of the appearance, we are told, of a horse-couper. A brother mason, at Tarbolton, describes him as about this time, at what was supposed by them all to be his last attendance at a lodge meeting, pulling out of his breeches-pocket, whenever the supply of whisky-loddy ran short, his contribution for an extra bowl of punch, until five o'clock in the morning—the witness adding, with poignant significance, when relating the incident to Robert Chambers, to whose narrative we are indebted for its record, “An awfu’ night, that !” meaning for the fire and frolic of this ever-memorable gathering—this carousal among carousals !

A reissue of the Poems being urgently demanded, a difficulty arose in a wholly unlooked-for quarter, which effectually set aside all thought of their republication at Kilmarnock. The printer Wilson, who would seem, from the accounts still preserved in regard to the maiden volume, to have quietly pocketed upon that transaction, in addition to his own lawful payment, a surplus thirty pounds, which ought, by rights, to have accrued to the author, insisted now upon having placed at once in his hands the cost of the paper required for a second edition, before he would undertake the responsibility of its production. Wholly unable to muster the required sum, Burns consoled himself as he best might by enjoying the praise which still continued to pour in upon him from all directions.

At Catrine there resided, about this time, one whose applause stamped the popularity of the Ayrshire Poet as with the timbre of a whole University. This was no other than Professor Dugald Stewart, who, besides giving utterance to his own hearty commendation, directed the attention of his guest, Dr. Hugh Blair, to the newly revealed lyrist, and by so doing acquired for him the eulogiums of one who was second only to himself in repute for critical acumen. Suddenly, however, there was brought one day to the knowledge of Burns, by his friend, landlord, and neighbour, Mr. Gavin Hamilton, a letter which determined the Poet, after a very little reflection, upon taking an entirely new step in life, and one beyond all doubt personally the boldest upon which he could well, at that turning point in his career, have adventured. The letter was in answer to a communication from the then minister of Loudon, the Rev. Dr. Lawrie, who had shortly before despatched a copy of the Poems, together with a rough outline, in manuscript, of Burns’s life and surroundings, to his correspondent. That correspondent was the blind poet, Dr. Thomas Blacklock, who wrote in terms indicative of the most enthusiastic admiration, and who recommended, in the strongest language he could employ, the

immediate issuing from the press of another and enlarged edition, insisting, while he did so, that, from its intrinsic merits, the work was securer of passing into a more universal circulation than anything of the kind which had been published within his experience. Simultaneously with this remarkable letter there arrived the October number of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, in which the Poems were ardently eulogized. Mr. Ballantyne, who had generously volunteered to supply the Poet with whatever money might be requisite to secure the republication of his volume, urgently advised him to go at once himself to the capital, and arrange there, instead of at Kilmarnock, for its reappearance. The advice of his friends generally, in this matter, harmonized with the promptings of his own ambition.

On the 27th of November, 1786, Burns quitted Mossgiel, on horseback, to go by easy stages to Edinburgh. According to his first letter to Mr. Ballantyne, after reaching his destination, he would seem to have journeyed so leisurely that he must have passed fully a week upon the road. In any case, by Tuesday, the 5th of December, he had won his way, at last, to the metropolis of Scotland. He then, at a modest outlay to himself of three shillings a week, shared the bedchamber of an old Mauchline friend, by name John Richmond, formerly apprentice to Gavin Hamilton, then clerk to William Wilson, this double-bedded room being situated at Baxter's Close, in the Lawnmarket. His earliest visit to a resident in Edinburgh was to Mr. James Dalrymple, of Orangefield, whom he had known in Ayrshire, and who at once made him personally acquainted, to the delight of both, with his brother-in-law, the Earl of Glencairn. To the latter, the young Farmer-Poet was an object of the keenest interest, Lord Glencairn having already devoured his volume with the highest admiration. The Earl introduced him at once, with the most gracious cordiality, to the then principal publisher in Edinburgh, William Creech, whose bookstore was for years the rendezvous of the leading men of letters of that generation. With Creech it was soon arranged that the new edition should forthwith make its appearance. Thanks to the active influence of my Lord Glencairn, the members of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, to the number of one hundred, entered their names as subscribers to the publication. To the Caledonian Hunt, in consequence, the book, when it came out, was formally inscribed. It comprised among its contents as many as eight-and-thirty pages which were set apart merely for the names of the subscribers. The date of its first issue from the press was the 21st of April, 1787. By that time, for four months together, Robert Burns had been the vogue, the rage, the lion of all Edinburgh. Very shortly after his arrival there, one winter's day, in the High Street, a boy of thirteen stopped to gaze after him, not knowing in the least who he was, but struck by something very remarkable in his appearance. The boy himself afterwards became famous as Francis Lord Jeffrey, Editor and Critic of the *Edinburgh Review*. "Ay, laddie, ye may weel look at that man, for he's Robert Burns," quoth a shopkeeper who happened to be standing at his shop door, and who had noted the urchin's look of amazement. Wherever he went during that intoxicating season of triumph for him at Edinburgh, he was welcomed and flattered. Learned professors and fashionable beauties vied with each other in paying him deference. "The town is, at present, agog with the

Ploughman-Poet," wrote, at this time, Mrs. Alison Cockburn to one of her correspondents; the lady adding immediately, he "receives adulation with native dignity, and is the very figure of his profession." Henry Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," four days after his arrival in the capital, sounded the trumpet of praise for him in *The Lounger*. The Duchess of Gordon not only eagerly vouchsafed him her patronage, but declared that no one in conversation ever more completely "carried her off her feet" than he. At Lord Monboddo's evening reunions he was a courted guest, his own principal attraction there being the old lord's lovely daughter, Miss Burnet. He frequently strolled, in the early freshness of the morning, with Dugald Stewart, partook of breakfast with Dr. Blair, and enjoyed, at all hours of the day, friendly intercourse with Lord Glencairn. Rustic in his attire upon his first entrance into Edinburgh, he soon conformed himself in his garb to his new surroundings. His costume at that time, bearing in mind what were the habits of the epoch, was comparatively fashionable—a blue coat with metal buttons, a yellow and blue striped waistcoat, the tightest buckskins, top-boots, and a neatly arranged white cambric neckcloth; in other words, the true Fox livery in which he is delineated in the well-known painting of him by Alexander Nasmyth, the head from which portrait was soon afterwards coarsely engraved by John Beugo, by way of frontispiece to the Edinburgh edition.

Tributes of the oddest kind dropped in upon him unexpectedly. "Ten guineas for the Ayrshire Bard"—both the money and the memorandum—were left under cover for him by an unknown hand, which eventually proved to be that of Patrick Miller, brother to the Justice Clerk. Lord Eglinton, again, sent him ten guineas for two copies of his publication. When he attended an immense Masonic demonstration, the Grand Master fairly took his breath away by proposing, among other toasts, "Caledonia and Caledonia's Bard—Robert Burns," the whole assembly ringing with acclamations, while the Poet himself, as he acknowledged afterwards, was thunderstricken and trembling in every nerve. "I am in a fair way," he wrote, serio-comically, to Gavin Hamilton, "of being as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan, and you may expect, henceforth, to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin and Aberdeen almanacks, with Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge." Robertson the historian, who was among the celebrities of that time who made the acquaintance of the literary phenomenon, speaking of him afterwards to Professor Christian, said, emphatically, "I think Burns was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, but his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and prose." Another there was in Edinburgh who saw Burns at this period, and whom Burns saw and spoke with—a lad of fifteen, with a gentle Scotch face, a lofty forehead, and a slightly limping gait, unknown then as in any way remarkable, but who was to approve himself, intellectually, a "King o' Men for a' that," in the hereafter. Sir Walter Scott has, himself, recorded the incident (as we cannot but regard it, the historical incident) of his coming thus face to face one day with Robert Burns, then in the first full flush of his rapidly won and enduring celebrity. The occasion of their meeting was a

literary gathering at Professor Fergusson's, in recalling which to mind, for the advantage of Burns's biographer, Sir Walter's own son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, there is a charming tone of exultation in Scott's opening exclamation, "*Virgilium vidi tantum!*" Stripling though the observer was, and having about him all the ingenuous modesty of a stripling—for he says here at once, in the very preamble of his recollections, "Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened"—Walter Scott at fifteen was, to employ a familiar idiom of nowadays, very distinctly indeed, all there. He was there with his keen, penetrating observation, with his prodigious memory, with his ever ready and exquisite sympathy. In the give-and-take of the conversation which was going on among the adults present, very noticeable among them being Professor Dugald Stewart, a remark of Burns's caught the attention of the silent youngster of fifteen, who, unconjectured by any of them, was, in very truth, his most illustrious listener. The Ayrshire Poet was evidencing the profound impression produced upon him by a print of Henry Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead upon the snow, with a dog seated in dejection upon one side, and upon the other a widow with her orphan child in her embrace. Beneath the engraving were inscribed these half-dozen lines:—

" Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years:
The child of misery baptized in tears."

So affected was Burns by the print, or by the lines, or by the ideas suggested by both, that he actually, as Scott records, shed tears. Suppressing his emotion, however, he asked those about him whose were the words he had been reading. "It chanced," says Sir Walter, "that nobody but myself remembered." Boylike, he bashfully whispered to a friend who was beside him that they were from a half-forgotten poem of John Langhorne's, called "*The Justice of the Peace.*" Burns, on having the information repeated to him, rewarded his youthful remembrancer with a look and a word, which though, as Scott hints, of mere civility, he, nevertheless, received, and long afterwards bore in recollection, with the keenest pleasure. The look was a kindly smile of thanks out of eyes which were still wet with Nature's holy water. The word was worth listening to as addressed by Robert Burns to Walter Scott at fifteen—"You'll be a man yet, Sir!" According to the latter's remembrance of him, at the date of this interview, Burns was strong and robust, rustic but not clownish in his manner, and having about him an air of dignified plainness and simplicity. Nasmyth's portrait of him, though faithfully rendering his features, gave them, to Scott's notion, the appearance of being diminished, as though seen in perspective. His countenance altogether seemed to be more massively proportioned. Supposing the fact of his being a poet not to have been revealed, he might very well, Sir Walter thinks, have been mistaken for an exceedingly sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, "none of your modern agriculturists, that is, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the douce

gudeman who held his own plough." The eyes of Burns alone, according to Scott, gave indication, but those features resplendently, of the poetical character and temperament. Large, dark, lambent, they glowed—literally glowed—when he spoke with anything like emotion or animation. "I never saw such another eye in a human head," says Sir Walter Scott emphatically, "though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time." Meeting him in the street, even at a distance, the glitter of his eyes was what first caught any one's attention. As somebody almost extravagantly remarked, in his regard, one saw first those features as one first sees the lamps of an approaching carriage.

During his earliest sojourn in Edinburgh, Burns, as if in fulfilment of a vow as sacred as that made by a devotee in a pilgrimage, obtained permission to erect, at his own cost, a tombstone over the remains of Robert Fergusson, the poet, whose grave until then had remained unmarked in the Canongate Churchyard. Upon that simple memorial, when it was raised, he caused his own poetical tribute to his memory to be engraved by way of epitaph. Hard by, not in the churchyard but in the Canongate itself, he paid the tribute, not of verse, but of kindly observation, when gazing with interest upon the antiquated building, in the shop part of which Allan Ramsay carried on his threefold business as barber, as bookseller, and as man of letters. Made much of though he was by the elegant and refined society in the midst of which he was now moving as a curiously regarded and eagerly welcomed guest, he preserved the balance of his mind completely, holding his way and his head erect, with the most absolute self-possession. Sir Walter Scott's testimony, in regard to this, could hardly be more conclusive, than when he says, "I never saw a man in company, with his superiors in station and information, more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment." Lockhart, in his turn, amusingly conjectures the startling effect which must have been produced upon the scholarly group of professors and clergymen into whose midst, at a single stride, this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with great flashing eyes, had suddenly forced his way from the plough-tail. For all his manly self-possession among these unaccustomed companions, however, Burns, as any one may perceive at a glance on turning the leaves of his *Common-place Book*, in which he jotted down his reflections and experiences while in Edinburgh, secretly winced in his heart of hearts—through a painful sense that he was among them merely, and not of them. One while he records, for example, his profound chagrin on seeing at a great man's table a Squire Something or Sir Somebody, whose abilities would scarcely have made an eightpenny tailor, and whose heart was not worth three farthings, receiving from the host an attention and notice which was at the same time withheld from the son of genius and poverty. From descanting thus sore at heart upon generalities, Burns suddenly turns upon a galling particular. "The noble Glencairn," he exclaims—even he!—"has wounded me to the soul here, because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention, engrossing attention, one day to the only blockhead at table (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate, and myself), that I was within half a point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance ;

but he shook my hand and looked so benevolently good at parting. God bless him! Though I should never see him more, I shall love him until my dying day! I am pleased to think I am so capable of the throes of gratitude, as I am miserably deficient in some other virtues." A memorandum like that is as startling in its way as the dropping of a mask, expressive only of serenity, from the face of a great actor, revealing the writhing features underneath. It is the abrupt flinging wide open of those shutters in a man's breast longed for by the old pagan philosopher. Burns accepted the adulation lavished upon him for precisely what it was worth, recognizing clearly enough, while he did so, that the learned and fashionable world around him, while satisfying its curiosity in his regard, never for an instant lost the recollection that he was poor in purse, and that he was born a peasant.

Almost with a sense of relief, after exactly five months of this agitating life in Edinburgh, the Ayrshire Poet, and his young friend Robert Ainslie, started on horseback, on the 5th of May, 1787, upon a five weeks' tour, seemingly at random, hither and thither, among many of the most interesting scenes in the south of Scotland. Immediately before starting on his journey—indeed upon the very eve of his departure—he wrote to James Johnson, who was then editing the *Scots Musical Magazine*, a letter so heartily sympathetic in its character, that it reads now like a not unworthy prelude to the nearly two hundred songs afterwards contributed by Burns to his collection.

Three or four months prior to his quitting Edinburgh thus on a southern excursion, Burns had given a sort of half-promise to Mr. Patrick Miller, the gentleman who had, as already mentioned, enclosed ten guineas as a tribute to the Bard of Ayrshire, that somewhere about the budding of the May flowers he would take a trip into Dumfriesshire, with a view to see whether, on going there, he might not feel disposed to become a tenant on his friendly patron's property at Dalswinton. A colourable excuse was thereby afforded him, if he really wanted one, for taking a cursory glance on his way thither at localities the very names of which must long previously, time and again, have piqued his curiosity. Crossing the dreary Lammermuir Hills with his companion, he stayed for a night and a day at the residence of the latter's father, at Berrywell. Jogging on to Dunse, by Sunday the 8th, he there sat in church under a loud-voiced preacher, "ill-skilled in propriety, and altogether unconscious of his want of it," one Dr. Bowmaker.

On arriving at Coldstream, where the Tweed is crossed by a fine bridge, this truest of all true-born Scots availed himself of the opportunity to pass over to the English bank, kneeling down upon which, with his face directed towards his own beloved country, he declaimed, bareheaded, with the utmost fervour, those two concluding stanzas of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" in which his whole soul is lifted up in supplication for blessings upon Caledonia. With the quip and crank of epigram and impromptu, he passed blithely on, by easy stages, through Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Jarrow, until parting with his young associate on this erratic journey, Robert Ainslie having to retrace his steps to the capital, Burns crossed the border, not as before for a few minutes, but for several days, visiting in turn Alnwick, Hexham, Newcastle and Carlisle.

Returning thence into Scotland, he proceeded along the north of the Solway Frith, first to Annan and thence to the place in which he was fated to pass the last six years of his too rapidly closed life. There, at Dumfries, on the 4th of June, he was formally enrolled as an honorary burgess. Wherever he went his fame, which by this time had spread, more or less, all over Great Britain, but more particularly into all parts of Scotland, led to his being instantly recognized. Being at Dumfries, he fulfilled his half-promise to the Justice Clerk's brother that he would take a survey, however hurried, of his lands at Dalswinton. Hardly caring much for the locality, he, nevertheless, agreed to meet Mr. Patrick Miller a month or two later, when he might be enabled to arrive at some definite decision. Quitting Dalswinton, and passing through Sanquhar, he pursued his way to Mauchline, where, not being at the moment expected, his arrival came as a happy surprise to his family, his widowed mother, his two brothers, and his three sisters, as he suddenly drew rein and dismounted at the farm porch of Mossgiel. As the familiar faces gathered about him, he and they must have realized upon the instant, with a pleasant shock of surprise, as though the fact were only then just recognized, the difference between his setting forth and his return. "Oh, Robert," was the exclamation of his mother, as she clasped her arms about him, words simple enough in themselves but full of eloquent meaning. Fame had come to him in the brief interval. His homespun plaid had taken to itself the aspect, for all the rest of the world, of a singing robe edged with imperial purple.

Among his own belongings, under the old farmhouse roof-tree, there was very natural exultation over his triumph. Around him, among his neighbours, his shrewd glance could not help noticing, upon the instant, the difference made there by the knowledge of what had happened. Scorned a few months back, in his poverty and obscurity, by Mr. Armour, he found himself now—with burning indignation in his heart while he marked the change thus wrought—treated by that same Mr. Armour with sickening sycophancy. "If anything had been wanting to disgust one completely with the Armour family," he wrote to one of his friends, "their mean servile compliancy would have done it." While conferring more freely still with another friend, and emptying his breast more fully even than in the foregoing sentence of its gathered spleen, "I never," quoth he, "thought mankind very capable of anything generous, but the stateliness of the patricians in Edinburgh and the civility of my plebeian brethren (who, perhaps, formerly eyed me askance) since I returned home, have nearly put me out of conceit altogether with my species. I have bought a pocket Milton," he adds (with an audacity of cynicism that even Lord Thurlow might have envied, who, upon closing "*Paradise Lost*," exclaimed, "— him! I wish he had won!") "I have bought a pocket Milton," writes Burns, "which I carry perpetually about with me, in order to study the sentiments, the dauntless magnanimity, the intrepid unyielding independence, the desperate daring and noble defiance of hardship in that great personage, Satan." The mingled bitterness and wrath which raged and rankled in his bosom at this period are traceable, there can be little doubt of it, to the unrest awakened in him by the more vivid revelation to himself than ever of

his own powers at the very moment when he realized, with most painful distinctness, the narrow and, in some sense, sordid nature of his own habitual surroundings.

During this stay of his, for another brief while in their midst, he slept of nights not in the old garret at Mossiel but at the little tavern at Mauchline, of which John Dow was the landlord. Strolling out one afternoon he came suddenly face to face with his bonnie Jean after their long estrangement. Whatever their mutual feelings might have been when apart, they had then but to look into each other's eyes, and upon that instant their hearts were reconciled. Shortly after midsummer, however, in the very midst of his renewed intercourse with Jean Armour, Burns, to our bewilderment, started off suddenly, as if in obedience to the merest passing whim, upon an excursion into the West Highlands. One glimpse alone of his doings while away upon this eccentric tour is to be caught from a letter of his to James Smith, of Linlithgow, in the course of which he gives a harum-scarum account of the revelries he had just then (June the 30th) been taking part in at a Highland gentleman's mansion, where the dancing was kept up until three o'clock in the morning. No insipid formal movements, as he insists, the company flying at "Bab-at-the-Bowster," "Loch Erroch Side," and "Tullochgorum," like midges sporting in the sunbeams or storm-birds prognosticating a tempest. The sequel to this, as described by him, is pre-eminently characteristic. The lassies gone, after three o'clock A.M. their partners in the dance ranged round the bowl until the good-fellow hour of six, saving only one brief interval, during which the revellers go forth into the open air to watch the sun rise over Ben Lomond. Returning indoors to their potations, while they each hold aloft before quaffing it a final bumper, the madcap lyricist, always master of the revels on these occasions, describes himself as improvising, some rhyming nonsense, he presumes, of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies. Even then the orgie is incomplete, however. For after taking the merest snatch of sleep in the afternoon, they dine, as he says, at another good fellow's house, and having there again temerarily pushed the bottle, boot, saddle, to horse, and away! "No vera fou," as he remarks, evidently with a chuckle that might be mistaken for a hiccup, "but gaylie yet!" Burns was mounted, as it happened, on this occasion, upon his old mare, Jenny Geddes, one of the Rosinante family, as he reminds his correspondent, and with him rode forth, soberly enough along the Loch side, two of his companions. As the three hazy friends go clattering along together, by comes a Highlander at full gallop, on a good horse in its way, but barebacked, like one of the wild steeds of the Pampas. Burns, however, must here himself take up the running. "My companions," quoth he, "though seemingly gaily mounted, fell sadly astern; but my old Jenny Geddes strained past the Highlandman, in spite of all his efforts with the hair-halter. Just as I was passing him, Donald wheeled his horse, as if to cross before me, to mar my progress, when down came his horse, and threw his breckless rider in a clipt hedge; and down came Jenny Geddes over all, and my bardship between her and the Highlandman's horse. Jenny Geddes trode over me with such cautious reverence, that matters were not so bad as might have been expected; so I came off with a few cuts and bruises, and a thorough resolution to be a pattern of sobriety for the future."

At the close of the hilarious letter in which this extravagantly ludicrous description is given, Burns remarks, almost wistfully, "I have yet fixed on nothing with respect to the serious business of life. I am, just as usual, a rhyming, mason-making, raking, aimless, idle fellow. However, I shall somewhere have a farm soon." It has been ridiculously suggested that the object of Burns in making this mysterious little tour in the West Highlands was to the last degree sentimental. A commentator, no less shrewd and sagacious under ordinary circumstances than the late Robert Chambers, has suggested that he probably went thither to visit the relations of Highland Mary, and that he may even have shed a few tears over her grave at Greenock. If any purpose so pathetic as this was really underlying the project of that excursion, it must certainly be allowed to have been masked in the oddest conceivable way by the wildest hilarity. Instance the Gilpin-like and Gargantuan extravagance of the incident just now recounted. The principal, if not the only appreciable result of the journey, when actually accomplished, was this, that it returned the Poet to Mossgiel and Mauchline with his limbs bruised and his stalwart frame jarred by the anti-climax of the double cropper bringing to a close his competition with the Highlander in horsemanship.

Returned for a while to his home surroundings, Burns, on the 25th of July, admitted into the Lodge at Mauchline, among others, Professor Dugald Stewart of Catrine and the University at Edinburgh. That master at once of logic, dialectics, and rhetoric, has himself put upon record the impression already produced upon him on the occasion of his previously attending a Masonic Lodge in Mauchline, when Burns presided. "He (Burns) had occasion," says Dugald Stewart, "to make some short unpremeditated compliments to different individuals from whom he had no reason to expect a visit, and everything he said was happily conceived, and forcibly as well as fluently expressed. His manner of speaking in public," adds the Professor, "had evidently the marks of practice in extempore elocation." Like everything else in the way of educational appliance that came within his reach, Burns had turned to good account his participation in the discussions at the homely little Debating Society at Tarbolton, of which from the outset he had been the chief speaker as well as the President.

By this time the Poet's personal acquaintance was widely extended throughout Ayrshire. Wherever he went he made new friendships. His popularity, indeed, was universal, and this not only as a lyrist whose genius was recognized as incontestable alike by discerning critics and by the unlettered peasantry from the midst of whom he had suddenly started into celebrity, but as the most hilarious, the most exhilarating, and the most delightful of boon companions. Among the more gratifying of the numerous evidences afforded to himself of his having really emerged, for once and for all, from his native obscurity and taken, as of right, a place of his own among the masters of contemporary, and as he was already led to hope of enduring, literature, were the communications he received, from time to time, by letters from authors of distinguished reputation. Conspicuous among these was one whose name, then in the ascendant, has long since shrunk to a very low level indeed, and to exceedingly small proportions. This was Dr. John Moore, novelist, traveller, and

physician, tutor of the boy Duke of Hamilton, and writer of the then popular tale of "Zeluco," but who is now chiefly interesting to us as having been the father of General Sir John Moore, the hero of the retreat to Corunna. So charmed was Burns by the recognition accorded to himself by this seemingly eminent man of letters, that he opened his heart to him while making his acknowledgments. Insomuch did he speak out frankly and copiously to Dr. Moore, that in a letter penned by him during this sojourn at Mauchline—a letter that doubtless was written from day to day as opportunity occurred, and which was at length completed on Wednesday, the 22nd of August, 1787—Burns so graphically recorded his recollections of the eight-and-twenty previous years of his life, that he unpremeditatedly jotted down then and there his Autobiography. Being out of sorts, as he intimates at the very opening of these volunteered reminiscences, he takes the whim of jotting down a little history of himself by way of diverting his spirits in what he calls a miserable fog of ennui. Having recently made, as he is aware, some little noise in the country, and Dr. Moore having done him the honour of interesting himself warmly in his behalf, he conceives that his giving a faithful account of what manner of man he really is, and of how he came by that character, may for an idle moment help to amuse his correspondent. Hence, out of this happy thought came that germ of all the memoirs that have ever been written of Robert Burns—his own memories, jotted down autobiographically. These memories, besides, were, three-and-thirty years afterwards, that is in 1820, at once supplemented and corroborated by the poet's younger brother, Gilbert. Freshly as they sprang up in the lyricist's twenty-eighth year, when he sat down to write that deeply interesting letter to Dr. Moore, they were put upon record, and there, to this day, they may be scanned as clearly and as distinctly as though the scenes herein described had been actually photographed.

Immediately after the packet containing them had been despatched to the author of "Zeluco," the Poet wended his way back to Edinburgh. He returned thither, first of all to the end that he might bring to a settlement, if possible, his business arrangements with his publisher Creech, and, in the next place, that he might, as quickly as could be, start upon other expeditions among scenery which he had set his heart upon visiting. The localities he was more particularly desirous of wandering among were those especially endeared to his imagination by their poetical and historical associations.

On Saturday, the 25th of August, he set forth in a post-chaise from the Scottish capital upon a northern tour, going by way of Linlithgow and Carron to Stirling. His companion on this excursion was one of the Poet's many schoolmaster friends, William Nicol, of the High School of Edinburgh, one whose originality of humour afforded Burns at all times the highest entertainment. Among the notes of this journey, which still exist in the handwriting of the lyricist, occurs this characteristic ejaculation: "What a poor pimping business," quoth he, "is a Presbyterian place of worship; dirty, narrow, and squalid; stuck in the corner of old Popish grandeur such as Linlithgow, and much more Melrose!" Visiting the field of Bannockburn, he glows with emotion as he marks the cavity in the stone still pointed to as the very spot in which the glorious Bruce set up his standard. During his visit to the

Duke of Athol's seat in Blair he is not only feasted with honour at the ducal board, but meets with one who was to prove very practically in the hereafter his benefactor and well-wisher, Mr. Graham of Fintry. At Cawdor he gazes all-believingly upon the very bed upon which Duncan was stabbed to death by the Thane who, with blood-stained hands, clutched the golden symbols of the dead man's sovereignty. At Forres he takes gruesome delight in scanning the blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches, according to Shakspeare; a spot still haunted, as he remarks with evident satisfaction, so that the country folks shrink from passing it after nightfall. At Fochabers he dines with the Duke and Duchess of Gordon, thoroughly enjoying his reception, and this, be it observed, because he could do so constitutionally, with the most perfect self-possession. Near Aberdeen he meets with a relation and namesake of his own, of whom he observes with manifest satisfaction that he loves fun, a gill, and a punning joke, and that his wife is a sweet hospitable body, without any affectation of what is called town breeding. Three weeks altogether were consumed in this agreeable excursion. By the 16th of September, the Poet and his companion, the Dominie, having made their projected round, drove back in their post-chaise to Edinburgh.

A month later, Burns revisited Stirling in October, accompanied by Dr. Adair, afterwards of Harrowgate. There, upon his previous journey, he had possessed himself of a diamond pencil, with which on a tavern window-pane he had inscribed a treasonable *jeu d'esprit*, now found by him to be entirely past recall by merely smashing the glass, seeing that it had already passed into the widest currency. Thence, in company with Dr. Adair, he went on to Ochertyre, where a couple of delightful days were enjoyed by the travellers as the guests of Sir William Murray. Hard by dwelt one towards whose threshold the footsteps of Robert Burns turned almost instinctively, as if in pilgrimage. This was the last surviving representative of the heroic race of The Bruce, a venerable Scottish gentlewoman, then upwards of ninety years of age, Mrs. Catherine Bruce, of Clackmannan. It was characteristic of her pride of birth, that when Dr. Adair observed that he believed she was descended from the family of Robert Bruce, she replied that Robert Bruce was sprung from her family. In her possession, as the daughter of Alexander Bruce of Newton, and as the widow of Henry Bruce of Clackmannan, she preserved as sacred relics the Hero-King's helmet and his two-handed sword, with which latter, remarking the while that she had a better right so to do than some people, she conferred on Robert Burns and his companion the honour of knighthood. Returning to Edinburgh by way of Kinross and Queensferry, the Poet paused in the churchyard in Dunfermline, before the two broad flagstones which mark the grave of Robert Bruce, there kneeling down and kissing the tomb with sacred fervour. Arrived once more, by the 20th of October, in the capital of Scotland, Burns took up his abode at the dwellinghouse of another teacher at the High School, whose house was in St. James's Square, and whose name was William Cruikshank.

It was during this period of his renewed sojourn in Edinburgh that one of the oddest episodes of his whole life occurred, namely, his suddenly coming into romantic intercourse with Mrs. McLehose, otherwise now known to fame, in his

regard, as Clarinda. This lady was, so to speak, a comely young grass-widow, then resident under a cloud in Edinburgh. She was a beautiful young wife, in other words, whose husband had quitted her and gone to live apart from her at Jamaica. One evening, in the early winter of 1787, Burns met this lady out at tea, and falling into pleasant conversation with each other, the newly made acquaintances, until then total strangers, struck up a warm friendship. Two nights later on, Burns, in answer to the lady's invitation, was to have partaker of the same chatty meal at Mrs. McLehose's own residence. Upon the intermediate evening, however, as ill-luck would have it, the Poet was upset in a hackney-coach, and was carried home to St. James's Square, completely crippled for the time being, by getting one of his knees seriously bruised—indeed all but fractured. Writing to his friend, Richard Brown, shortly afterwards, he blurts out, "Almighty love still reigns and revels in my bosom, and I am at this moment ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh widow,"—meaning, of course, by widow, one whose husband had taken his departure, not for the other world, but for the other hemisphere. Instead of fulfilling his engagement to partake of a dish of tea with her on Thursday evening, the 6th of December, Burns wrote on that day an ardent letter of apology. Receiving upon the following day an equally ardent expression of regret from Mrs. Agnes McLehose, Burns replied yet more warmly; and in this way between the two a most impassioned correspondence commenced.

Precisely at the very time when he was thus tied by the leg from his bruised knee, the lyrist, writing to another of his lady correspondents (Miss Chalmers), exclaimed, in an extravagance of dejection, the suggestive eloquence of which Lord Jeffrey, years afterwards, eulogised in the *Edinburgh*, "There are just two creatures I would envy—a horse in his wild state, traversing the forests of Asia, or an oyster on some of the desert shores of Europe. The one has not a wish without enjoyment, the other has neither wish nor fear." With the compulsory immobility of the oyster, he had at this juncture more strongly upon him, if possible, than ever the longings of the nomadic wild horse of the Asiatic forest. Unable for several days and nights to leave his room, or at first even to stir, without anguish, from his couch, he solaced himself for his inactivity by interchanging letters daily, sometimes hourly, with Mrs. McLehose. Upon her first offer of sympathy, and her first assurance of friendship, he emulates the course inculcated by Sir Anthony Absolute, that of flying like a rocket. Unable to do so in person, he does so in ejaculations and apostrophes. "Your friendship, madam! By heavens! I was never proud before. I swear solemnly to remember you in all the pride and warmth of friendship until—I cease to be! To-morrow, and every day till I see you, you shall hear from me." Hyperbole followed hyperbole, extravagance extravagance. The correspondents vied with each other in their protestations. Robert and Agnes were insufficiently Arcadian signatures. By mutual assent they wrote the one as Sylvander, the other as Clarinda. Mrs. McLehose lived in the Potterow, and Burns, as we know, in St. James's Square. Their messengers were kept busily afoot conveying *billets doux* to and fro with unflagging perseverance. That Clarinda was in earnest there can be no question. With Sylvander it is

difficult to imagine, sometimes, that it was otherwise. But while in some of his songs to her, and beyond them all in the one celebrating their eternal farewell, "Ae fond kiss," there is recognizable in the rhythm the pulsation of his very heart's blood, it is impossible to read the mass of his letters to her and not feel that his passion is in a very large measure assumed—that he is playing the lover, and, as the phrase is, not playing it to perfection. The correspondence, beginning on the 6th of December, 1787, was continued until very nearly the end of March, 1788, when it came to an abrupt termination.

During that interval life had not stood still otherwise with Burns. He was endeavouring to bring his publisher, Creech, to book—in regard, that is, to a pecuniary settlement. He was negotiating with Mr. Miller of Dalswinton for the lease of the farm of Ellisland. And at last, in March, with a mingled shock of shame and tenderness, he learnt that Jean Armour was again delivered of twins—both children, however, in the present instance, dying very soon afterwards. Bewildered for the moment by his apparently inextricable entanglements, and tempted even for a time to think seriously once more of escaping from them all by flight across the Atlantic, Burns contrived nevertheless in the end to right himself, in spite of the complication of adverse circumstances by which he was then surrounded. He came to an understanding with Mr. Miller to enter upon his occupancy of the farm at Ellisland at Whitsuntide. He completed, besides, the settlement of the accounts between himself and his Edinburgh publisher, receiving from Creech, at last, as nearly as possible £500 sterling. From that amount, the largest he ever obtained for his writings, he set apart no less a sum than £180, which he at once handed over to his brother Gilbert, as the only means of extricating from ruin the family group still clustered under the roof-beams of Mossgiel. The mother, the three sisters, and two brothers, had thus to look—and not in vain—when at their sorest need, to the rhyming, raking, aimless, idle fellow for the reclamation of their otherwise lost fortunes.

On Monday, the 24th of March, 1788, while yet in the midst of a complication of negotiations—having but just struck the balance of his account with Creech, having all but decided to secure from Mr. Miller of Dalswinton the lease of Ellisland, and having obtained the first glimpse, through Mr. Graham of Fintry, of the hope of his nomination, a little later on, to a post in the Excise—Burns abruptly quitted Edinburgh, and hurried back into Ayrshire. Before the next month had run out he had there taken to himself, at last, as his wife, the one who had for him already been twice the mother of twin children. As he wrote to one of his intimates on the 28th of April, from Mauchline, "There is a certain clean-limbed, handsome, bewitching young hussy of your acquaintance to whom I have lately and privately given a matrimonial title to my corpus." Writing three weeks earlier to Miss Chalmers, he said, "I have lately made some sacrifices, for which, were I *vivâ voce* with you to paint the situation, and recount the circumstances, you would applaud me." Whatever his friends thought, his own conscience gave him approval, and his sense of duty, at the same time, was at one with his inclination. He had been stung to a recognition of his exceeding turpitude in

regard to Jean Armour, as it happened, by the tidings as to her then condition, which had been suddenly brought to him as he lay crippled in his bedchamber in St. James's Square, at Edinburgh, writing sentimental rhodomontade to Clarinda. As he acknowledged in one of his affecting confidences to old Mrs. Dunlop—on the occasion of his, as he called it, "*éclatant*" return to Mauchline—he was made very welcome to visit Jean even by her hitherto repellent relations. Circumstances, however, months afterwards, beginning to betray her, she was finally turned out of doors at a time when Burns, by reason of his wounded knee, was unable himself to fly to her assistance. "There is no sporting with a fellow-creature's happiness or misery," wrote her betrayer upon the eve of becoming her husband. "Her happiness or misery was in my hands, and who could trifle with such a deposit?" There was, in the simplest truth, but one course open to him. For as Professor Wilson has strongly, but not in any way too strongly, expressed it, "Had Burns deserted her, he had merely been a heartless villain. In making her his lawful wedded wife, he did no more than any other man, deserving the name of man, in the same circumstances would have done; and had he not, he would have walked in shame before men, and in fear and trembling before God." Privately, as just now intimated, he was, towards the end of April, at length united in marriage to Jean Armour, the scene of their only too tardy espousals being the old Castle at Mauchline. "Compeared Robert Burns with Jean Armour, his alleged spouse," says the entry, duly authenticated by the signature of William Auld, the minister, as well as by those of the two then at last made one, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death should them part. "They both acknowledged their irregular marriage," the old-fashioned record goes on to relate, and their sorrow for that irregularity, desiring that the Session will take such steps as may seem to them proper in order to the solemn confirmation of the said marriage. The Session taking this affair under their consideration, agree that they both be rebuked for this acknowledged irregularity, and that they be taken solemnly engaged to adhere faithfully to one another as husband and wife all the days of their life. And in regard the Session," quaintly does the minute go on to say, "had a title in law to some fine in behoof of the poor, they agree to refer to Mr. Burns, his own generosity. The above sentence was accordingly executed, and the Session absolved the said parties from any scandal on this account." Witness, thereupon, the three signatures as above related, a footnote intimating that a guinea in behoof of the poor was paid over by Mr. Burns in expiation.

A month after this union, the repentant Poet wrote to his friend Ainslie that the event had imparted a stability to his mind and resolution such as he had never before experienced, adding that the poor girl had the most sacred attachment to him, and not a wish but to gratify his every idea of her deportment. Pouring out his heart to Miss Chalmers on his new domestic happiness, in a letter dated from Ellisland, on the 16th of September, he declares, in so many words, that he has in his young wife "the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the county!" Having closed with his new landlord for the possession, on lease, of Ellisland, Burns found that the tenement attached to

the homestead, moderate though his needs were, was so little habitable that he had the necessity thrust upon him, before bringing home his wife, of building a new farmhouse. During the early winter of 1788, while watching the progress of its construction, he passed a comparatively solitary life, occasionally going across to see his bonnie Jean at Mauchline, and in the intervals of their separation writing, in her especial honour, some of the very loveliest of his many delicious love songs, conspicuous among them being "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," and "O, were I on Parnassus' hill!" When at length, in December, their new dwelling was ready for their reception, he brought her and their one surviving wean home in exultation to Ellisland, flinging down shortly afterwards a gage of defiance to the whole world in his lyric, "I ha'e a wife o' my ain!" A hundred acres was the extent of his little domain, which is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Nith, at a distance of from five to six miles from Dumfries.

There for three happy, busy, dreamy, but at the best drudging and anxious, years he lived the threefold life of Poet, Farmer, and Exciseman. A Commissioner of Excise, his one influential friend, Mr. Graham of Fintry, had got his name enrolled among the candidates for the post of gauger, and in the fulness of time he had realized his lowly ambition by receiving the appointment. A moderate addition was thus made to his precarious income as an agriculturist. And having just righted, as has been seen, his home-belongings at Mossgiel, by his generous advance of not far short of the moiety of his pecuniary gains as a song-writer, he had the satisfaction of settling down at last, in his thirtieth year, as a married man, by his own ingle nook, with a trifle of loose cash to spare, and with his conscience for the first time at ease in regard to the bright-eyed brunette who was nearer and dearer to his heart than all the rest of womankind. "I am here," wrote he, in the summer of 1789, to one of his more intimate correspondents, "I am here in my old way, holding my plough, marking the growth of my corn or the health of my dairy, and at times sauntering by the delightful windings of the Nith—on the margin of which I have built my humble domicile—praying for seasonable weather, or holding an intrigue with the Muses,—the only gipsies with whom I have now any intercourse. As I am entered into the holy state of matrimony, I trust my face is turned completely Zion-ward; and as it is a rule with all honest fellows to repeat no grievances, I hope that the little poetic licenses of former days will, of course, fall under the oblivious influence of some good-natured statute of celestial prescription. In my family devotion—which, like a good Presbyterian I occasionally give to my household folks—I am extremely fond of the Psalm, *Let not the errors of my youth*, and that other, *Lo, children are God's heritage*, in which last, Mrs. Burns—who, by the bye, has a glorious 'wood-note wild' at either old song or psalmody—joins me with the pathos of Handel's *Messiah*." This is, beyond all doubt, the happiest glimpse of Burns anywhere obtainable. And it is one which presents him to our contemplation as he was at his brightest and best, as the Poet-Farmer-Exciseman of Ellisland. Holding in his possession an Excise officer's commission, living in the midst of a country division, cherishing what appeared then the not unreasonable hope that a Treasury warrant might, one

of these days, gladden him with the news that he was promoted to be Supervisor, or even Surveyor-General, he cried out, in one of his rejoicing letters, that secure thus of a livelihood, "To thee, sweet Poesy! delightful maid," he would consecrate his future. Painfully conscious the while that something jarred in the word Exciseman, and that there was a sound even of opprobrium in the name of gauger, he could write proudly to Bishop Geddes in reference to his own official character, "I do not pretend to borrow honour from my profession;" and could write yet more plainly to Lady Glencairn, "I would much rather have it said that my profession borrowed credit from me than that I borrowed credit from my profession." He cherished, there can be no doubt about it, at this time, a painfully pleasurable recollection of the brilliant season of triumph through which he had so recently passed in Edinburgh. In the retrospect, the pain obviously predominated over the pleasure. Consorting as he had done for a while with all the more cultured intellects of the capital, Burns even at the time had an indignant consciousness, which was all the more poignantly realized on returning to his accustomed haunts and occupations, that in a social point of view he was regarded superciliously. Not a finger had been raised in his behalf by the noblest hearted of all those fair-weather friends and nominal patrons—not even by the winning and high-minded Earl of Glencairn—to better, even in the smallest degree, his position.

Cincinnatus-like, after a momentary interruption to his labours, he had returned to handle the stilts and guide the ploughshare. He was still, as he had been hitherto, a working farmer, and no mere amateur agriculturist. In the small kitchenlike house-room at Ellisland, he sat down at meal-time to the same board with his own labourers. Wet or dry he was with them afoot and afield. Late and early he was out and about, putting his hand to whatever required manipulation. The thankless soil upon which he had once more lighted, and the precarious advantages accruing to himself from its cultivation, constrained him, at last, to turn to some practical account the Excise commission he had providently secured as a means for eking out the modest income derived from his farm, and which every day showed him, more and more clearly, was insufficient even for the needs of his thrifty household. His endeavour, at the outset, was to combine the labours of Farmer and Exciseman. Working, as the phrase is, double tides, he over-taxed even his stalwart frame and vigorous constitution. The district entrusted to his care as a gauger was spread over as many as ten parishes altogether. To keep a vigilant regard over this wide expanse, he had, upon the average, to ride in the saddle some two hundred miles every week, in all weathers. The incessant wear and tear told upon him at intervals. More than once he was prostrated by illness brought on solely by over-exertion, and the effect of which was all the more distressing from the fact of its bringing back to him, at those times more fiercely than ever, fresh attacks of his inherited melancholy. Restored to a semblance at least of health, his foot was again incontinently in the stirrup, and as he rode off once more upon one of his weary Excise expeditions, black Care, as cynically as in the mournful ode of Horace, was perched upon the crupper. Two delights were his however, in the midst of all his toils, either of which in turn, as a consolation, was

for him all-sufficient. These were Home and Poetry. As husband and father, he had come at last to learn that, as he himself rapturously expressed it—

“To mak’ a happy fireside clime
To weans an’ wife,
That ’s the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.”

But, together with that heartening sense of his domestic responsibilities, he carried about with him, glittering in his eyes, trembling upon his lips, throbbing in the deep pulsations of his breast, thrilling through the involutions of his large and vigorous brain, what was for him all the while an anodyne for every pain, and a hardly definable enhancement of all the joys of his existence. He had the gift, if ever man had, of the born song-writer. Even when bestriding the homeliest nag for his Pegasus, he might, with hardly any sense of hyperbole, have cried out with the Dauphin in *Henry V.*, “I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs. When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.” During his stay at Ellisland he despatched every fortnight, to James Johnson at Edinburgh, a fresh batch of lyrics for the Scots Musical Museum. These, set to the lilting chime of one or another of the old Scottish melodies, at once took wings to themselves, and, after making first of all the round of the capital, and next the tour of the island, fairly embarked at last upon the circuit of the world, where, for that matter, as everybody knows, they are still careering, and where they have every prospect of pursuing their course perennially in the here-after. Apart from these lighter harmonies, which may be said without extravagance to have set his whole life to their undertone like a running accompaniment, he had every now and then impassioned outbursts of rapturous inspiration. It was thus with him on that memorable October evening in 1789, when stretched in anguish on the straw in his farmyard after nightfall, and gazing entranced with streaming eyes upon one of the glittering planets, he poured forth his soul in tender lamentation for his dead Highland lassie, in that lyric which is nothing less than her apotheosis, “To Mary in Heaven!” And it was thus with him, though in a very different mood, upon a yet more memorable day in the following year, when, tears and laughter exquisitely intermingled in his emotions, while striding to and fro along the banks of the river, the salt drops rolling down his cheeks as he unconsciously gesticulated and declaimed aloud the now world-famous fancies then springing up freshly in his imagination, he composed in the course, wonderful to relate, of that single afternoon, his delightful and admitted masterpiece, “Tam o’ Shanter!” Moments like these were at once the rewards and luxuries of his existence. They transformed the hodden grey of the farmer, as has been said, into a singing robe. They gave him, in the midst of all his carking cares, delicious foretastes of immortality. But the cares were there nevertheless all the while, dogging his heels like sleuth-hounds. They had pursued him all his life relentlessly, and from them, in spite of all his blithe songs and merry carousals, there was no escape.

Even in his second year at Ellisland, his crops were failures. So insignificant and unreliable was the income derived from the cultivation of his farm, so manifestly was his wage as a gauger the mainstay of his little household, that to his duties as an Excise officer Burns came at last to devote himself almost exclusively. Leaving the supervision of his land in the end to his labourers, he turned his face to the future as an Exciseman. He, the descendant of a succession of toiling farmers, one who from his earliest youth upwards had been ploughman, sower, reaper, thresher, came at length to look with all but a shudder of disgust upon that primitive but precarious craft which had given him from the first, and only too consistently throughout his life, so many bitter and heart-breaking experiences. "If miry ridges," wrote he to his good old friend Mrs. Dunlop, "and dirty dunghills are to engross the best part of the functions of my soul immortal, I had better been a rook or a magpie at once, and then I should not have been plagued with any ideas superior to the breaking of clods and picking of grubs; not to mention barn-door cocks or mallards,—creatures with which I could almost exchange lives at any time." To complete his abhorrence for his original calling, the ground at Ellisland was so depressingly unresponsive, was so dead and barren to the last degree of barrenness, that, as he himself declared, after a shower had fallen upon a field of newly mown and newly rolled barley, it looked for all the world like one wide stretch of pavement. "Soil!" he exclaimed one day, in a tone of burning indignation, to Allan Cunningham's father,—“Soil! there never was such another:” adding immediately, with a twinkle in his eyes, “But I see how it has been—God has riddled the hale creation, and flung the riddlings on Ellisland!” Precisely at the very time when he was so worn down with depression, by reason of the increasingly hopeless state of his accounts as a Farmer, that he was beginning to long for extrication from his liabilities to his landlord, Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, evidenced a readiness on his own part to relieve him from them by cancelling the residue of his lease. On the 25th of October, 1791, he sold his crops, and, as he considered himself, sold them satisfactorily, the day of the sale ending on the homestead among his underlings in a scene of intoxication, so wild that it must have been nothing less than a saturnalia. “Such a scene of drunkenness,” he wrote to a friend exactly a week afterwards, “was hardly ever seen in this country.” When the rous was over, according to his account, some thirty people engaged in a free fight, of fully three hours’ duration. This was out of doors, while within the house, as he described it, the spectacle was no better—“No fighting, indeed, but folks lying drunk on the floor, and decanting, until both my dogs got so drunk by attending on them that they could not stand.” A couple of months later, in November, the property passed by purchase from the hands of Mr. Miller to those of Mr. Mornie, Burns, on the 11th (that being Martinmas) selling off the whole of his farm stock and implements at Ellisland.

During the early days of that month he had paid a flying visit to Edinburgh, upon the occasion bidding both it and Clarinda, as it happened, an eternal farewell. “Ae fond kiss, and then for ever,” one of the tenderest love songs ever penned,

gave evidence soon afterwards that the affection expressed by him for Mrs. McLehose had its source not altogether in his imagination.

Having resided for three years and a half at Ellisland, where he sank three hundred pounds of his song-earned money past all recovery, Burns moved his little household, with a few homely goods and chattels from his last farm, to a humble suite of apartments in the neighbouring town of Dumfries. He was a Farmer now no longer. He had exchanged his life as such for the more sordid and matter-of-fact existence of an Exciseman. Instead of tracking with clogged foot the furrow made by his plough, he had to thrud the kennels of a fifth-rate town in Scotland, rubbing elbows perpetually with the frequenters of taverns in the back slums, and ever on the watch for those whose one sole avocation was to defraud the revenue. From the December of 1791 to the Whitsuntide of 1793, his home consisted of three small apartments up one pair of stairs, in a poor house situated upon the north side of what is now called Bank Street, but was then known as the Wee Vennel. The middle room of the three, which was so much smaller than either of the others that in its dimensions it bore the appearance of being no more than a mere bed-closet, was the Poet's sole retreat during that year and a half, whenever he could find the opportunity for writing. Above him, on the second floor, was one George Haigh, a blacksmith. Beneath him, on the ground floor, was Mr. John Syme, a distributor of stamps. Both were hailed by him freely from the first as friends, the latter becoming very intimate in the end as a congenial companion. Upon the occasion of his removal thus into Dumfries, Burns, much to his satisfaction, obtained an appointment to an Excise division. His name, at the same time, was entered on the official list as a candidate for the position of a supervisor. His whole income, it is miserable to reflect however, was no more than a wretched pittance of £70 sterling. Instead of the edge of the cup offered to his lips being honeyed over, it was still in this last stage of his career, as it had been so often before, touched with gall and wormwood. The recollection of that one brilliant and illusory episode of his life, which had done its best in vain to dazzle his senses, at Edinburgh, must often have come back to his mind more painfully even at Dumfries than it had ever done at Ellisland. The learned, accomplished, fashionable, elegant society of the capital having satisfied its curiosity in his regard, having face to face tested his capacities and not found them wanting, allowed him, with the most absolute indifference, to drift back into his old surroundings, never giving a thought, apparently, to do anything in his behalf which might have lightened his cares and lessened his toils—which might have raised him in the social scale, or in any way have tended, even by an inch, even by a hair's-breadth, to have bettered his condition. It is hardly, it would seem, for the outer world, which thus left him to pursue his course as he best might, with an utterly callous disregard on its part as to what might be the consequences to himself,—it is hardly, one would say, for that outer world to sit in judgment upon Burns, if worn down more cruelly than ever by anxiety, and fretted and galled at the last almost beyond endurance by a sense of repression, he sought refuge, as he is said to have done, more frequently than before, in care-drowning convivialities. Besides, it is beyond

dispute that to an indulgence in these convivialities he was far more frequently the tempted than the tempter. Wherever he went his reputation awakened the keenest interest in his regard ; strangers gathered round him ; acquaintances, for a while, forgot their occupations ; friends eagerly claimed from him the grasp of good fellowship. Encountered early or late, he was invariably challenged, no matter what the name of the meal, to a social forgoing. Himself the genialest of men, with all his radiant parts, he had not the wit at these times to play the curmudgeon.

A more impulsive creature than Robert Burns, it should be remembered also, perhaps never trod the earth. Of this constitutional peculiarity, his comparatively brief life affords abundant evidence. During his first visit to Edinburgh, for example, when he may be presumed to have been upon his best behaviour, upon a clergyman irritating him, in a polite circle of professors and bigwigs, by not only depreciating Gray's "Elegy," but actually misquoting it, the impetuous Ploughman-Poet scared the whole company by blurting out that the reverend charlatan was an ass. Acting and speaking always upon the spur of the moment, he stumbled into two or three indiscretions during his official life in Dumfries, some of them so flagrant in their way that his humble position under the Crown was at one time rather seriously jeopardized. The revolutionary outburst in France was at that period profoundly agitating public opinion in all parts of Christendom. Having upon one occasion assisted with great gallantry in boarding and seizing, cutlass in hand, a smuggling brig in the Solway, Burns, on the vessel, with her arms and stores, being afterwards sold by auction, purchased four carronades, which pieces of artillery, with a sublime indifference to the fact that he was an Excise officer, he despatched as a present from himself to the French Convention. On William Pitt's health being proposed at a dinner-table, moreover, in a kindred mood of audacity to the foregoing, the devil-may-care Poet gave, as an improved toast, "A better man—George Washington !" One evening, in the Dumfries Theatre, again, he provoked a tumult during a momentary pause in the loyal enthusiasm displayed between the stanzas of the National Anthem by shouting out "Ça ira !" Similarly he outraged popular feeling, upon another occasion, by presenting to the public library of the town a copy of "De Lolme," upon the flyleaf of which he had written—"Mr. Burns presents this book to the library, and begs they (*sic*) will take it as a creed of British liberty—until they find a better.—R. B." Yet, writing to his friend and patron, Mr. Graham of Fintry, we find him saying, in so many words, out of his heart of hearts—"I look upon the British Constitution, as settled at the Revolution, to be the most glorious Constitution upon earth, or that perhaps the wit of men can frame." Writing, at about the same time, to Mrs. Dunlop, not about his political opinions but about his indiscreet carousals, we find him saying, "Madam, they would not thank me for my company if I did not drink with them. I must give them each a slice of my constitution." Reading which, who will not echo Hartley Cromeek's half-whimsical, half-pathetic exclamation, "How much it is to be regretted that he did not give them thinner slices !" Intermediately between his random sayings and doings, Burns was still contributing song after song, now to George Thompson's, now to James Johnson's collection.

By the Whitsunday of 1793, the Poet had moved his family from their humble quarters in the Wee Vennel to a somewhat better tenement in Mill-Hole Brae, now known as Burns Street, in honour of its having been the last residence of the National Poet of Scotland. There he lived from his thirty-fourth year until his thirty-seventh, when he breathed his last prematurely, and yet with streaks of grey already in his jet-black tresses. "What a transient business is life!" he wrote shortly before the close of his own. "Very lately I was a boy, but t'other day I was a young man; and I already begin to feel the rigid failure and stiffening joints of old age coming fast over my frame." The end came at last, and with comparative abruptness. A heart-grief portended his own dissolution. In the September of 1795 his only daughter, a darling little creature, then nearly three years of age, and who was as the very apple of his eye, to his intense grief, died at Mauchline. In the following month he was so prostrated by sickness that from October until the January of 1796 he never once went out of doors. At length, when sufficiently convalescent, he was about again at intervals according to his wont—assiduous in his duties—hail-fellow-well-met with his intimates. Athletic in build though he was, and apparently vigorous in his constitution, his temperament was marked, nevertheless, unmistakably by many of the subtle and refined peculiarities incidental to those exceptional mortals who are dowered with the rarest gift of all—the gift of genius. Ploughman though he had been, gauger though he was, his whole nervous organization was strung to an exquisite sensitiveness. He was congenitally, ingrained, and ineradicably of the *genus irritabile*. The manliest of men, the fibres of his stalwart frame, whenever his soul was touched, thrilled through and through with emotion instantaneously. Himself by nature the very antithesis of one who could "die of a rose in aromatic pain," his lambent eyes would at any moment brim with tears at the sound of a familiar melody. Upon his return among his associates, from his seclusion in his sick chamber, a visible change was noticed, both in his general bearing and in his personal appearance. The elasticity of his tread had vanished. His temper was fitful and variable. The sword blade, true of metal, keen of edge, and delicately arabesqued from point to hilt, was sorely fretting and chafing, at this time, the hardworn scabbard! A lamentable indiscretion on the part of Burns occurring, besides this, very shortly after he had resumed his interrupted convivialities, precipitated him anew upon a couch of anguish, which was found—all too soon, unhappily—to be his death-bed. Dining one day with some of his companions at the "Globe Tavern," his chief favourite among the hostleries of Dumfries, he lengthened out the forgathering until three o'clock on the following morning. Weakened by illness, oppressed with drowsiness, and, it is feared, also overcome by his potations, he, while wending his way homewards through the snow-laden, and at that hour completely deserted, streets, sank upon the ground and slept there unnoticed until the day had dawned. During that fatal slumber in the open air a chill struck to his bones, from the deadening effect of which he was never restored. Half a year he lingered on, however, in more or less continual suffering. Occasionally he solaced himself by penning another, and yet another, of his most lovely lyrics. Such, nevertheless, was his prostration at

last, that on the 4th of July he was removed to a little sea-bathing hamlet on the Solway, at a distance of about ten miles from Dumfries, called Brow, in Annandale. While sojourning there, he was visited by his quondam friend, Mrs. Maria Riddel, of Woodley Park, with whom he had quarrelled, but had recently again become reconciled. Upon her first beholding him there, she saw death already stamped upon his features. His greeting to her had a profound significance as to what were his own presentiments. "Well, madam," said he, "have you any commands for the other world?" Already laid upon the shelf and incapacitated from work, he was pursued to his seaside retreat by the cruelest solicitude. He dreaded the dwindling of his already insufficient salary. With five children clustered at home about his modest hearth, he feared that his wages as an invalided Exciseman, now shrunk to £50, would be still further reduced to a paltry stipend of £35. On the 7th of July he wrote in an agony about this to Alexander Cunningham, speaking of having been reduced to nearly the last stage through the tortures of an excruciating rheumatism. Five days later he wrote to his once considerate old friend, Mrs. Dunlop, gently reproaching her for her long silence and apparent forgetfulness. Referring to her once frequent correspondence, "With what pleasure," he exclaimed, "did I use to break the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart." Upon the same day, the 12th of July, he penned two other letters, among the most afflicting and affecting communications he ever produced. A haberdasher of Dumfries, suing him for £10, had employed a law agent to recover from Burns the cost of his uniform as a Volunteer! Tormented with anxiety, and terror-stricken, in his morbid state of mind, lest the ruin impending over his wife and children might be perfected by his being thrown into prison, he—who had sung of "the glorious privilege of being independent"—wrote to his cousin and to the publisher of his songs in an agony, entreating them at once to send him a few pounds sterling. After recounting to the former the circumstances which had driven him to this application, he went on—"Will you be so good as to accommodate me, and that by return of post, with ten pounds? Oh, James! did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas! I am not used to beg. The worst of it is, my health was coming about finely. You know, and my physician assured me, that melancholy and low spirits are half my disease—guess, then, my horror since this business began. If I had it settled, I would be, I think, quite well, in a manner. How shall I use the language to you?—oh, do not disappoint me! but strong necessity's curst command. Forgive me for once more mentioning by return of post—save me from the horrors of a jail. I do not know what I have written. The subject is so horrible I dare not look over it again. Farewell." To George Thomson—from whom he would never receive one sixpence payment for all the treasures of song he had long been pouring lavishly into his collection, any more than he would accept anything in the way of remuneration from Johnson for the yet larger number of lyrics contributed to his Scots Musical Museum—he wrote by the same post words of almost shamefaced supplication: "After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel scoundrel of a haberdasher,

to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me in jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness; but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song-genius you have seen. I tried my hand on *Rothemurchie* this morning. The measure is so difficult, that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines; they are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!" Both these painful letters, it is a sorry comfort to know, were answered upon the instant, each answer containing the required enclosure.

On Thursday, the 14th, he wrote to his bonnie Jean, from Brow, "My dearest love, I will see you on Sunday." Returning home to Dumfries on that Sunday, the 17th, we find him writing, on its morrow, to his father-in-law, "Do, for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expecting. Good God! what a situation. I think and feel that my strength is so gone that the disorder will prove fatal to me"—as in truth it did three days afterwards. On Wednesday the 20th, in a momentary wandering of his mind, he called out his brother's name sharply, in a strong and resonant voice, "Gilbert! Gilbert!" On the day of his dissolution, Thursday, the 21st of July, Burns, having by that time become delirious, and evidently sinking, his children were hurriedly summoned around his death-bed, to obtain one last glimpse in life of their Poet-father. According to his eldest son's account, the very last utterance that started from his tongue was an exclamatory allusion to "That damned rascal, Matthew Penn!"—this being the name of the collector or legal agent who had embittered the Poet's dying moments by threatening him with incarceration. Thus with an execration upon his lips, directed against the latest embodiment of all the sordid and carking cares which had pursued his footsteps relentlessly throughout life, the most tenderly musical spirit of his generation passed away in a jangle of discord. Adapting to him, as he lay there in death, however, one of the loveliest thoughts or phrases ever articulated by the Poet-Laureate, it may be said of him quite truly, that in the very act of heaving his last sigh all his baser self slipped from him like a robe, leaving him only to the recollection of the world under his noblest aspect as a Man and as a Poet. Upon the evening of Sunday, the 24th of July, his remains were conveyed from his humble dwelling to the Town Hall of Dumfries, whence, on the following day, Monday, the 25th, they were borne in procession, with military honours, the band of the Volunteers pouring forth, with drum and bugle, the sublimely affecting strain of the "Dead March in Saul" as they advanced to St. Michael's Churchyard. There, in the north-east corner of the cemetery, they were solemnly interred, in compliance with his own proud injunction—"When I am laid in my grave I wish to be stretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground that I have a right to!" Upon the very day of his funeral a posthumous child was born to him, another son, whose infant remains, nearly three years later on, were laid beside his own, in a tomb already become illustrious. Nearly twenty years after the Poet's death the site of his grave was changed to the south-east of that same burial-ground, over it

being then (in 1815) raised in his honour a noble Doric mausoleum. There, with the dust beside him of the child he had never seen, and with another son, laid to rest there, who had died in 1803, at the age of fourteen, and with their mother, his bonnie Jean, who survived him as many years as he himself had lived, being laid there also, in her green old age, in the April of 1834, Robert Burns has, for considerably more than half a century, had homage paid to his memory by thousands upon thousands, who have flocked thither from the ends of the earth in pilgrimage. "The man of independent mind," he himself sang in perhaps his finest, certainly his most characteristic, song, "is King o' men for a' that." As Lord Lytton once said, in reference to his great contemporary, Charles Dickens (who was seated upon his right hand at the moment the words were uttered), "Happy is the man who makes clear his title-deeds to the royalty of genius while he yet lives to enjoy the gratitude and reverence of those whom he has subjected to his sway." With Burns it was otherwise. His royalty as a man of incomparable genius was only fully recognized after his departure. His tomb became his throne, and the pilgrims who have ever since been approaching it—those and his countless other readers—are his courtiers. His place as a poet, according to the *dictum* of Lord Byron—surely a competent witness to the truth in such a matter—is in the very first rank of his art. But, as Carlyle has written of him, "It is not chiefly as a poet but as a man that he interests and affects us—tears lying in him and consuming fire, as lightning lurks in the summer cloud." "King o' men for a' that" in his own loftiest sense though he be, no man was, nevertheless, truer to his order than the great National Poet of Scotland. Hence, indeed, Professor Wilson has so exquisitely said of Burns, in his splendid tribute to his genius and character, "The poor man, as he speaks of Burns, always holds up his head, and regards you with an elated look!" Incidental flaws and stains there are, no doubt, upon some of those songs and poems of his, of which, upon the very threshold of the century (on the 6th of July, 1800), Francis Jeffrey wrote that they were, to his mind, enchantingly beautiful, and that they affected him more than any other species of poetry whatsoever. But, as the great and good Sir Walter Scott has written upon this very matter, "If, from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one and the indelicacy of the other, the respect due to that of Burns may surely claim indulgence for a few light touches of broad humour." These are, in effect, but the infinitesimal *maculæ* upon the sun-like disc of his genius. Regarding that genius in its integrity, they are practically indistinguishable, and are, in fact, only to be recognized (as the solar spots through a smoked glass), when viewed by the blinking gaze of a purblind cynicism. Burns, no doubt, had his foot, if you will, upon the dust, upon the very dung of the farm-yard, but his brow was among the stars. Insomuch that, as a song-writer, he at least might have applied to himself the proud boast of Horace—

si me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

Poems.

WINTER : A DIRGE.

[This, the earliest poem of Burns extant, was written at Mount Oliphant, in 1776, when he was seventeen. It is spoken of by himself as the earliest of his printed pieces, and, judging from an entry in his Common Place Book, was the expression of his peculiar preference for that season by which at all times, but more especially in moments of despondency, he was the most exalted and enraptured. The first line of the second stanza he borrowed from Edward Young, of the "Night Thoughts."]

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw :
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes
down,
And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty
scheme

These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy Will !
Then all I want (O, do Thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign !

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

[In his nineteenth year Burns sketched the outlines of a tragedy; and the verses below are the only evidence remaining of that one attempt of his at dramatic composition. The five lines closing the soliloquy were added by him long after he had penned the fifteen by which they are preceded.]

ALL devil as I am, a damnèd wretch,
A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere, though unavailing sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity;
Ye poor, despised, abandoned vagabonds,
Whom vice, as usual, has turned o'er to ruin.
Oh, but for kind, though ill-requited friends,
I had been driven forth like you, forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!

O injured God! Thy goodness has endowed me
With talents passing most of my companions,
Which I in just proportion have abused,
As far surpassing other common villains
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

—o—

THE

DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

An Unco Mournfu' Tale.

[Written at Lochlea, in 1782, before the poet's twenty-third year was completed. It is exceptionally interesting as the first specimen of that rare and fine humour, which, as entirely *sui generis*, Carlyle pronounced to be only best describable as "the humour of Burns." The incident is commemorative of the all but strangulation of a favourite ewe, which was only released from the tether-line, when apparently at her last gasp, by her owner, whose attention had been opportunely called to the accident by certain grotesque exclamations from a neighbouring sheep-boy, Hugh Wilson, or familiarly Hughoc.]

As Mailie an' her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsled in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam' doytin by.

Wi' glowrin' een, an' lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
Bxt, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gapèd wide, but naething spak!
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

"Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
Oh, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him, he was a master kin',
An' aye was guid to me and mine ;
An' now my dying charge I gi'e him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"Oh, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives !
But gi'e them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel' ;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay, an' rips o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets !
To slink through slaps, an' reave an' steal
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come through the sheers :
So wives will gi'e them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're
dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care !
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast !
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame ;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"An' niest my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string !
Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop ;
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel' !

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last
breath,
I lea'e my blessin' wi' you baith :
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale ;
An' bid him burn this cursèd tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my
blether."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' closed her een amang the dead.

—o—

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead ;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes :
Poor Mailie's dead !

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear
Or mak' our bardie, dowie, weat
The mourning weed :
He's lost a friend and neebor dear
In Mailie dead.

Through a' the toun she trotted by him ;
A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed ;
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh
him
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel' wi' mense ;
I'll say 't, she never brak a fence,
Through thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image, in her yowe,

Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread ;
 An' down the briny pearls rowe
 For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips :
 For her forbears were brought in ships
 Frae yont the Tweed :
 A bonnier fleesh ne'er crossed the clips
 Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile wanchancie thing—a rape !
 It mak's guid fellows grin an' gape,
 Wi' chokin' dread ;
 An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape
 For Mailie dead.

Oh, a' ye bards on bonnie Doon !
 An' wha on Ayr your chanter's tune !
 Come, join the melancholious croon
 O' Robin's reed !
 His heart will never get aboon
 His Mailie dead.

—o—

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

[This is nothing more than the expansion, by Burns, of an old ballad, the original version of which was afterwards (in 1806) reprinted in Jamieson's collection from the black-letter copy preserved in the *Pepys Library*.]

THEY took a plough and ploughed him
 down,
 Put clods upon his head,
 An' they ha'e sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And showers began to fall ;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong,
 His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,
 When he grew wan and pale ;
 His bending joints and drooping head
 Showed he began to fail.

His colour sickened more and more,
 He faded into age ;
 And then his enemies began
 To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee ;
 Then tied him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgelled him full sore ;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim,
 They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe,
 And still, as signs of life appeared,
 They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his bones ;
 But a miller used him worst of all,
 For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's
 blood,
 And drank it round and round ;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

'T will make a man forget his woe ;
'T will heighten all his joy :
'T will make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

—o—

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

[Written probably in 1781, when for six months together Burns resided at Irvine as a flax-dresser. We may judge so at least from an allusion of his to that episode in his career, where he says in his Autobiography: "Rhyme I had [then] given up, except some religious pieces which are in print,"—referring obviously to this and to the four effusions by which it is immediately followed. Elsewhere among his papers Burns, under date March, 1784—his father having died in the preceding month—entered the subjoined lines in his Common Place Book, with this sorrowful memorandum prefixed:—"There was a period of my life that my spirit was broken by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed the following."]

O THOU great Being ! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know ;
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine !

—o—

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

[An entry, under the poet's hand, in his manuscript journal indicates, with painful distinctness, the circumstances out of which these verses sprang into existence. "A Prayer"—these are his words—"when fainting fits and other alarming symptoms of a pleurisy or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threatens me, first put nature on the alarm." Writing to his father in the December of 1781—the close of the very year in which these lines were penned at Irvine—Burns, in a letter expressive throughout of the greatest anguish of mind, indicates clearly enough the mood which in the subjoined verses found metrical expression:—"Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I glimmer a little into futurity ; but my only pleasurable employment is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way : I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and disquietudes of this weary life."]

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done ;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formèd me
With passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All Good ! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good ; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

—o—

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly
scene ?

Have I so found it full of pleasing
charms ?

Some drops of joy with draughts of
ill between :

Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renew-
ing storms :

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark
abode ?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in
arms ;

I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-aveng-
ing rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul
offence !"

Fain promise never more to disobey ;
But, should my Author health again
dispense,

Again I might desert fair Virtue's way ;
Again in folly's path might go astray ;
Again exalt the brute and sink the
man ;

Then how should I for heavenly mercy
pray,

Who act so counter heavenly Mercy's
plan ?

Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to
temptation ran ?

O Thou, great Governor of all below !
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease
to blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea ;
With that controlling power assist
e'en me,

Those headlong furious passions to
confine ;

For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed
line ;

Oh, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence
Divine !

—o—

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tossed
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

—o—

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command ;

That Power which raised and still up-
holds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature,
man,
Is to existence brought :
Again Thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought ! "

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed ;
But long ere night, cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed.

—o—

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

[Written in January, 1785, this epistle was addressed to David Sillar, whose father at one time tenanted the farm of Spittleside, about two miles from Lochlea, the farm-house of William Burness, and less than a mile from Tarbolton. Davie, for all Burns dubs him a poet, was no more, as the result proved, than a very lowly poetaster. Fired into emulation of the directest, and therefore of the most audacious, kind with his senior by a twelvemonth, David Sillar, in 1789, just three years after his friend's marvellous triumph, had the temerity to publish at Kilmarnock, not a volume of poems, but of the veriest doggerel. Instead of helping him to fame, it only landed him in bankruptcy. After passing through a number of vicissitudes, being at one time a village grocer and at another a country-school-master, Davie eventually became exceedingly prosperous. Towards the end of his career he was enrolled as a magistrate, and died in May, 1830, at the age of seventy.]

WHILE winds frae aff Ben Lomond
blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
That live sae bien an' snug :

I tent less, and want less,
 Their roomy fireside ;
 But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursèd pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shared ;
 How best o' chieles are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair 't :
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Though we ha'e little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 " Mair spier na, no fear na,"
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are crazed, and bluid is
 thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress ;
 Yet then content could make us blest ;
 E'en then, sometimes we'd snatch a
 taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile,
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

What though, like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hall ?
 Yet Nature's charms, the hills and
 woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year :
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit an' sowth a tune ;
 Syne rhyme till 't, we'll time till 't,
 And sing 't when we ha'e done.

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in making muckle mair :
 It's no in books ; it's no in lear,
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness ha'e not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The heart aye's the part aye,
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
 Wha drudge and drive through wet an'
 dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless, and fearless
 Of either heaven or hell !
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale !

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state ;

And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, ha'e met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gi'e the wit of age to youth ;
 They let us ken oursel' ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Though losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts !
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
 And flattery I detest,)
 This life has joys for you and I ;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover an' the frien' ;
 Ye ha'e your Meg, your dearest part,
 And I my darling Jean !
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name ;
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame !

O all ye Powers who rule above !
 O Thou, whose very self art love !
 Thou know'st my words sincere !
 The life-blood streaming through my
 heart,
 Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou Being, All-seeing,
 Oh, hear my fervent prayer ;
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care !

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,

The sympathetic glow ;
 Long since, this world's thorny ways,
 Had numbered out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend
 In every care and ill ;
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean.

Oh, how that name inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin' rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin' owre my pen.
 My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 An' rin an unco fit ;
 But lest then, the beast then
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll 'light now, and dight now
 His sweaty wizened hide.

—o—

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW- YEAR MORNING SALUTA- TION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIP OF
 CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

[This worthy companion poem to the humorous
 and tender celebration of "Poor Mailie" is said
 by one of the most famous appreciators of the
 genius of Burns to have succeeded, within his own

personal knowledge, at a single reading of it, in
humanizing the heart of a Gilmerton carter.]

A GUID New Year I wish thee,
Maggie!

Hae, there's a rip to thy auld baggie :
Though thou's howe-backit now and
knaggie,

I've seen the day
Thou could ha'e gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Though now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonnie grey :

He should been tight that daur't to raize
thee

Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank
As e'er tread yird ;
An' could ha'e flown out-owre a stank
Like onie bird.

It's now some nine-an'-twenty year
Sin' thou was my guid father's meere ;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;

Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won
gear,

An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie :
Though ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonnie bride :

An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air !

Kyle Stewart I could braggèd wide,
For sic a pair.

Though now ye dow but hoyte and
hobble,

An' wintle like a saumont coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !

An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young and skeigh,
An' stable meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an'
skeigh,

An' tak the road !

Town's bodies ran, an' stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow :
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow
For pith and speed ;
But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their
mettle,

An' gar't them whaizle :
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March weather,
Ha'e turned sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fech't, an'
fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,

An' spread abreed thy well-filled briskit,
 Wi' pith and power,
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
 . An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were
 deep,
 An' threatened labour back to keep,
 I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
 Aboon the timmer;
 I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
 For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
 The steyst brae thou wad hae fac't it;
 Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
 Then stood to blaw;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa'.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst:
 They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
 The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa ha'e wrought,
 An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
 An' monie an anxious day I thought
 We wad be beat!

Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty servan',
 Than now perhaps thou's less deservin',
 An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
 For my last fow,
 A heapit stimpert, I'll reserve ane
 Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
 We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
 Wi' tentie care I'll slit thy tether
 To some hained rig,
 Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

A WINTER NIGHT.

[Carlyle's remark upon this noble poem forms one of the tenderest tributes ever offered to the poet's genius, and for that reason alone ought to be prefixed to it in perpetuity. "How touching," he exclaims, "is it, amid the gloom of personal misery that broods over and around him, that even amid the storm he thinks of 'the ourie cattle, the silly sheep, and the wee helpless birdies!' Yes, the tenant of the mean, lowly hut has the heart of pity for all these. This is worth a whole volume of homilies on mercy; for it is the voice of mercy itself. Burns lives in sympathy: his soul rushes forth into all the realms of being: nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him."]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend
 you
 From seasons such as these?

SHAKSPERE.—*Lear*, Act iii. sc. 4.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
 Sharp shivers through the leafless bower;
 When Phœbus gi'es a short-lived glower
 Far south the lift,
 Dim darkening through the flaky shower,
 Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
 Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
 While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-
 choked,

 Wild-eddying swirl,
 Or through the mining outlet bocked,
 Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,

And through the drift, deep-lairing
 sprattle,
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering
wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murdering errands toiled,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stained roost, and sheep-cote
spoiled,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on your beats.

Now Phoebe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, viewed the dreary plain ;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole :—

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier
 gust !
 And freeze, thou bitter biting frost !
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice unrepenting,
 Than heaven-illumined Man on brother
 Man bestows !
 See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like bloodhounds from the
 slip,
 Woe, want, and murder o'er a land !
 Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pampered Luxury, Flattery by her
 side,
 The parasiteempoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,

Looks o'er proud property, extended
wide;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile,
below.

Where, where is Love's fond, tender
throe,
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?
Mark maiden innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares ;
This boasted Honour turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing
prayers !
Perhaps, this hour, in Misery's squalid
nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless
breast.

And with a mother's fears shrinks at the
rocking blast ;
Oh, ye, who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a wart but what yourselves
create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched
fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite dis-
own !
Ill-satisfied keen Nature's clam'rous
call,
Stretched on his straw he lays himself
to sleep,
While, through the ragged roof and
chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift
heap !
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !

Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
 But shall thy legal rage pursue
 The wretch, already crushèd low
 By cruel fortune's undeservèd blow?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hailed the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing crow.

But deep this truth impressed my mind—
 Through all His works abroad,
 The heart, benevolent and kind,
 The most resembles God.

—o—

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

[Of bonnie Betty's after fate we know nothing;
 but of the child who was traditionally the living
 image of Burns, we learn that she died in 1817,
 at thirty-three years of age, after having married
 John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet.]

THOU 's welcome, wean! mischanter fa'
 me,
 If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
 Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
 Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta, or daddy.

Wee image of my bonnie Betty,
 I fatherly will kiss and daut thee,
 As dear and near my heart I set thee
 Wi' as guid will,
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out of hell.

What though they ca' me fornicator,
 And tease my name in kintra clatter:
 The mair they talk I'm kenned the better,
 E'en let them clash!
 An auld wife's tongue 's a feckless matter
 To gi'e ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warld asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part 's be in 't—
 The better half o't.

And if thou be what I wad ha'e thee,
 And tak' the counsel I shall gi'e thee,
 A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spared:
 Through a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
 And think 't weel wared.

Guid grant that thou may aye inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failin',
 'T will please me mair to hear and see 't
 Than stockit mailens.

—o—

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

[The boon companion here addressed was a
 sprightly, bousing farmer who resided at Adam-
 hill, near Lochlea, a man entirely after the poet's
 own heart in his love of good fellowship and
 his laughing scorn for the sanctimonious. The
 bonnie hen referred to was, according to Gilbert,
 one Elizabeth Paton, formerly a servant in the
 house of the poet's father at Lochlea.]

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
 The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'!
 There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
 Your dreams an' tricks
 Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin'
 Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye ha'e sae many cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, drucken rants,
 Ye mak' a devil o' the saunts,
 An' fill them fou;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants
 Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, oh, dinna tear it !
 Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in black !
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye 're skaith-
 ing;
 It's just the blue-gown badge and claith-
 ing
 O' saunts : tak' that, ye lea'e them nae-
 thing

 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate heathen
 Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
 A' that I bargained for an' mair ;
 Sae when ye ha'e an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 Yon sang, ye 'll sen 't wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Though, faith, sma' heart ha'e I to sing !
 My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing :
 I've played mysel' a bonnie spring,
 An' danced my fill ;
 I'd better gaen an' saired the King
 At Bunker's Hill.

'T was ae night lately in my fun,
 I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
 An' brought a pairtrick to the grun,
 A bonnie hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
 I straikeit it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for 't ;
 But, de'il ma care !
 Somebody tells the poacher court
 The hale affair.

Some auld used hands had ta'en a note,
 That sic a hen had got a shot ;
 I was suspected for the plot ;
 I scorned to lie ;
 So gat the whissile o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my powther an' my hail,
 An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear !

The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale
 For this niest year.

As soon 's the clockin' time is by,
 An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
 Lord, I'se ha'e sportin' by-an'-by
 For my gowd guinea :
 Though I should herd the buckskin kye
 For 't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
 'T was neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame,
 Scarce through the feathers ;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 And thole their blethers !

It pits me aye as mad 's a hare ;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
 But pennyworths again is fair,
 When time 's expedient :
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Yours most obedient.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORN- BOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

[Composed in the spring of 1785, when Burns lived at Moss-giel. The person here satirized was a brother freemason at the St. James's Lodge in Tarbolton, one John Wilson, the parish school-master or dominie, who, besides eking out his income by keeping a general store or grocery warehouse, vaunted his skill, much to the poet's scorn, in bestowing medical advice gratuitously.]

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penned :
Ev'n ministers, they ha'e been kenned,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And nail 't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true 's the De'il 's in hell
Or Dublin city :
That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
's a muckle pity.

The clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
I stachered whyles, but yet took tent
aye
To free the ditches ;
An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kenned
aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set mysel' ;
But whether she had three or four,
I could na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin' down on Willie's mill,

Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker :
Though leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither ;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
Clear-dangling, hang ;
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seemed lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava ;
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

"Guid-e'en," quo' I ; "Friend ! ha'e ye
been mawin'
When ither folk are busy sawin' ?"
It seemed to mak' a kind o' stan',
But naething spak' ;
At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye
gaun,
Will ye go back ?"

It spak' right howe,— "My name is
Death,
But be na fleyed." Quo' I, "Guid
faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath ;
But tent me billie ;
I red ye weel, tak' care o' skaith,
See, there 's a gully !"

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your
whittle,
I'm no designed to try its mettle ;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be misleard ;
I wad na mind it, no, that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be 't;
Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we're
gree't;

We'll ease our shanks an' tak' a seat,
Come, gie's your news;
This while ye ha'e been mony a gate,
At mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar' me;
Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan,
De'il mak' his king's-hood in a spleu-
chan!
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan
An' ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
And pouk my hips.

"See, here's a scythe, and there's a
dart,
They ha'e pierced mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
And cursèd skill,
Has made them baith no worth a —;
D——d haet they'll kill.

"'T was but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But de'il-ma-care,
It just played dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I lookèd to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad ha'e pierced the heart
O' a kail-runt.

"I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel ha'e tried a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

"Even them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenned
it,
Just — in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon's he smells 't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

"And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to ha'e;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A, B, C.

"Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina o' beans and pease,
He has 't in plenty;
Aqua-fortis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus of capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings;
Distilled per se;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae."

“Waes me for Johnnie Ged’s Hole
now,”

Quo’ I, “if that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonnie.
Nae doubt they’ll rive it wi’ the plew;
They’ll ruin Johnnie!”

The creature grained an eldritch laugh,
And says, “Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirk-yards will soon be tilled enugh,
Tak’ ye nae fear:
They’ll a’ be trenched wi’ mony a sheugh
In twa-three year.

“Whare I killed ane a fair strae death,
By loss o’ blood or want o’ breath,
This night I’m free to tak’ my aith,
That Hornbook’s skill
Has clad a score i’ their last claith,
By drap an’ pill.

“An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife’s twa nieves were scarce
weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne’er spok’ mair.

“A countra laird had ta’en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An’ pays him well.
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel’.

“A bonnie lass, ye kenned her name,
Some ill-brown drink had hoved her
wame;
She trusts hersel’, to hide the shame,
In Hornbook’s care;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

“That’s just a swatch o’ Hornbook’s
way;

Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an’ slay,
An’s weel paid for’t;
Yet stops me o’ my lawfu’ prey
Wi’ his d——d dirt:

“But, hark! I’ll tell you of a plot,
Though dinna ye be speaking o’t;
I’ll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead’s a herrin’;
Neist time we meet, I’ll wad a groat,
He’s got his fairin’!”

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which raised us baith:
I took the way that pleased mysel’,
And sae did Death.

—o—

THE TWA HERDS;

OR, THE HOLY TULZIE.

[According to Burns, this was the first of his poetic offspring to see the light, it being, as he describes it, “a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my ‘Holy Fair.’ I had a notion myself,” he adds, “that the piece had some merit; but, to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause.” The theological disputants, who are here sketched to the life as with a pencil of lunar caustic, were both of them fanatical champions of the Auld Light, always an object of abhorrence to Burns; one of them being the Rev. Alexander Moodie, parish minister of Riccarton while the other was the Rev. John Russell, variously known under the sobriquets of Black

Jock and Rumble John, minister of the High Church at Kilmarnock.]

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.—POPE.

OH, a' ye pious, godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waves and crocks
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
O! dool to tell,
Ha'e had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel'.

O, Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye'll see how New Light herds will
whistle,

And think it fine:
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I ha'e min'.

O, sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,

To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could
rank,

Sae hale and hearty every shank?
Nae poisoned sour Arminian stank,
He let them taste.

Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they
drank,—
O' sic a feast!

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenned his voice through a' the
wood,

He smelt their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell telled his tale?
His voice was heard through muir and
dale,
He kenned the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them owre the burning dub,
Or heave them in.

Sic twa—O, do I live to see 't!—
Sic famous twa should disagreeet,
An' names, like "villain," "hypocrite,"
Ilk ither gi'en,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin
spite,
Say neither's liein'!

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There's Duncan deep, and Peebles shaul,
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and
cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset;
There's scarce a new herd that we get
But comes frae 'mang that cursèd set
I winna name;
I hope frae heaven to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
 M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that cursed rascal ca'd M'Quhae,
 And baith the Shaws,
 That aft ha'e made us black and blae
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatched mischief;
 We thought aye death wad bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chiel wha 'll soundly buff our beef;
 I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,
 Forbye turncoats amang oursel',
 There 's Smith for ane;
 I doubt he 's but a grey-nick quill,
 An' that ye 'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come, join your counsel and your skills
 To cove the lairds,
 And get the brutes the powers themsel's
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banished o'er the sea to France:
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 M'Quhae's pathetic, manly sense,
 And guid M'Math,
 Wi' Smith, wha through the heart can
 glance,
 May a' pack aff.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

[The unhappy Praise-God Barebones who is held up to everlasting scorn in this withering satire was one William Fisher, an elder of the parish church at Mauchline. Alluding to this production in his autobiography, the poet, who has just before been referring to the "Twa Herds," says of it,—“Holy Willie's Prayer” next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, [and see] if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers.” During the lifetime of Burns the piece was handed about merely in manuscript, being issued from the press in the penultimate year of the last century, when it appeared in 1799 for the first time in the little twopenny tracts printed by Stewart and Meikle. A couple of years had scarcely elapsed when, in 1801, the epitaph also made its posthumous appearance. Sir Walter Scott pronounces “Holy Willie's Prayer” a more exquisitely severe satire than any Burns afterwards penned. According to Allan Cunningham, this miserable Pharisee, Fisher of Mauchline, in the end came by his death in a manner anything but godly, drinking one evening more than was advisable, and being found the next morning dead in a ditch by the road-side.]

O THOU, wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for ony guid or ill
 They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
 That I am here, afore thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace,
 A burnin' an' a shinin' light
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get sic exaltation?
 I, wha deserve sic just damnation
 For broken laws
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 You might ha'e plunged me into hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake,
 Where damnèd devils roar and yell,
 Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
 To show thy grace is great and ample;
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
 Strong as a rock,
 A guide, a buckler, an example
 To a' thy flock.

O L—d! thou kens what zeal I bear,
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
 And singing there, and dancing here,
 Wi' great and sma';
 For I am keepit by thy fear,
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,
 At times I'm fashed wi' fleshly lust;
 And sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defiled in sin.

O L—d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg,—
 O, may it ne'er be a livin' plague
 To my dishonour!
 And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
 Again upon her.

Besides, I further maun avow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow—
 But, L—d! that Friday I was fou'
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
 Wad ne'er ha'e steered her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshy thorn
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted!
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne
 Until thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here thou hast a chosen race:
 But G—d confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
 And public shame!

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts!
 He drinks, and swears, and plays at
 cartes,
 Yet has sae mony takin' arts
 Wi' great and sma',
 Frae G—d's ain priests the people's
 hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan we chastened him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the warld in a roar
 O' laughin' at us;
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes!

L—d, hear my earnest cry and prayer,
 Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr;
 Thy strong right hand, L—d, mak' it bare
 Upo' their heads!
 L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds!

O L—d, my G—d! that glib-tongued
 Aiken,—
 My very heart and soul are quakin',
 To think how we stood groanin', shakin',
 And swat wi' dread,
 While Auld wi' hinging lip gaed snakin',
 And hid his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him !
 L—d, visit them wha did employ him !
 And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their prayer ;
 But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare !

But, L—d, remember me and mine
 Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excelled by nane,
 An' a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen, amen !

—o—

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
 Tak's up its last abode ;
 His saul has ta'en some other way,—
 I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,—
 Poor silly body, see him !
 Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,—
 Observe wha's standing wi' him !

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye ;
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
 Till ance ye've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
 For pity ye ha'e nane ;
 Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er,
 And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, de'il as ye are,—
 Look something to your credit ;
 A coof like him wad stain your name,
 If it were kenned ye did it.

—o—

THE HOLY FAIR.

[Written in that wonderful springtime of 1786, during which Burns poured forth his effusions with such astonishing fecundity, producing, as he did within that brief interval, not only many a lilting love-song that has since gone the round of the world, but, in addition to this panoramic blending of poetry and satire, his two peerless masterpieces of "Halloween" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It has been pointed out, with some show of reason, that Burns, who had just before procured through his friend John Richmond a copy of the poems of Ferguson, was evidently indebted to the latter for his idea of Fun introducing him to the Holy Fair, the Edinburgh poet having been himself conducted to the Leith races by a personification of Mirth—

A sweet, braw, buskit, bonnie lass,
 That lap like Hebe o'er the grass.

The scene here described is that yearly celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which, in the rural districts of Scotland, is only too literally a sort of typical Vanity Fair in which are intermingled chaffering, prayer, and amusement.]

—
 "A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty Observation ;
 And secret hung, with poisoned crust,
 The dirk of Defamation :
 A mask that like the gorget showed,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon ;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion."

Hypocrisy à la Mode.

—
 UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walkèd forth to view the corn,
 And snuff the caller air.
 The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin' ;
 The hares were hirplin' down the furs ;
 The laverocks they were chantin'
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glow'd abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam' skelpin' up the way :
 Twa had manteles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining ;
 The third, that gaed a-wee aback,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

The twa appeared like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes ;
 Their visage withered, lang, an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes :
 The third cam' up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, " Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me ;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
 But yet I canna name ye."
 Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak',
 An' tak's me by the hands,
 " Ye, for my sake, ha'e gi'en the feck
 Of a' the Ten Commands
 A screed some day.

" My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye ha'e ;
 An' this is Superstition here,
 An' that's Hypocrisy.
 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin' :
 Gin ye 'll go there, yon runkled pair,
 We will get famous laughin'
 At them this day."

Quoth I, " With a' my heart I'll do 't,
 I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 An' meet you on the holy spot ;
 Faith, we'se ha'e fine remarkin' !"

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
 An' soon I made me ready ;
 For roads were clad, frae side to side
 Wi' mony a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graich,
 Gaed hoddin' by their cotters ; [claith,
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-
 Are springin' o'er the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter ;
 Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
 An' farls baked wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glower Black Bonnet throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On every side they're gatherin',
 Some carryin' dails, some chairs an'
 stools,
 An' some are busy blethin',
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the showers,
 An' screen our countra gentry,
 There, racer Jess, an' twa-three whores,
 Are blinkin' at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 An' there a batch of wabster lads,
 Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
 For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
 An' some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyed his shins,
 Anither sighs an' prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screwed-up grace-proud faces ;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 Thrang winkin' on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

O, happy is that man an' blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin' down beside him!
 Wi' arm reposed on the chair-back,
 He sweetly does compose him;
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof upon her bosom,
 Unkenned that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation;
 For Moodie speels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' damnation.
 Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
 'Mang sons o' G— present him,
 The vera sight o' Moodie's face,
 To 's ain het hame had sent him
 Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
 Wi' rattlin' an' thumpin'!
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's stampin' an' he's jumpin'!
 His lengthened chin, his turned-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 O, how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plaisters,
 On sic a day!

But hark! the tent has changed its voice;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer:
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 Smith opens out his cauld harangues
 On practice and on morals;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gi'e the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral powers and reason?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.

Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld Pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in,
 That 's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poisoned nostrum;
 For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the Word o' God,
 An' meek an' mim has viewed it,
 While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,
 Fast, fast that day.

Wee Miller, niest, the guard relieves,
 An' orthodoxy raibles,
 Though in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables:
 But, faith! the birkie wants a manse,
 So cannily he hums them;
 Although his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

Now butt an' ben, the change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup commentators:
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' larg,
 Wi' logic an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink! it gi'es us mair
 Than either school or college:
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fu' o' knowledge:
 Be 't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blithely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
 They 're making observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' formin' assignations
 To meet some day.

But now the Lord's ain Trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairin',
 An' echoes back return the shouts :
 Black Russell is na spairin' :
 His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow ;
 His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,
 Our vera sauls does harrow
 Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,
 Filled fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
 Whase ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whunstane !
 The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roarin',
 When presently it does appear,
 'T was but some neebor snorin'
 Asleep that day.

'T wad be owre-lang a tale to tell
 How many stories past,
 An' how they crowded to the yill
 When they were a' dymist :
 How drink gaed round, in cogs an'
 caups,
 Among the furms an' benches :
 An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
 An' sits down by the fire
 Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,—
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld guidmen, 'bout the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gi'es them 't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks ! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that ha'e naething !
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing !
 O wives be mindfu', ance yoursel
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day !

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lassies strip their shoon :
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink,
 They 're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

How many hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
 As saft as ony flesh is.
 There 's some are fu' o' love divine ;
 There 's some are fu' o' brandy ;
 An' mony jobs that day begun
 May end in houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK.

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

[John Lapraik, a companion of Burns, though thirty-two years the latter's senior, was one of those mediocrities whom the poet was fond of idealizing into importance, out of the extravagant generosity of his friendship. Like David Sillar, this older rhyming dullard presumed to pass through the press, in 1788, in emulation of the then already famous bard of Ayrshire, a volume of verse of no intrinsic value whatever. What we are alone indebted to him for is having elicited from Burns this poetical address, dated April 1, 1785, together with other epistles of the rarest excellence.]

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding
green,
An' pairtricks scaichin' loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whidden seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien'
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun an' jokin',
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about.

There was ae sang among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife;
It thirled the heart-strings through the
breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describes sae
weel
What generous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or
Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?"
They tald me 't was an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin' fain to hear 't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that kent him round declared
He had ingine,
That nane excelled it, few came near 't,
It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he 'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swear an' aith,
Though I should pawn my pleugh and
graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke back,
A pint an' gill I 'd gi'e them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Though rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel',
Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' ha'e to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak' a sang?"
But, by your leave, my learnèd foes,
Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
 If honest Nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoals,
 Or knappin-hammers,

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gi'e me a spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then though I drudge through dub an'
 mire

 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, though hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

Oh, for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be lear enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye ha'e friends enow,
 Though real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'se no insist,
 But gif you want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel';
 As ill I like my fau'ts to tell;
 But friends, an' folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me;
 Though I maun own, as mony still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae wee fau't they whyles lay to
 me,—
 I like the lasses—Gude forgi'e me!
 For mony a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair;
 May be some ither thing they gi'e me,
 They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there;
 We'se gi'e a night's discharge to care
 If we forgather,
 An' ha'e a swap o' rhymin' ware
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
 An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water;
 Syne we'll sit down an' tak' our whitter,
 To cheer our heart;
 An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

There's naething like the honest nappy!
 Whar'll ye e'er see mer sae happy,
 Or women sonsie, saft, and sappy,
 'Tween morn and morn,
 As them wha like to taste the drappy
 In glass or horn?

I've seen me dais't upon a time,
 I scarce could wink, or see a styme;
 Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime,
 Aught less is little,
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
 As gleg's a whittle?

Awa' ye selfish war'ly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
 E'en love and friendship, should give
 place
 To catch-the-plack!
 I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear you crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
 "Each aid the others,"
Come to my bow! come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fiddle,
 Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

—o—

SECOND EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK.

[Dated by Burns the 21st April, 1785.]

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in plough or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealin' through amang the naigs,
 Their ten hours' bite,
My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
 I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezeled hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae
 busy
 This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right
 dizzie,
 An' something sair,"

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless
 jad!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Though mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
 An' thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumple in the ink:
Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak' it clink,
 By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl—but whether
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch, that's rightly
 neither,
 Let time mak' proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
 Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Though fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
 Wi' gleesome touch;
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp:
 She's but a bitch!

She's gi'en me mony a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the Lord, though I should beg,
 Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax-an'-twentieth simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year ;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent,
 A bailie's name.

Or is 't the paughty, feudal Thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank
 bane,

 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
 As by he walks ?

"O Thou wha gi'es us each guid gift.
 Gi'e me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift
 Through Scotland wide ;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride !"

Were this the charter of our state,
 "On pain o' hell be rich an' great,"
 Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead ;
 But, thanks to Heaven ! that's no the
 gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 "The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 An' none but he !"

O mandate glorious and divine !
 The ragged followers of the Nine,
 Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
 While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.

Though here they scrape, an' squeeze,
 an' growl,
 Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl
 The forest's fright ;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, an'
 joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
 Each passing year !

—o—

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON, OCHILTREE.

[Among the companions of Burns, the one here addressed, under date May, 1785, appears to have been both a more modest and a more meritorious rhymester than either Sillar or Lapraik. Though surpassing them immeasurably, as indeed he might easily have done, in the general character of his effusions, he never, like them, had the effrontery to publish a collected volume, and by so doing bring himself at once into painful comparison with his illustrious associate. William Simpson, at the date of this poem, was the schoolmaster at Ochiltree. His intimacy with Burns is another illustration of the poet's affection for schoolmasters, as shown by the cordial terms on which he lived with Murdoch, Gray, Clarke, Nicol, Masterton and Cruickshank.]

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie ;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie ;

Though I naun say 't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
 Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironie satire, sidelins sklentend
 On my poor Musie;
 Though in sic phrasin' terms ye've penned
 it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
 Should I but dare a hope to speel
 Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfiel',
 The braes o' fame;
 Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
 My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
 The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stowed his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 Or lasses gi'e my heart a screed,
 As whyles they're like to be my deed
 (Oh, sad disease!)
 I kittle up my rustic reed;
 It gi'es me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
 She's gotten poets o' her ain,
 Chiels wha their chanter's winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measured style;

She lay like some unkenne'd-of isle
 Beside New Holland,
 Or whare wild meeting oceans boil
 Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
 Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
 Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
 Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
 But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae southron billies.

At Wallace's name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace's side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious dyed.

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
 When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
 And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
 While through the braes the cushat
 croods
 With wailfu' cry!

E'en winter bleak has charms to me,
 When winds rave through the naked
 tree,

Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary grey;
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Darkening the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts ha'e charms!
 Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls in gusty storms,
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
 Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang;
 Oh, sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heartfelt sang!

The war'ly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch, and strive,
 Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, " my rhyme - composing
 brither!"
 We've been owre lang unkennd to
 ither:
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal:
 May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat
 braxies;
 While terra firma, on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend in faith an' practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
 I had amais't forgotten clean
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this New Light,
 'Bout which our herds sae aft ha'e been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans,
 At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to
 balance,
 Or rules to gi'e,
 But spake their thoughts in plain, braid
 Lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the
 moon,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon
 Gaed past their viewing,
 And shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This past for certain undisputed;
 It ne'er cam' i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiefs gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, well learned upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
 For 't was the auld moon turned a neuk;
 An' out o' sight,
 An' backlins comin', to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was denied—it was affirmed;
 The herds an' hirsels were alarmed;
 The reverend grey-beards raved an'
 stormed,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were informed
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
 Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
 An' monie a fallow gat his licks
 Wi' hearty crunt:
 An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hanged and brunt.

This game was played in monie lands,
 And Auld-Light caddies bure sic hands,
 That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

But New-Light herds gat sic a cowe,
 Folk thought them ruined stick-an'-stowe,
 Till now amaisn on every knowe
 Ye'll find ane placed;
 An' some their New-Light fair avow,
 Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are
 bleatin';
 Their zealous herds are vexed an' sweatin';
 Mysel', I've even seen them greetin'
 Wi' girnin' spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
 Some Auld-Light herds in neebor towns
 Are mind 't, in things they ca' balloons,
 To tak' a flight,
 An' stay a month amang the moons,
 An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gi'e them;
 An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e
 them,
 The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi'
 them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 An' when the New-Light billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
 Is naething but a "moonshine matter;"
 But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
 In logic tulzie,
 I hope we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic brulzie.

—o—

THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK.

[The date affixed by Burns to this poetical address was the 13th September, 1785. Lapraik removed to Muirkirk in 1798, and opened a public-house, which also served the purpose of the village post-office. There he died on the 7th of May, 1807, at the age of eighty.]

GUID speed an' furdur to you, Johnny,
 Guid health, hale han's, an' weather
 bonny;
 Now when ye're nickan down fu' canny
 The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' hags
 Like drivin' wrack;
 But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
 But bitter, daudin' showers ha'e wat it,
 Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it,
 Wi' muckle wark,
 An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
 Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your
 debtor,
 For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,

Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
 On holy men,
 While de'il a hair yoursel' ye're better,
 But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
 Let's sing about our noble sel's;
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help or roose us,
 But browster wives an' whisky-stills,
 They are the Muses.

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
 An', if ye mak' objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot
 it,
 An' witness take,
 An' when wi' usquebae we've wat it,
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spared
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,
 An' a' the vittel in the yard,
 An' theekit right,
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
 Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
 Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
 An' be as canty
 As ye were nine year less than thretty,
 Sweet ane-an'-twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
 An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
 Then I maun rin among the rest,
 An' quat my chanter;
 Sae I subscribe myself, in haste,
 Yours, RAB THE RANTER.

—o—

EPISTLE TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.

[The Rev. John M'Math, here addressed by Burns, under date the 17th September, 1785, was assistant to Dr. Peter Wodrow, the parish minister of Tarbolton. He died in obscurity in 1825, in the Isle of Unell, having passed through many vicissitudes consequent upon his great dissipation, which compelled him first to resign his position as a clergyman, and eventually, in a moment of desperation, to enlist as a private soldier. The subjoined poem enclosed a copy of "Holy Willie's Prayer," which had been requested from the author by the then well-to-do and reputable clergyman.]

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower,
 To shun the bitter blaudin' shower,
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scower
 To pass the time,
 To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tired wi' mony a sonnet
 On gown, an' ban', an' douse black
 bonnet,
 Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
 Lest they should blame her,
 An' rouse their holy thunder on it,
 And anathem her.

I own 't was rash, an' rather hardy,
 That I, a simple, country bardie,
 Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile
 graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, and pride dis-
 graces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gawn, misca't waur than a
 beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid 's the priest
 Wha sae abus't him.
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they 've use 't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,
 An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 An' not a Muse erect her head,
 To cove the bellums?"

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
 To gi'e the rascals their deserts!
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud
 Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows I'm no the thing I should be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,
 But twenty times, I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colours hid be
 Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass,
 But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
 He'll still disdain,
 An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

They take religion in their mouth;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
 For what?—to gi'e their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
 An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
 Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
 Who, in her rough, imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee;
 To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotch't an foul wi' mony a
 stain,
 An' far unworthy of thy train,
 With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those
 Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite o' undermining jobs,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth an' merit,
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
 Within thy presbyterial bound
 A candid, liberal band is found,
 Of public teachers,
 As men, as Christians too, renowned,
 An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named;
 Sir, in that circle you are famed;
 An' some, by whom your doctrine's
 blamed,
 (Which gi'es you honour,)
 Even, sir, by them your heart's esteemed,
 An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 An' if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good sir, in a
 Whase heart ne'er wranged ye,
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belanged t' ye.

EPISTLE TO MR. M'ADAM, OF
CRAIGENGILLAN.

[Burns wrote this epistle in acknowledgment of an obliging letter he had received from Mr. M'Adam, who was one of his earliest patrons. It was to his Factor at Craigengillan, David Woodburn by name, that the Poet presented the manuscript copy of "The Jolly Beggars," through the careful preservation of which that poem, given here immediately after this epistle, eventually became known to the world through Thomas Stewart of Glasgow and Greenock.]

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud;
"See wha tak's notice o' the bard!"
I lap and cried fu' loud.

Now de'il-ma-care about their jaw,
The senseless, gawky million;
I'll cock my nose aboon them a'—
I'm roosed by Craigengillan!

'T was noble, sir, 't was like yoursel',
To grant your high protection:
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
Is aye a blest infection.

Though by his banes wha in a tub
Matched Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to guid warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee dike-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flowery simmers!
And bless your bonnie lasses baith—
I'm tauld they're lo'esome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry!
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country!

—o—

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

[The scene of this forgathering of tramps and gaberlunzies at Mauchline is still well remembered in that neighbourhood. Mrs. Gibson was the Poesie Nancy of the Cantata, which was composed in 1785, when the Poet was at Mossiel. But for the accidental presentation of the poem to Woodburn, as mentioned in the last note, it would never have come to the world's knowledge as it did for the first time in 1823, when published by Stewart. Speaking of this work, Sir Walter Scott says emphatically of "The Jolly Beggars," that "for humorous description and nice discrimination of character [it] is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry."]

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or wavering like the bauckie-bird,
Bedim could Boreas' blast;
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night, at e'en, a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poesie Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies:
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, niest the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel braced wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—
She blinket on her sodger:

An' aye he gied the tozie drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aumos dish.
 Ilk smack still did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whup,
 Then staggering and swaggering,
 He roared this ditty up :—

AIR.

Tune—"Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars, who have been in
 many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I
 come ;
 This here was for a wench, and that
 other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound
 of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader
 breathed his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the
 heights of Abram ;
 I servèd out my trade when the gallant
 game was played,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound
 of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the float-
 ing batt'ries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and
 a limb ;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliott
 to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of
 a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

And now though I must beg, with a
 wooden arm and leg,
 And many a tattered rag hanging over
 my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle,
 and my callet,
 As when I used in scarlet to follow a
 drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

What though, with hoary locks, I must
 stand the winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes
 for a home,
 When, the tother bag I sell, and the
 tother bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound
 of a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk
 Aboon the chorus' roar ;
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore.

A fairy fiddler, frae the neuk,
 He skirlèd out, Encore !
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—"Soldier Laddie."

I once was a maid, though I cannot tell
 when,
 And still my delight is in proper young
 men ;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was
 my daddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
 Sing, lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering
blade,

To rattle the thundering drum was his
trade ;

His leg was so tight, and his cheek was
so ruddy,

Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in
the lurch ;

The sword I forsook for the sake of the
church ;

He ventured the soul, and I risked the
body—

'T was then I proved false to my sodger
laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified
sot,

The regiment at large for a husband I
got ;

From the gilded spontoon to the fife I
was ready,

I askèd no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in
despair,

Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham
fair ;

His rags regimental they fluttered so
gaudy,

My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how
long,

And still I can join in a cup or a song ;

But whilst with both hands I can hold
the glass steady,

Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger
laddie!

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk

Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;

They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,

Between themselves they were sae
busy :

At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,

He stoitered up an' made a face ;

Then turned, an' laid a smack on Grizzie,

Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune—"Auld Sir Symon"

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou ;

Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;

He's there but a 'prentice I trow,

By I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,

And I held awa' to the school ;

I fear I my talent misteuk,—

But what will ye ha'e of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck ;

A hizzie's the half o' my craft ;

But what could ye other expect

Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was tied up like a stirk,

For civilly swearing and quaffing ;

I ance was abused in the kirk,

For touzling a lass i' my daffing.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,

Let naeboddy name wi' a jeer :

There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court

A Tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observed ye yon reverend lad
 Mak' faces to tickle the mob?
 He rails at our mountebank squad,—
 It's rivalry just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For, faith, I'm confoundedly dry;
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
 Gude Lord! he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak' a raucle carlin,
 Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
 For monie a pursie she had hookit,
 And had in monie a well been doukit.
 Her love had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman.

AIR.

Tune—"O an' ye were dead, gudeman."

A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
 Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
 An' guid claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' lived like lords and ladies gay,
 For a Lawland face he fearèd nane,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

They banished him beyond the sea,
 But, ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they caught him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every one!
 They've hanged my braw John High-
 landman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return;
 Nae comfort but a hearty can
 When I think on John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,
 Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,
 Her strappan limb and gaucy middle,
 (He reached nae higher,)
 Had holed his heartie like a riddle,
 An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,
 He crooned his gamut, one, two, three,
 Then in an arioso key,
 The wee Apollo
 Set off wi' allegretto glee
 His giga solo.

AIR.

Tune—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 And go wi' me and be my dear,
 And then your every care and fear
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
 And a' the tunes that e'er I played,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,
 And oh! sae nicely 's we will fare;
 We'll bouse about till Daddy Care
 Sings whistle owre the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
 And sun oursel's about the dyke,
 And at our leisure, when ye like,
 We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird
 As weel as poor gut-scraper;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a roosty rapier.

He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a plover,
 Unless he wad from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And prayed for grace wi' ruefu' face;
 And sae the quarrel ended.

But though his little heart did grieve,
 When round the tinkler pressed her,
 He feigned to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the caird addressed her:—

AIR.

Tune—"Clout the caudron."

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station;
 I've travelled round all Christian ground,
 In this my occupation.
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enrolled
 In many a noble squadron;
 But vain they searched when off I
 marched
 To go and clout the caudron.
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and caperin',
 And tak' a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron.
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
 An' by that dear Kilbagie,
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.
 An' by that stoup, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love, o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That showed a man of spunk,
 Wished union between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night,

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That played a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
 Behind the chicken cavie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
 Though limping wi' the spavie,
 He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
 And shored them Dainty Davy
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever missed it.
 He had nae wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—"For a' that, an' a' that."

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, an' a' that;
 But for how lang the flee may stang,
 Let inclination law that.
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft ha'e put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex!
 I like the jads for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that;
 An' twice as muckle's a' that;
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till 't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard—and Nancie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
 Re-echoed from each mouth;
 They toomed their pocks, an' pawned
 their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.
 Then owre again the jovial thrang
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best.
 He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

Tune—"Jolly mortals, fill your glasses."

See, the smoking bowl before us!
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?

What is reputation's care?

If we lead a life of pleasure,

'Tis no matter how or where.

A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day;
 And at night, in barn or stable,
 Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage
 Through the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love?

A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose.

A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
 Here's to all the wandering train!
 Here's our ragged brats and callets!
 One and all cry out—Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast!

Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.



TO A MOUSE.

[There was still living in Kilmarnock in 1841, a sometime farm-servant of Burns at Moss-giel, by name John Blane, who remembered, when a boy fifty-six years previously, *i.e.* in 1785, running in pursuit of a mouse across a field armed with a pettle or ploughshare scraper. His master, who was ploughing there at the time, he recollected well, called to him upon the instant to let the poor creature alone. Throughout the rest of the day Burns appeared to him more than usually thoughtful, and after nightfall, Blane recalled to mind his employer rousing him from his slumbers—the two of them sleeping in the same garret chamber—to repeat to him this poem about the mouse. Of all the Poet's effusions, it is perhaps the one marked by touches of his very tenderest sensibility. One of the happiest of these has risen almost to the height of a proverb—"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Carlyle, in reading verses like those which follow, exclaims in rapt admiration, "How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature!"]

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bick'ring brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion
 Which mak's thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun
 live!

A daimen icker in a thrave
 's a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss 't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green !
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou 's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hauld,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain !
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER.

[Written in 1789 from Ellisland, not, as Allan Cunningham conjectured, to James Tait, but to James Tennant, the friend who towards the close of February, 1788, accompanied the Poet, who was then in search of a farm, on a visit of inspection to Nithsdale. It was of him that Burns wrote to Ainslie on the 3rd of March following: "The friend whom I told you I would take with me, was highly pleased with the farm, and he is without exception the most intelligent farmer in the country."]

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
 How 's a' the folk about Glenconner ?
 How do ye this blae eastlin' win',
 That 's like to blaw a body blin' ?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'.
 I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on !
 Reid, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Smith, to common sense appealing.
 Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,
 An' in the depth of science mired,
 To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives an' wabsters see and feel.
 But, hark ye, frien' ! I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursèd douce,
 I pray an' ponder butt the house ;
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston ;
 Till by-an'-by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real gospel-groan :
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my een up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Fluttering an' gasping in her gore :
 Sae shortlv you shall see me bright,
 A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace an' wale of honest men :

When bending down wi' auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him!
His worthy family, far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason Billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither!
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An', Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock,

An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy;
An' her kind stars ha'e airted till her
A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet;
Tell them, frae me, wi' chieles be cautious,
For, faith, they 'll aiblins fin' them
fashious;

To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil!
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak' a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell:
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
And aye enugh o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you!
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man:
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,—ROB THE
RANTER.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF
FAMILY DISTRESS.

[This was the grandchild of the Poet's friend, Mrs. Dunlop—whose daughter Susan had married a M. Henri, a Frenchman; their infant son, the subject of these verses, being eventually the proprietor of the family estates.]

SWEET Floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirkles o'er the lea,
Chill on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blow,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May He, the Friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourished, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn;
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unsheltered and forlorn:

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH.

[Burns's associate, James Smith, later on removed to the banks of the Avon, near Linlithgow, where he started as a calico-printer. Failing in that enterprise, he went to the West Indies, where he died prematurely. One line in this, perhaps, finest of all the Epistles, "When a life's day draws near the gloamin," was often on the lips of Lord Byron in his moments of profoundest despondency.]

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and soldier of society!
I owe thee much!"—BLAIR.

DEAR Smith, the sleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely ha'e some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And every ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak' amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turned you aff, a human creature
On her first plan;
And in her freaks, on every feature
She's wrote, "The Man."

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Ha'e ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu'
cash;

Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damned my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still, the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries "Hoolie!
I rede you, honest man, tak' tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Ha'e thought they had ensured their
debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living, sound and hale,

Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave care owre side !
 And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let 's tak' the tide.

This life, sae far 's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
 Where pleasure is the magic wand
 That, wielded right,
 Mak's hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand, then, let us wield ;
 For, ance that five-an'-forty 's speeled,
 See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
 Wi' wrinkled face,
 Comes hostin', hirplin', owre the field,
 Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the
 gloamin',
 Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin' ;
 An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
 An' social noise ;
 An' fareweel, dear deluding woman,
 The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
 Cold-passing Caution's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like schoolboys, at th' expected warn-
 ing,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We eye the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves ;
 And though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
 For which they never toiled nor swat ;
 They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
 But care or pain ;
 And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

With steady aim some Fortune chase ;
 Keen hope does every sinew brace ;
 Through fair, through foul, they urge the
 race,
 And seize the prey ;
 Then cannie, in some cozie place,
 They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
 Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads ob-
 servin' ;
 To right or left eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on ;
 'Till curst with age, obscure and starvin',
 They aften groan.

Alas ! what bitter toil an' straining—
 But truce with peevish, poor complain-
 ing !
 Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning ?
 E'en let her gang !
 Beneath what light she has remaining
 Let 's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
 And kneel, " Ye Powers ! " and warm
 implore,
 " Though I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
 Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 A rowth o' rhymes.

" Gi'e dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards ;
 Gi'e fine braw claes to fine life-guards
 And maids of honour ;
 And yill an' whisky gi'e to cairds,
 Until they sconner.

"A title, Dempster merits it ;
 A garter gi'e to Willie Pitt ;
 Gi'e wealth to some be-ledgered cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 But gi'e me real, sterling wit,
 And I 'm content.

"While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi' cheerful face,
 As lang's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
 I rhyme away.

Oh, ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compared wi' you—oh, fool ! fool ! fool !
 How much unlike !
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives a dyke !

Nae hare-brained, sentimental traces,
 In your unlettered, nameless faces ;
 In arioso trills and graces
 Ye never stray,
 But, gravissimo, solemn basses
 Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ;
 Nae ferly though ye do despise
 The hairum-scaurum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattling squad :
 I see you upward cast your eyes—
 Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang onywhere :

Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
 But quit my sang,
 Content wi' you to mak' a pair,
 Whare'er I gang.

—o—

THE ORDINATION.

[This daring religious satire, like so many others by Burns, was directed against the pitiless Calvinism of the ultra-orthodox or Auld-Light party in the Scotch Kirk, while it commended the New-Light or Moderate party, who were in favour of Arminianism, and even of Socinianism. Penned by the Poet in the early part of 1786, it commemorated the event of Mr. M'Kinlay having been ordained on the 6th of April Minister of the Laigh or parish church of Kilmarnock. M'Kinlay, as it happened, survived the Poet forty-five years in all, having been, when he died on the 10th February, 1841, five-and-fifty years Minister at Kilmarnock.]

—

"For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven—
 To please the mob they hide the little given."

—

KILMARNOCK wabsters fidge an' claw,
 An' pour your creeshie nations ;
 An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
 Of a' denominations,
 Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
 An' there tak' up your stations ;
 Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' hell,
 Cam' in wi' Maggie Lauder ;
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,
 An' Russell sair misca'd her ;
 This day M'Kinlay ta'es the flail,
 An' he's the boy will blaud her !
 He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
 An' set the bairns to daud her
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak' haste and turn King David owre,
 And lilt wi' holy clangor ;
 O' double verse come gi'e us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor :
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her power,
 And gloriously she 'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
 Which made Canaan a nigger ;
 Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
 Wi' whore-aborring rigour ;
 Or Zipporah, the scauldin' jade,
 Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bind him down wi' caution,—
 That stipend is a carnal weed
 He tak's but for the fashion ;
 And gi'e him o'er the flock, to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gi'e them sufficient threshin',
 Spare them nae day.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou 'lt rowte out-owre the
 dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty :
 For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 An' runts o' grace, the pick and wale,
 No gi'en by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
 To think upon our Zion ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin' ;

Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin' ;
 O, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
 Fu' fast this day.

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' aim,
 Has shored the Kirk's undoin',
 As lately Fenwick, sair forfain,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our patron, honest man ! Glencairn,
 He saw mischief was brewin' ;
 And like a godly elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

Now Robertson, harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever :
 Or try the wicked town o' Ayr,
 For there they 'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a shaver ;
 Or to the Netherton repair,
 And turn a carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa drones ;
 Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin' baudrons ;
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons ;
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
 She's swingin' thro' the city :
 Hark how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow it's unco pretty ;
 There Learning, with his Greekish facc,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak' to Jamie Beattie
 Her 'plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel',
 Embracing all opinions;
 Hear, how he gi'es the tither yell,¹
 Between his twa companions;
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin' onions!
 Now there—they're packed aff to hell,
 And banish't our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come, bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 M'Kinlay, Russell, are the boys
 That Heresy can torture:
 They'll gi'e her on a rape a hoysie,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,
 "To every New Light mother's son,
 From this time forth, confusion!"
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, every skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.

—o—

SCOTCH DRINK.

[The privilege of distilling whisky free of duty was accorded by the Crown to Forbes of Culloden, upon his barony of Ferintosh in Cromarty, in consideration of certain good services done by him at the time of the Revolution. Such rivers of whisky streamed from that distillery that Ferintosh came to be like another name for usquebaugh. The "Scotch Distilleries Act of 1785" at length abolished this monopoly, Mr. Forbes shortly afterwards, under the decision

of a jury, receiving by way of compensation the sum of £21,580.]

Gi'e him strong drink, until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief an' care;
 There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' drunken
 Bacchus,
 An' crabbit names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice Scotch beer can mak' us,
 In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch
 Drink;
 Whether through wimpling worms thou
 jink,
 Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
 In glorious faem,
 Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
 To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
 An' Aits set up their awnie horn,
 An' Pease and Beans at e'en or morn
 Perfume the plain,
 Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
 Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
 In souple scones, the wale o' food;
 Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef;
 But when thou pours thy strong heart's
 blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
 Though life 's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy dragged wi' pine an'
 grievin';

But, oiled by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill,
 scrievin',

Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care;
 Thou strings the nerves o' Labour sair,
 At 's weary toil;
 Thou even brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy silver weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
 Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
 But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
 Even godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspired,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
 Or reeking on a New-year mornin'
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap sp'itual burn in,
 An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gi'es his bellows breath,
 An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
 I' th' lugget caup!
 Then Burnewin comes on like death
 At every chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
 The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
 Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till block an' studdie ring and reel
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin' weanies see the light,
 Thou mak's the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumblin' cuifs their dearies slight;
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them.

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the barley-bree
 Cement the quarrel!
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
 To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
 But monie daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter's season,
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
 Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken
 hash,
 O' half his days;
 An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
 Poor plackless devils like mysel'!
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
 Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wench,
 An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
 Wha twists his grundle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out-owre a glass of whisky punch
 Wi' honest men.

O Whisky ! soul o' plays an' pranks !
 Accept a Bardie's humble thanks !
 When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
 Are my poor verses !
 Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
 At ither's —— !

Thee, Ferintosh ! oh sadly lost !
 Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !
 Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast,
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes' chartered boast
 Is ta'en awa' !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak' the Whisky Stells their prize !
 Haud up thy han', Deil ! ance, twice,
 thrice !

There, seize the blinkers !
 An' bake them up in brunstane pies,
 For poor d—d drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou 'll but gi'e me still
 Hale breeks, a scone, an' Whisky gill,
 An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
 Tak' a' the rest,
 An' deal 't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee blest.

—o—

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COM- MONS.

[Another celebration of the glories of Scotch drink. Irish Lords are, to all appearance, rather oddly apostrophized by the Scottish Poet in his opening line. They are so addressed, however, purely for the reason that several Irish Peers were enrolled at that time on the catalogue of Scotland's chosen five-and-forty representatives.]

Dearest of distillation ! last and best !

. . . . How art thou lost !

PARODY ON MILTON.

YE Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
 Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
 An' doucely manage our affairs
 In parliament,
 To you a simple Poet's prayers
 Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roupet Muse is hearse !
 Your Honour's heart wi' grief 't wad
 pierce,

To see her sittin' on her ——

Low i' the dust,
 An' screechin' out prosaic verse,
 An' like to brust !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
 Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
 E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
 On aqua vitæ ;

An' rouse them up to strong conviction
 An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier Youth,
 The honest, open, naked truth :

Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth

His servants humble :

The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom?
 Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
 Let posts an' pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em.
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em.

In gathering votes you were na slack;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack;
 Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
 An' hum an' haw;
 But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle;
 Her mutchkin-stoup as toom's a whistle;
 An' d—d Excisemen in a bussle,
 Seizin' a stell,
 Triumphant crushin' t like a mussel
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard Smuggler right behint her,
 An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
 Colleaguin join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
 But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld Mither's pot
 Thus dung in staves,
 An' plundered o' her hindmost groat
 By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trode i' the mire clean out o' sight!
 But could I like Montgom'ries fight,
 Or gab like Boswell,
 There's some sark-necks I wad draw
 tight,
 An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honours! can ye see 't,
 The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
 An' no get warmly to your feet,
 An' gar them hear it,
 An' tell them wi' a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period an' pause,
 An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak' harangues;
 Then echo through Saint Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true-blue Scot, I'se warran';
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran,
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' Graham;
 An' ane, a chap that's damned auld-
 farran,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
 True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
 An' Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie!
 An' monie ithers,
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers.

Thee, Sodger Hugh, my watchman
 stented,
 If bardies e'er are represented;
 I ken if that your sword were wanted,
 Ye'd lend your hand;
 But when there's ought to say anent it,
 Ye're at a stand.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
 Or, faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-
 pettle,
 Ye'll see 't, or lang
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekin' whittle,
 Anither sang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,
 Her lost Militia fired her bluid;
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,
 Played her that pliskie!)
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud
 About her whisky.

An', Lord, if ance they pit her till 't,
 Her tartan petticoat she 'll kilt,
 An', durk an' pistol at her belt,
 She 'll tak' the streets,
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt
 I' th' first she meets!

For God sake, sirs! then speak her fair,
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
 An' to the muckle House repair
 Wi' instant speed,
 An' strive, wi' a' your awit and lear,
 To get remead.

Yon ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
 But gie him 't het, my hearty cocks!
 E'en cove the caddie!
 And send him to his dicing-box
 An' sportin' lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
 An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tin-
 nock's,

 Nine times a week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach,
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
 She's just a devil wi' a rung;
 An' if she promise auld or young
 To tak' their part,
 Though by the neck she should be strung
 She 'll no desert.

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye;
 Then, though a Minister grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye 'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
 In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
 That haunt St. Jamie's!
 Your humble Poet sings an' prays
 While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

LET half-starved slaves in warmer skies,
 See future wines rich clust'ring rise;
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But blithe and frisky,
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys
 Tak' aff their whisky.

What though their Phœbus kinderwarms,
 While fragrance blooms and beauty
 charms!

When wretches range, in famished
 swarms,

 The scented groves,
 Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
 In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burthen on their shoulder;
 They downa bide the stink o' powther;

Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring
swither

To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw-
ther,

To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, Such is royal George's will,

An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease
him ;

Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees
him ;

Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gi'es him ;

An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,

In clime and season ;
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither !
Though whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam ;

(Freedom and Whisky gang thegither !)
Tak' aff your dram !

—O—

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

[Professor Wilson has finely spoken of this as "the noblest poem genius ever dedicated to domestic devotion." Hazlitt compares its effect upon the mind to that produced "by a slow and solemn strain of music." It was a perusal of this masterpiece of his muse in particular, that won for Burns the friendship of Mrs. Dunlop, lineal descendant of the brother of the great patriot celebrated in the last stanza, Burns's hero *par excellence*, William Wallace. Reading it, she sent a messenger to the Poet in hot-haste, begging him to go at once to her, from which visit, in answer to her summons, dated their enduring friendship. It was through her urgent and reiterated entreaties, that Burns was at last induced, but even then reluctantly, to alter in the 1793 edition of his poems the comparatively unsatisfactory line—"That streamed through great unhappy Wallace' heart,"—to the more simple and splendid verse as it now stands. The root idea of this noble anthem in celebration of the piety that lifts the cottage thatch to the grandeur of a cathedral dome, Burns found in the "Farmer's Night" of Fergusson, and at once made his own by right of conquest, as Shakspeare was wont to do by any one's idea he honoured first by selecting, and afterwards by glorifying. As all the world now knows, the Poet's venerable father, William Burness, is sketched to the very life in the patriarchal form which is the central attraction in this wonderful home group.]

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor,

GRAY'S ELEGY.

My loved, my honoured, much respected
friend !

No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish
end :

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem
and praise :



To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered
 scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless
 ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have
 been ;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far
 happier there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry
 sugh :
 The shortening winter-day is near a
 close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the
 pleugh ;
 The blackening trains o' craws to their
 repose :
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour
 goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an
 end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and
 his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to
 spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor his course does
 hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in
 view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 The expectant wee-things, toddlin',
 stacher through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichtering
 noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
 His clean hearthstane, his thriftie
 wife's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his
 knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour
 an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping
 in,
 At service out, amang the farmers
 roun',
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some
 tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman
 grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in
 her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw
 new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hard-
 ship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters
 meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly
 spiers :
 The social hours, swift-winged, un-
 noticed fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or
 hears :
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful
 years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her
 shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's
 the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses'
 command,
 The youngers a' are warnèd to obey ;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent
 hand,
 An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk
 or play :
 " An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord
 always !

An' mind your duty duly, morn an'
 night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang
 astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting
 might :
 They never sought in vain that sought
 the Lord aright ! ”

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the
 door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the
 same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the
 moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her
 hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious
 flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her
 cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, inquires
 his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak :
 Weel pleased the mother hears its nae
 wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him
 ben,
 A strappan youth ; he tak's the mother's
 eye ;
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill
 ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs,
 and kye :
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows
 wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel
 behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can
 spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an'
 sae grave ;
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's re-
 spected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is
 found !

O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond
 compare !

I've paced much this weary mortal
 round,
 And sage experience bids me this de-
 clare—

“ If Heaven a draught of heavenly
 pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest
 pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender
 tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
 the evening gale.”

Is there, in human form, that bears a
 heart—

A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and
 truth !

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring
 art,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting
 youth ?

Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling
 smooth !

Are honour, virtue, conscience, all
 exiled ?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er
 their child ?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their
 distraction wild ?

But now the supper crowns their simple
 board,

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's
 food :

The soupe their only Hawkie does
 afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows
 her cood :



THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

The dame brings forth in complimentary
mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck,
fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it
guid ;
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was
i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious
face,
They round the ingle form a circle
wide ;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal
grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's
pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an'
bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in
Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious
care ;
And "Let us worship God!" he says,
with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple
guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the
noblest aim :
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling
measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of
the name :
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heaven-
ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these, Italian trills are
tame ;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures
raise ;
Nae unison ha'e they with our Creator's
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred
page,
How Abram was the friend of God on
high ;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-
ing ire ;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing
cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the
theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man
was shed ;
How He, who bore in heaven the
second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His
head :
How His first followers and servants
sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many
a land :
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pro-
nounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's
Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband
prays ;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant
wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future
days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter
tear,

Together hymning their Creator's
praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an
eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Reli-
gion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of
art,
When men display to congregations
wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the
heart !
The Power, incensed, the pageant will
desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal
stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language
of the soul ;
And in His book of life the inmates poor
enrol.

Then homeward all take off their
several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent pair their secret homage
pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm
request
That He who stills the raven's clamor-
ous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the
best,
For them and for their little ones
provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace
divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of
God :"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly
road,
The cottage leaves the palace far
behind ;
What is the lordling's pomp ! a cum-
brous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human
kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness
refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven
is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and
sweet content !
And, O ! may Heaven their simple
lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and
vile !
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be
rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the
while,
And stand a wall of fire around their
much-loved Isle.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's un-
daunted heart ;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic
pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and
reward !)



O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot
bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament
and guard!

—o—

ADDRESS TO THE DE'IL.

[This was written, according to Gilbert Burns, in the winter of 1784-85. It is in regard to graphic verse like this that Carlyle has said of the Poet—"Three lines from his hand and we have a likeness! And in that rough dialect, in that rude, often awkward metre, so clear and definite a likeness! It seems a draughtsman working with a burnt stick; and yet the burin of a Retsch is not more expressive or exact." Then, again, as to "the pity of it, the pity of it," has not the same masterly observer remarked upon the last stanza of this most weird apostrophe—"Burns even pities the very de'il, without knowing, I am sure, that my Uncle Toby had been beforehand there 'with him! 'He is the father of curses and lies,' said Dr. Slop, 'and is cursed and damned already.' 'I am sorry for it,' said my Uncle Toby:" Carlyle adding, while he makes this apt quotation from Sterne, "A poet without love were a physical and a metaphysical impossibility."]

O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd Powers,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war.

MILTON.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damnèd bodie be;

I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gi'e,
E'en to a de'il,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy power, an' great thy fame ;
Far ken'd and noted is thy name ;
An' though yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far ;
An' faith! thou 's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scour.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin' lion,
For prey a' holes an' corners tryin' ;
Whyles on the strong-winged tempest
flyin',

Tirlin' the kirks ;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
Or where auld ruined castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest
woman!

Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bum-
min',

Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustlin', through the boortries comin'
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentint' light,
Wi' you, mysel', I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough!
Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sough.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—
quaick—

Among the springs
Away ye squattered, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let Warlocks grim, an' withered hags,
Tell how wi' you, on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirkyards renew their leagues
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirm in vain ;
For, oh ! the yellow treasure 's ta'en
By witching skill ;
An' dawtit twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak' great abuse,
On young guidman, fond, keen, an'
crouse ;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When throwes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jingling icy-boord,
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord
By your direction ;
An' 'nighted trav'lers are allured
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
The bleezing, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell !
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell !

Lang syne, in Eden's bonnie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were paired,
An' all the soul of love they shared,
The raptured hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flowery swaird,
In shady bower :

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog ;
Ye came to Paradise incog.,
An' played on man a cursèd brogue,
(Black be your fa' !)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
Maist ruined a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better fo'k,
An' sklented on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke ?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lowsed his ill-tongued, wicked
Scawl,
Was warst ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're
thinkin',

A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him linkin'

To your black pit ;

But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin',

An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!

Oh, wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—

Still ha'e a stake—

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,

Ev'n for your sake!

—o—

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

[The printer of the first or Kilmarnock edition of Burns having suggested to the Poet that his volume should lead off with something of greater length and larger pretensions, "The Twa Dogs," in the February of 1786, was penned. It was especially designed by its author to commemorate his own favourite dog Luath, which on the very night before his father's death was wantonly destroyed by some malignant person whose identity was never discovered.]

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgathered ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure :
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Showed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs ;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar ;

But though he was o' high degrec,

The fient a pride—nae pride had he ;

But wad ha'e spent an hour caressin'

Even with a tinkler-gipsy's messin'.

At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,

Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,

But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,

And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi'
him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,

A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,

Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,

And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,

After some dog in Highland sang,

Was made lang syne—Lord knows how
lang.

He was a gash an' faithful tyke,

As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.

His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,

Aye gat him friends in ilka place.

His breast was white, his towzie back

Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;

His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,

Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,

An' unco pack an' thick thegither ;

Wi' social nose whyles snuffed and snow-
kit ;

Whyles mice an' moudieworts they how-
kit ;

Whyles scoured awa' in lang excursion,

An' worried ither in diversion ;

Until wi' daffin' weary grown,

Upon a knowe they sat them down,

And there began a lang digression

About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wondered, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you
have;

An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived ava.

Our Laird gets in his rackèd rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents :
He rises when he likes himsel' ;
His flunkies answer at the bell ;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse ;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, through the
steeks,
The yellow-lettered Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
An' though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet even the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragoûts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan' ;
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch
in,
I own its past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't
enough ;
A cotter howkin' in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like.
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han'-darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and
hunger ;

But, how it comes, I never kenned it,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
An' buirdly chieels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're neglectit,
How huffed, and cuffed, and disre-
speckit !

Lord, man ! our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle ;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash ;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an'
swear,

He'll apprehend them, poind their gear ;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect
humble,

An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble !
I see how folk live that ha'e riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches.

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched's ane wad
think ;

Though constantly on poortith's brink :
They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
The view o't gi'es them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided ;
An' though fatigued wi' close employ-
ment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fireside.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
 Can mak' the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
 They 'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
 Or tell what new taxation's comin',
 An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmass returns,
 They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
 When rural life, o' every station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
 Forgets there's care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty winds ;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The luntin' pipe, an' sneeshin-mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will ;
 The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
 The young anes rantin' through the
 house,—

My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy ha'e barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye ha'e said,
 Sic game is now owre aften played.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k,
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle master,
 Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin',
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin'—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it :
 For Britain's guid !—guid faith, I doubt
 it !

Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 An' saying aye or no's they bid him :
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
 To make a tour, and tak' a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails !
 Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt ;
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles :
 Then bouses drumly German water,
 To mak' himsel' look fair and fatter,
 And clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
 For Britain's guid !—for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate ?
 Are we sae foughten an' harassed
 For fear to gang that gate at last ?

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsel's wi' country sports,
 It would for every ane be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter !
 For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows ;
 Except for breaking o'er their timmer,
 Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin' o' a hare or moor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folks' life 's a life o' pleasure !
Nae could nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I
am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Through winter's cauld, or simmer's
heat ;

They've nae sair wark to craze their
banes,

An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes :
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak' enow themsel's to vex them ;
An' aye the less they ha'e to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them ;

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres tilled, he 's right enough ;

A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she 's unco weel :

But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.

They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy ;
Though de'il haet hails them, yet uneasy ;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless :
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless ;
An' e'en their sports, their balls, an'
races,

Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches :
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an'
wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run de'il's an' jads thegither.
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd black-
guard.

There's some exception, man an' woman ;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night :
The bum-clock hummed wi' lazy drone ;
The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan ;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs ;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

—o—

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

[Penned in great anguish of mind and heart during the summer of 1786, when the Poet's brain was nearly distraught about Jean Armour, her father having destroyed their left-handed marriage-lines and denied the wrong-doer all chance of making the only reparation then in any way possible.]

OPPRESSED with grief, oppressed with
care,

A burden more than I can bear,

I sit me down and sigh :

O life ! thou art a galling load,

Along a rough, a weary road,

To wretches such as I !

Dim backward as I cast my view,

What sickening scenes appear !
 What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Even when the wished end 's denied,
 Yet while the busy means are plied,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandoned wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet every sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same ;
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within the humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gathered fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply, to his evening thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream ;
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heaven on high,
 As wandering, meandering,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
 Where never human footstep traced,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting air :

But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing, thoughtless, Pleasure's
 maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchanged for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish ;
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage !
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim-declining age !

—o—

THE VISION.

[Burns caught something more than a mere glimpse here of the splendour and perpetuity of his fame as a national poet—as, in fact, *the* National Poet of Scotland. One reads this poem as one reads the Horatian “*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*,” with a sense that the poet's gaze penetrated piercingly and exultantly into the future. As Henry Mackenzie shrank not from saying of these lofty strains of the Ploughman upon the very morrow of their publication, “they are solemn, and sublime with that rapt and inspired melancholy in which the poet lifts his eye above ‘this visible diurnal sphere,’ marveling not in the least to see the genius of his native land, the Muse of Caledonia, entering his lowly cabin, to hear himself apostrophized by her, ‘All hail, my own inspired bard !’ to feel the

holly wreath of his coronation by her, rustling round his head, to know in regard to his own passions, as he strongly puts it, that the very 'light that led astray, was light from heaven !'"]

DUAN FIRST.

THE sun had closed the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hungered maukin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tirèd me ;
And whan the day had closed his e'e,
 Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
That filled, wi' hoast-provoking smeeke,
 The auld clay biggin' ;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae thing,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, ha'e led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
 My cash-account :
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-
 sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, blockhead ! coof !
And heaved on high my waukit loof,

To swear by a' yon starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-
 proof
 Till my last breath—

When, click ! the string the snick did
 draw ;
And, jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin' bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht ;
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht ;
I glowred as eerie 's I 'd been dusht
 In some wild glen ;
When sweet, like modest worth, she
 blush'd,
 And steppèd ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows ;
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
 By that same token ;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
 Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brained, sentimental trace"
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her ;
Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,
 Beamed keen with Honour.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen ;
And such a leg ! my bonnie Jean
 Could noo peer it ;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it.



THE VISION.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling,
threw

A lustre grand ;
And seemed, to my astonished view,
A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
There, mountains to the skies were tost :
Here, tumbling billows marked the coast

With surging foam ;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon poured down his far-fetched
floods ;

There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds :
Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,
On to the shore ;

And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough reared her head ;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern ;
Some seemed to muse, some seemed to
dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows ;
While back-recoiling seem to reel
Their suthron foes.

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR, mark him
well !

Bold Richardton's heroic swell ;
The chief on Sark, who glorious fell,
In high command ;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade
Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
I marked a martial race, portrayed
In colours strong ;
Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed
They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,)
In musing mood,
An agèd Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe,
The learnèd sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ;
Who called on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing deep, astonished stare,
I viewed the heavenly seeming fair ;
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear,
Of kindred sweet.
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail my own inspirèd bard !
 In me thy native Muse regard !
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low !
 I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow.

"Know, the great genius of this land
 Has many a light, ærial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As arts or arms they understand,
 Their labours ply.

They Scotia's race among them share ;
 Some fire the soldier on to dare ;
 Some rouse the patriot up to bare
 Corruption's heart :
 Some teach the bard, a darling care,
 The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 They, ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
 Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
 They sightless stand,
 To mend the honest patriot-lore,
 And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild poetic rage
 In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 Full on the eye.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young ;
 Hence Dempster's zeal-inspirèd tongue ;
 Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
 His 'Minstrel Lays ;'
 Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assigned
 The humbler ranks of Humankind,

The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
 The artisan ;
 All choose, as various they're inclined,
 The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threat'ning storm some strongly rein ;
 Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 With tillage skill ;
 And some instruct the shepherd train,
 Blithe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile ;
 Some grace the maiden's artless smile ;
 Some soothe the lab'rer's weary toil,
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district space,
 Explore at large man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic bard ;
 And careful note each opening grace,
 A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name ;
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells, chiefs of
 fame,
 Held ruling power :
 I marked thy embryo tuneful flame,
 Thy natal hour.

"With future hope I oft would gaze
 Fond, on thy little early ways,
 Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
 Fired at the simple, artless lays
 Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar ;

Or when the North his fleecy store
 Drove through the sky,
 I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.

"Or when the deep green-mantled earth
 Warm cherished every floweret's birth,
 And joy and music pouring forth
 In every grove,
 I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

"When ripened fields, and azure skies,
 Called forth the reaper's rustling noise,
 I saw thee leave their evening joys,
 And lonely stalk,
 To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing,
 strong,
 Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 Th' adorèd Name,
 I taught thee how to pour in song,
 To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
 Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
 By Passion driven ;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from Heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 The loves, the ways, of simple swains,
 Till now, o'er all my wide domains
 Thy fame extends ;
 And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
 Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
 To paint with Thomson's landscape glow ;

Or wake the bosom-melting throe
 With Shenstone's art ;
 Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath th' unrivalled rose,
 The lowly daisy sweetly blows :
 Though large the forest's monarch throws
 His army shade,
 Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
 Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur or repine ;
 Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
 Nor kings' regard,
 Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 A rustic Bard.

"To give my counsels all in one—
 Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 Preserve the Dignity of Man,
 With soul erect ;
 And trust, the Universal Plan
 Will all protect.

"And wear thou this"—she solemn said,
 And bound the holly round my head :
 The polished leaves, and berries red,
 Did rustling play ;
 And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

—o—

HALLOWEEN.

[The Feast of All Saints, otherwise Hallow-mass, is every year prepared for by the vigil of Halloween. And as that evening closed in, upon every 31st of October, according to a popular superstition which long prevailed, all the elves of fairyland were afoot, sprites, goblins, brownies, witches, and what not, from the borders of those uncanny regions which were so familiar to the dabbles in demonology. From his childhood

upwards, these mystic themes exercised at all times a peculiar glamour over Burns's imagination. According to the order of precedence on Halloween, the first ceremony appears to have been the going out of lad and lassie hand-in-hand to the kail-yard, and there, with their eyes shut, pulling each a stock or root of kail. Did earth stick to it, that signified fortune, while, accordingly as the stalk tasted sweet or bitter, the quality of the predestined wife or husband was supposed to be foreshadowed. Another mystic rite was the burning of nuts two and two, when, if they roasted quietly side by side, or if they started apart with a bang, good or evil was prefigured to the courtship. Eating an apple, candle in hand, before a looking-glass, when alone, gave you the chance, again, of seeing in the glass the shadowy semblance of your future partner peering at you over your shoulder. It was in celebration of mysterious ceremonials such as these that Burns penned the following poem, in which as in a magic mirror, though the superstitions themselves have long died out, their memory at least is perpetuated.]

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

UPON that night when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There up the cove to stray and rove,
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

Amang the bonnie winding banks
Where Doon rins, wimplin' clear,
Where Bruce ance ruled the martial ranks,
An' shook the Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blithe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae twig, wi' wooer babs
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs
Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
Whiles fast at night.

Then, first and foremost, through the kail,
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, and graip an' wale,
For muckle anes and straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wandered through the bow-kail,
An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee things, toddlin', rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
An' gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelebs they taste them;
Syne cozily, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they've placed them,
To lie that night.

The lasses staw 'rae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn;
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast:
Loud skirlèd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kuittlin' in the fause-house
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordnet nits
Are round an' round divided,
And monie lads' and lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:



Some kindle, couthie side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e ;
 Wha 't was, she wadna tell ;
 But this is Jock, an' this is me,
 She says in to hersel' :
 He bleezed owre her, and she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part ;
 Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see 't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie ;
 An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
 To be compared to Willie :
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it ;
 While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel' an' Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they 're sobbin' :
 Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
 She whispered Rob to leuk for 't :
 Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou',
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for 't,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
 And slips out by hersel' :
 She through the yard the nearest tak's,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the blue-clue throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

An' aye she win't, an' aye she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin' ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Guid Lord ! but she was quakin' !
 But whether 't was the De'il himsel',
 Or whether 't was a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin'
 To spier that night.

Wee Jennie to her Graunie says,
 " Will ye go wi' me, graunie ?
 I'll eat the apple at the glass
 I gat frae uncle Johnnie : "
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out through that night.

" Ye little skelpie-limmer's face !
 How daur you try sic sportin',
 As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune !
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight !
 Great cause ye ha'e to fear it ;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 An' lived an' died deleeret,
 On sic a night.

" Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
 I mind 't as weel's yestreen,
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
 I was na past fifteen :
 The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 An' stuff was unco green :
 An' aye a rantin' kirk we gat,
 An' just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

" Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Garen,
 A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 He's sin' gat Eppie Sim wi' wean.
 That lived in Achmacalla ;

He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
 An' he made unco light o't ;
 But monie a day was by himsel',
 He was sae sairly frightened
 That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
 An' he swore by his conscience,
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peck ;
 For it was a' but nonsense :
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An' out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
 An' try't that night.

He marches through amang the stacks,
 Though he was something sturtin',
 The graip he for a harrow tak's,
 And hauls at his curpin :
 An' every now an' then he says,
 "Hemp-seed I saw thee ;
 An' her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me an' draw thee,
 As fast this night."

He whistled up Lord Lennox' March,
 To keep his courage cheery ;
 Although his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie :
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle ;
 He by his shouter ga'e a keek,
 An' tumbled wi' a wintle
 Out-owre that night.

He roared a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation !
 An' young an' auld cam' rinnin' out,
 An' hear the sad narration :
 He swoor 't was hilchin' Jean M'Craw,
 Or crauchie Merran Humphrie,
 Till stop ! she trotted through them a' ;
 An' wha was it but Grumphie
 Asteer that night !

Meg fain wad to the barn ha'e gaen,
 To win three wechts o' naething ;
 But for to meet the de'il her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 She gi'es the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red-cheekit apples,
 To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gi'es a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters ;
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 An' she cried, Lord preserve her !
 An' ran through midden-hole an' a'
 An' prayed wi' zeal an' fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanced the stack he faddomed thrice,
 Was timmer-propt for thrawing ;
 He tak's a swirlie auld moss-oak
 For some black, grousome carlin ;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam' haurlin'
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlin ;
 But och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin' !
 She through the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill ga'ed scievin',
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As through the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;

Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brackens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The de'il, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up an' ga'e a croon ;
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool ;
 Near lav'rock height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three are ranged,
 And every time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed ;
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' Mars' year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
 He heaved them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary ;
 An' unco tales, an' funny jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheery ;
 Till buttered so'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin' ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin'
 Fu' blithe that night.

—o—

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

[Burns evidently caught the notion of the title he has given to the following stanzas from the refrain of an old song on "The Life and Age of Man," named by him in one of his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, a refrain running "Ah, man was made to moan!" The wayfarer alluded to in the opening lines as having been encountered by the author was a certain James Andrew, a miller of Mauchline. Immediately before their chance meeting, the Poet, in answer to the appeal of a half-distracted mother, had set forth, in the deepening twilight, along the banks of the river, in search of a lassie named Kate Kemp, who, as well as a cow which had been in her charge, had mysteriously disappeared. As farmer and miller continued their quest together in the gloaming, the former, turning suddenly taciturn, composed these verses.]

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wandered forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spied a man, whose aged step
 Seemed weary, worn with care ;
 His face was furrowed o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest
 thou ?"
 Began the reverend sage ;
 "Does thirst of wealth thy step con-
 strain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage ?
 Or, haply, pressed with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast begun
 To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man !

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride !

I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return ;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want—oh, ill-matched
pair!—
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of fate,
In Pleasure's lap caressed ;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh ! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame ;
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

"See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law designed—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast ;
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the best !
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

"O Death! the poor man's dearest
friend—
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !"

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES, REQUIRING A RETURN FOR THE ASSESSED TAXES.

[These verses were addressed to Robert Aiken in his capacity as Surveyor of Taxes in Ayr, *apropos* to the new tax imposed on Female Servants by Mr. Pitt in 1785, with a view to the reduction of the National Debt.]

SIR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list
O' guid's and gear, and a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gie my aith.
Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
I ha'e four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle.
My han'-afore 's a guid auld has-been,
And wight and wilfu' a' his days been,
My han'-ahin 's a weel-gaun filly,
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,
And your auld burro' mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance, when in my wooing pride,
I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(Lord, pardon a' my sins, and that too!)
I played my fillie sic a shavie,
She 's a' bedevill'd wi' the spavie.
My furr-ahin 's a worthy beast,
As e'er in tug or tow was traced.
The fourth 's a Highland Donald hastie,
A damned red-wud Kilburnie blastie!
Forbye a cowte, o' cowtes the wale,
As ever ran afore a tail;
If he be spared to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.

Wheel-carriages I ha'e but few,
Three carts, and twa are feckly new;
An auld wheelbarrow, mair for token
Ac leg and baith the trams are broken;

I made a poker o' the spin'le,
And my auld mither brunt the trin'le.
For men, I've three mischievous boys,
Run-de'ils for rantin' and for noise:
A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t' other;
Wee Davoc hauds the nowte in fother.
I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
And aften labour them completely;
And aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
I on the question targe them tightly,
Till, faith, wee Davoc's turned sae gleg,
Though scarcely langer than my leg,
He 'll screed you aff Effectual Calling
As fast as ony in the dwelling.
I've nane in female servan' station,
(Lord, keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
I ha'e nae wife, and that my bliss is,
And ye ha'e laid nae tax on misses;
And then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
I ken the devils darena touch me.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
Heaven sent me ane mair than I wanted,
My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
She stares the daddy in her face,
Enough of aught you like but grace;
But her, my bonnie sweet wee lady,
I've paid enough for her already,
And gin ye tax her or her mither,
B' the Lord! ye'se get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
Nae kind of license out I'm takin';
Frae this time forth I do declare,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
Through dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;
My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit!
The kirk and you may tak' you that,
It puts but little in your pat;
Sae dinna put me in your buke,
Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
The day and date as under noted ;
Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

Messgiel, February 22, 1786.

—o—

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.

[This was obviously the merest fragment of an epistle, and one which was probably never intended for publication. It appeared originally in the edition of Burns printed in 1801, at Glasgow. Two additional stanzas, since then brought to light, are appended, and have been duly marked as supplementary by being separated from their predecessors. John Goldie or Goudie—for his surname is thus differently spelt—was about the cleverest and ablest of all the Poet's local contemporaries. Born in 1717 at Craigmill, where his progenitors, generation after generation, had carried on their occupation as millers, for a period of fully four centuries, he died in his ninety-second year, in 1809. Although but very partially educated, he was a man of extraordinary ingenuity.]

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and reverend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin', looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick,

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition ;
Fie! bring Black Jock, her state physician,
To see her water :

Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple ;
Haste, gi'e her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death ;
See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath !

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption ;
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her ;
Her feeble pulse gi'es strong presumption
Death soon will end her.

'T is you and Taylor are the chief
Wha are to blame for this mischief,
But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel,

For me, my skill's but very sma',
And skill in prose I've nane ava ;
But quietlenwise, between us twa,
Weel may ye speed !
And tho' they sud ye sair misca',
Ne'er fash your head.

E'en swinge the dogs, and thresh them
sicker ;
The mair they squeel aye chap the
thicker ;
And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
O' something stout,
It gars an owther's pulse beat quicker,
And helps his wit.

—o—

ANSWER TO A POETICAL
EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR.

[The Tailor to whom Burns gave this terribly plain-spoken answer was one Thomas Walker of Poole, near Ochiltree—the opening couplet of whose address to the young farmer of Mossgiel, in 1786, ran thus—

Folks tell me ye're gaun aff this year, out-owre
the sea,
And lasses whom ye lo'ed sae dear, will greet for
thee!

Burns can hardly be said to have given him the
retort courteous.]

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie ——

To thresh my back at sic a pitch?

Losh, man! ha'e mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin's bauld;

I did na suffer half sae much
Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
I gi'e their wames a random pouce,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?

Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,
An' jag-the-flae!

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life wi' grief
An' bloody rants,
An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I'll gi'e auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet!

But fegs! the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,

Than garrin' lasses cowp the cran,
Clean heels owre body,
And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,
How I did wi' the Session sort—
Auld Clinkum, at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, "Robin!
Come hither lad, an answer for't—
Ye're blam'd for jobbin'!"

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—
I made an open fair confession—
I scorn'd to lie;
An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A furnicator loun he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me,
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
"But what the matter!"
Quo' I, "I fear, unless ye geld me,
I'll ne'er be better!"

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfor no'?"
If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
You shou'd remember!
To cut it aff—an' whatfor no'?—
Your dearest member!"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no' for that,
Gelding's nae better than 't is ca't;
I'd rather suffer for my faut,
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
Tho' I should rue it!

"Or, gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I've just ae ither—
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gi'e her 't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it."

But, sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
 An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said "Gude-night," and cam' awa',
 And left the Session ;
 I saw they were resolv'd a'
 On my oppression.

—o—

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

[Evidently not written before the publication of the first or Kilmarnock edition of the Poems, otherwise it must for certain have appeared therein. Speaking of this poem, Wordsworth has exquisitely said, "Burns was a man who preached from the text of his own errors, and his wisdom, beautiful as a flower that might have risen from seed sown from above, was in fact a scion from the root of personal suffering."]

—
 "My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them aye thegither ;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither.
 The cleanest corn that ne'er was dight,
 May ha'e some pyles o' caff in ;
 So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin."

SOLOMON, Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

—
 O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebours' faults and folly !
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supplied wi' store o' water,
 The heapet happier's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
 For glaikit Folly's portals ;

I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
 And shudder at the niffer,
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What mak's the mighty differ ;
 Discount what scant occasion gave
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
 Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gi'es now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop :
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It mak's an unco leeway.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
 Debauchery and drinking :
 O, would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences ;
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 Tied up in godly laces,
 Before ye gi'e poor Frailty names,
 Suppose a change o' cases ;
 A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination—
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman ;
 Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
 To step aside is human :

PRESERVATION REVIEW

4/05 _____



One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving why they do it!
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias:
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

—o—

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,
 IN APRIL, 1786,

[Writing on the 20th of April, 1786, to his intimate friend John Kennedy, the Poet enclosed these verses, under the title of "The Gowan," observing that they were the latest of his productions, and adding, "I am a good deal pleased with some of the sentiments myself, as they are just the native querulous feelings of a heart which Melancholy has marked for her own." Burns, it should be remembered, was nearly distraught at this juncture, by reason of the wanton destruction of his written promise of marriage to Jean Armour.]

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat!
 Wi' speckled breast
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth,
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun
 shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has
 striven,

By human pride or cunning driven
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

—o—

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

[It is curious to remember, in connection with the eighth line of the subjoined epistle, that Burns himself, at twenty-two years of age, according to his youngest sister, Isabel (afterwards Mrs. Begg), taught himself to play the violin. So that it was distinctly a fellow-feeling which inspired the whimsical ejaculation addressed to his old crony—

“Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle!”

He retained sufficient knowledge of the art in afterlife to be able to read from a music score at pleasure, with either flute or fiddle, any simple melody he desired to perform.]

AULD NEIBOR,

I'M three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auld-farrant friendly letter;
 Though I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my puir, silly, rhyming clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,

To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld grey hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye ha'e negleckit;
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi'
 drink,

 Wi' jads or masons;
 An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhyming clink,
 The devil haet, that I sud ban
 They ever think.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o'
 livin',

Nae cares to gi'e us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then hiltie skiltie, we gae scrievin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it's aye a trea-
 sure,

My chief, amais't my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie!

Though rough an' raploch be her mea-
 sure,

 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie :
 The war'l may play you mony a shavie !
 But for the Muse, she 'll never leave ye,
 Though e'er sae puir,
 Na, even though limpin' wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAU.

[The surname here was a manifest rendering of his patronymic, *à la Française*. Cromek, finding the little fragment among the papers of Burns, included it in the Reliques.]

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair ;
 Cauld Poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair shall fear him ;
 Nor anxious Fear, nor cankert Care,
 E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him,
 Except the moment that they crusht
 him :

For sune as Chance or Fate had husht
 'em,

 Though e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
 And thought it sport.

Though he was bred to kintra wark,
 And counted was baith wight and stark,
 Yet that was never Robin's mark

 To mak' a man ;
 But telt him he was learned and clark,
 He roosed him than !



TO MISS CRUIKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK
 LEAF OF A BOOK PRESENTED TO HER
 BY THE AUTHOR.

[The subject of these lines was the daughter of Mr. William Cruikshank, Dominie at the High School in Edinburgh. She was then no more than twelve years of age, and, as the Ettrick Shepherd has asked, "Who loves not a little girl of twelve?" She afterwards married a lawyer at Jedburgh, named Henderson.]

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
 Blooming on thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely flower,
 Chilly shrink in sleety shower !
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights !
 Never, never reptile thief,
 Riot on thy virgin leaf !
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem ;
 Till some evening, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings :
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth !



EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.,

RECOMMENDING A BOY.

[Gavin Hamilton, here addressed, under date Mosgaville, May 3, 1786, was a writer to the signet or legal practitioner, whose residence at this time was the most conspicuous dwelling-house in the village of Mauchline. Master Tootie was a dealer in cows, well known in that locality.]

I HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak' the tither day,
And wad ha'e done 't aff han';
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As, faith, I muckle doubt him,
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
And tellin' lies about them :
As lieve then, I 'd have then,
You clerkship he should sair,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted other where.

Although I say't, he's gleg enough,
And 'bout a house that's rude and
rough,

The boy might learn to swear ;
But then wi' you he 'll be sae taught,
And get sic fair example straught,
I haena ony fear.
Ye 'll catechise him every quirk,
And shore him weel wi' hell ;
And gar him follow to the kirk—
Aye when ye gang yoursel'.

If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday ;
Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I ha'e gi'en,
In Paisley John's that night at e'en,
To meet the world's worm ;

To try to get the twa to gree,
And name the airles and the fee,
In legal mode and form :
I ken he weel a sneck can draw,
When simple bodies let him ;
And if a devil be at a',
In faith he 's sure to get him.
To phrase you, and praise you,
Ye ken your laureate scorns ;
The prayer still you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel BURNS.

—0—

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

[The young friend here addressed, under date May, 1786, was Andrew Aiken, son of Robert Aiken, to whom Burns inscribed, as an unwitting passport to fame, his noble "Cotter's Saturday Night." Andrew Aiken proved eminently successful in afterlife, first as a merchant in Liverpool, and later on as a servant of the Crown abroad, in which capacity he died some forty years ago at St. Petersburg.]

I LANG ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Then just a kind memento ;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye 'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye 'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end 's attained :
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say men are villains a';
 The real, hardened wicked,
 Wha ha'e nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricted :
 But, och ! mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' important end of life
 They equally may answer ;
 A man may ha'e an honest heart,
 Though poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak' a neebor's part,
 Yet no ha'e cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;
 But still keep something to yoursel'
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek through every other man,
 Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,
 Though naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by every wile
 That's justified by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant,
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border ;
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

The Great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And e'en the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gi'e a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driven,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
 Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear amiable youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting :
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, "God send you
 speed,"
 Still daily to grow wiser !
 And may you better reck the rede,
 Than ever did th' adviser !

TO A LOUSE.

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT
CHURCH.

[Mention is made in the sixth stanza of the following, of a then fashionable gauze or muslin bonnet for ladies, called the Lunardi. The name was given to it in compliment to the famous Italian aeronaut Vincent Lunardi, who in 1785 astonished the people of Scotland, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrews, and other places, by making some of the most marvellous ascents in a balloon on record, going up literally with the velocity of a skyrocket! Revolting though the theme is which Burns has here selected, the poem has won its way to as wide a celebrity as any he ever produced, the last stanza being rendered familiar to the whole world by frequent repetition.]

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Though, faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your
dinner

On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and
sprattle

Wi' ither kindred jumpin' cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn or bane ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, towering height
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose
out,

As plump and grey as onie grozet;
Oh, for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smedduum,
I'd gie ye sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an' auld wife's flainen toy,
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi—fie!
How dare ye do 't!

Oh, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursèd speed
The blastie's makin'!
Thae wings and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en devotion!

—o—

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

[In this self-condemnatory epitaph, Burns seems, in obedience to a sombre presentiment, to have donned the sackcloth and ashes by anticipation.]

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?

O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, through the starting
tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name!

Reader, attend! Whether thy soul
Soars Fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

—o—

A DREAM.

[Prefixed to this Dream, as originally published, were these words—"On reading in the public papers the Laureate's Ode, with the other parade on June 4th, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following Address." The Poet Laureate at this time was Thomas Warton. Mrs. Dunlop having taken exception to the pasquinade as indiscreet, Burns wrote her, on the 30th April, 1787—"My Dream has unfortunately incurred your loyal displeasure; but I set, as little by princes, lords, clergy and

critics, as all these respective gentry do by my bardship."]

—
"Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute
blames with reason;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason?"
—

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blisses,
On every new birthday ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see
Amang the birthday dresses,
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady,
"God save the King!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye;
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turned and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chiefls that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:

Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part of the string,
 An' less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation!
 But, faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted ministration
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre
 Wad better fill their station
 Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gi'en auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaster;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester:
 For me, thank God! my life's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearing faster,
 Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' Will's a true guid fallow's get
 A name not envy spairges,)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges;
 But, God-sake! let nae saving fit
 Abridge your bonnie barges
 An' boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection;
 An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gi'e her for dissection!
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your Queen, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great birthday.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gi'es ye?
 Thae bonnie bairntime, Heaven has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze ye
 In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling
 sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak' a noble aiver;
 So, ye may doucelly fill a throne,
 For a' their clishmaclaver:
 There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
 He was an unco shaver
 For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburgh,
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Although a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer:
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trouth! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young royal Tarry Brecks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her;
 A glorious galley, stem an' stern,
 Well rigged for Venus' barter;

But first hang out, that she'll discern
 Your Hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
 ' An', large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heaven mak' you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gi'e you lads a-plenty!
 But sneer nae British boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant aye;
 An' German gentles are but sma',
 They're better just than want aye,
 On onie day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautet;
 But, ere the course o' life be through,
 It may be bitter sautet;
 An' I ha'e seen their coggie fou,
 That yet ha'e tarrow't at it;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they ha'e clautet
 Fu' clean that day.

—0—

THE FAREWELL.

[Written when the Poet was meditating an escape to the West Indies, from all the griefs and difficulties surrounding him in Scotland, just before he awoke to find himself famous on the morrow of the publication of his small volume at Kilmarnock.]

"The valiant in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the loved, tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose being hang upon
 him,
 To helpless children! then, oh, then he feels

The point of misery festering in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
 Such, such am I! undone!"

THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanor*.

—

FAREWELL old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow!
 Farewell a mother's blessing dear!
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
 My Jean's heart-rending throe!
 Farewell, my Bess! though thou'rt bereft
 Of my parental care!
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share!
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me,
 Oh, then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
 From thee, my Jeanie, must I part!
 Thou, weeping, answerest, "No!"
 Alas! misfortune stares my face,
 And points to ruin and disgrace,
 I for thy sake must go!
 Thee, Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm adieu!
 I, with a much indebted tear,
 Shall still remember you!
 All hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
 It rustles, and whistles—
 I'll never see thee more!

—0—

VERSES

LEFT IN THE ROOM WHERE THE POET SLEPT
ONE NIGHT AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S
HOUSE.

[The friend here alluded to was the Rev. George Lawrie, D.D., at the time of their acquaintance fifty-seven years of age and minister of Loudoun.]

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st
above,
I know Thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere !

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare !
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope, their stay, their darling
youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish !

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand—
Guide Thou their steps alway !

When, soon or late, they reach that
coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heaven !

—o—

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN
HAMILTON, ESQ.

[It was from Gavin Hamilton, already mentioned as a writer to the signet at Mauchline, and who was principal tenant of the Earl of Loudoun, the chief landed proprietor of the neighbourhood, that the Poet, shortly after the death of his father, William Burness, took the sub-lease of the farm of Mossgiel. Apart from the farm itself, which proved an unlucky speculation, it was upon the whole a most fortunate connection, for the young lawyer was not only Burns's intimate and congenial friend, but one of his most sagacious admirers.]

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin' fletherin' dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnamed like his Grace ;
Perhaps related to the race ;
Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them
wha
Maun please the great folk for a wame-
fou ;
For me ! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough :
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg :
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatterin',
It's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgi'e me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allowed be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain he winna tak' it,
 What ance he says he winna break it ;
 Ought he can lend he 'll no refuse't,
 Till aft his guidness is abused ;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang :
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature
 Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature :
 Ye 'll get the best o' moral works
 'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 It's no through terror of d-mn-tion ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal through a winnock frae a wh-re,
 But point the rake that tak's the door ;
 Be to the poor like onie whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone ;
 Ply every art o' legal thieving ;
 No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, an' half-mile
 graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry
 faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthened groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own ;

I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
 For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin' !
 Ye sons of heresy and error,
 Ye 'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When Vengeance draws the sword in
 wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
 Just frets till Heaven commission gies
 him :

{ While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
 { And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 { Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgot my dedication ;
 But when divinity comes 'cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 't was nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to You ;
 Because (ye need na tak' it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaist said, ever pray,
 But that's a word I need na say :
 For prayin' I ha'e little skill o't ;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched illo't ;
 But I'se repeat each poor man's prayer,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir—

“ May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark
 Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk !
 May ne'er his generous, honest heart,
 For that same generous spirit smart !

May Kennedy's far-honoured name
 Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonnie lasses round their table,
 And seven braw fellows, stout and able
 To serve their king and country weel,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
 When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !”

I will not wind a lang conclusion
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and
 favours,

I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent !)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly
 him,

Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor !
 But by a poor man's hopes in heaven !
 While recollection's power is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, through the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognize my master dear,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and
 brother !

—o—

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF
 A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

[The mention of the “friend,” here, was the merest blind—this passionate lament having reference exclusively to the agonizing commencement of his own life-long connection with Jean Armour, from first to last the one great dominant passion of his life ; his love for her at all times immeasurably surpassing the rapt ideal of his tenderness for the pale memory of Highiand Mary.]

Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself,
 And sweet affection prove the spring of woe !
 —HOME.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
 Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep !
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan unwarining beam ;
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly markèd distant hill :
 I joyless view thy trembling horn
 Reflected in the gurgling rill,
 My fondly fluttering heart, be still !
 Thou busy power, Remembrance,
 cease !
 Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning peace !

No idly-feigned poetic pains,
 My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;
 No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :
 The plightèd faith ; the mutual flame ;
 The oft-attested Powers above ;
 The promised father's tender name ;
 These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptured moments flown !
 How have I wished for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and hers alone !
 And must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth ?
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie through rough dis-
 tress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will
 soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them
 less ?

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptured more, the more enjoyed,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly treasured thoughts em-
 ployed.
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 Ev'n every ray of hope destroyed,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom !

The morn that warns th' approaching
 day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe :
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
 Full many a pang, and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore harassed out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief :

Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright :
 Ev'n day, all bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

Oh, thou bright queen, who o'er th'
 expanse
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless
 sway !

Oft has thy silent marking glance
 Observed us, fondly wandering, stray !
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While Love's luxurious pulse beat
 high,
 Beneath thy silver gleaming ray,
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh, scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes never, never to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn !
 From every joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander through ;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow.

—o—

TO RUIN.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all !
 With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.

Then lowering and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread ;
 Though thickening, and blackening,
 Round my devoted head.

And thou grim power, by life abhorred,
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 Oh, hear a wretch's prayer !
 No more I shrink appalled, afraid ;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day ;
 My weary heart its throbbing cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay ?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face ;
 Enclasped, and grasped
 Within thy cold embrace !

—o—

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK- NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursèd leaf !
 Fell source o' a' my woe and grief !
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass !
 For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass !
 I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.
 I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
 And, for thy potence vainly wished
 To crush the villain in the dust.
 For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved
 shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland
 more !

—o—

ON A SCOTCH BARD,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

[Written in 1786, when Burns fully intended crossing the Atlantic to Jamaica. The fifth line in one manuscript copy of the poem, ran quite frankly thus: "Our billie, Rob, has ta'en a jink."]

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come, mourn wi' me !
 Our billie's gi'en us a' a jink,
 An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin' core,
 Wha dearly like a random splore,
 Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
 In social key ;
 For now he's ta'en anither shore,
 An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
 And in their dear petitions place him :
 The widows, wives, an' a' may bless
 him,
 Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
 For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
 That's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they ha'e room to grumble !
 Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bum-
 ble,
 Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,
 'T wad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as ony wumble,
 That's owre the sea.

Auld cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear ;
 'T will mak' her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee ;
 He was her laureate monie a year,
 That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's could nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
A jillet brak his heart at last,

Ill may she be !
So, took a berth afore the mast,
And owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach
Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding—
He dealt it free :
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That 's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel :
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fu' o' glee ;
He wad na wranged the vera de'il,
That 's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie !
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie !
I'll toast ye in my hind'most gillie,
Though owre the sea.

—o—

TO AN OLD SWEETHEART AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY
OF HIS POEMS PRESENTED TO THE LADY.

[Peggy Thomson of Kirkoswald was the old sweetheart here referred to, and not as Isabel Burns, afterwards Mrs. Begg, erroneously imagined, the Lass of Cessnock Banks. The identity of Peggy Thomson as the old sweetheart is put beyond dispute by the Glenriddel manuscript, wherein Burns himself has written—“Poor Peggy! Her husband is my old acquaintance, and a most worthy fellow. When I was taking leave of my Carrick friends, intending to go to the West Indies, I took farewell of her, but neither of us could speak a syllable.”]

ONCE fondly loved, and still remembered
dear !

Sweet early object of my vouthful
vows !

Accept this mark of friendship, warm,
sincere,—

Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now
allows.

And when you read the simple, artless
rhymes,

One friendly sigh for him—he asks no
more—

Who distant burns in flaming torrid
climes,

Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic's
roar.

—o—

THE CALF.

To the Rev. JAMES STEVEN, on his text,
MALACHI, ch. iv. ver. 2 :—“And they shall go
forth, and grow up, like CALVES of the stall.”

[Hearing a sermon delivered upon this preposterous text, on Sunday the 3rd of September, 1782, the very day upon which Jean Burns (née Armour) was delivered of twins, the Poet, for the amusement of his friend, Gavin Hamilton, sum-

marized the discourse on the spur of the moment in these scathing lines. It has been remarked that, although dashed off almost extempore, it is, nevertheless, one of Burns's most finished productions. The Rev. James Steven later on became for a time minister at the Scotch Church in Crown Court, Covent Garden : and as indicative of how the name stuck to him as tenaciously as a bur, we find one of the Poet's younger brothers writing to him from London, under date the 21st of March, 1790—"We were at Covent Garden Chapel this afternoon to hear the Calf preach : he is grown very fat, and is as boisterous as ever."]

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I 'll prove it true,
Though heretics may laugh ;
For instance, there 's yoursel' just now,
God knows, an unco calf !

And should some patron be so kind
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we 'll find
Ye 're still as great a stirk.

But, if the lover's raptured hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, every heavenly power,
You e'er should be a stot !

Though, when some kind, connubial
dear,
Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
A noble head of horns !

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the nowte.

And when ye 're numbered wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous bullock !"

—o—

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.

[Thomas Samson was a nurseryman and seedsman in Kilmarnock, whose death occurred nearly ten years after his elegy and epitaph were written, that is on the 12th of December, 1795, when in due course, though long after date, the epitaph was inscribed upon his gravestone at the west-end of the parish church of Kilmarnock.]

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the de'il ?
Or great Mackinlay thrawn his heel ?
Or Robinson again grown weel,
To preach and read ?
"Na, waur than a' !" cries ilka chiel,
"Tam Samson's dead !"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sob, and greet her lane,
And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and
wean,

In mourning weed ;
To Death she 's dearly paid the kane—
Tam Samson's dead !

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in waefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel
Like ony bead ;
Death 's gi'en the lodge an unco devel—
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock ;
When to the lochs the curlers flock
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock ?—
Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore ;

Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time o' need ;
 But now he lags on Death's hog-score—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

Now safe the stately salmon sail,
 And trouts be-dropped wi' crimson hail,
 And eels weel kenned for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
 Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring pairicks a' ;
 Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly crow :
 Ye mawkins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal fae is now awa'—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

That waefu' morn be ever mourned
 Saw him in shootin' graith adorned,
 While pointers round impatient burned,
 Frae couples freed ;
 But, och ! he gaed and ne'er returned !
 Tam Samson 's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ankles fetters ;
 In vain the burns came down like waters,
 An acre braid !
 Now every auld wife, greetin', clatters,
 Tam Samson 's dead !

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson 's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reeled his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aimed heed ;
 "Lord, five !" he cried, and owre did
 stagger—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourned a brither ;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoaned a father
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming
 blether,
 Tam Samson 's dead !

There low he lies in lasting rest :
 Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
 Some spitefu' moorfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed ;
 Alas ! nae mair he 'll them molest !
 Tam Samson 's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his memory crave
 O' pouter and lead,
 Till Echo answer, frae her cave,—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

Heaven rest his saul, whare'er he be !
 Is the wish o' mony mae than me ;
 He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead ?
 Ae social honest man want we—
 Tam Samson 's dead ?

EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots, spare him !
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye 'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly,
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie,
 Tell every social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskaited by Death's gleg
 gullie,
 Tam Samson 's leevin' !

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ.

[This was one of the poems added to the second and expanded edition of the Author's effusions published in Edinburgh. It was for more reasons than one inscribed by Burns to the liberal-minded and open-handed banker of Ayr, Mr. Ballantyne. He it was who readily offered to advance the money requisite for the issuing from the press of the second edition of the *Ayrshire Ploughman's Poems*. And it was mainly, thanks to his munificence when Provost, that the new Brig of Ayr was, in 1786-88, erected from the designs of Robert Adam, in solid masonry. The old bridge, consisting of four lofty arches, the road crossing which was steep and narrow, dated from the fourteenth century. The new bridge, built a hundred yards below it, consisting of five arches, has on the contrary a broad and gently inclined access. The former structure, the auld brig, coming to grief in 1830, when it was under repair, had at length to be bodily removed, and another new one substituted.]

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic
plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every
bough ;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow
thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the
green thorn-bush ;
The soaring lark, the perching redbreast
shrill,
Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild-whis-
tling o'er the hill ;
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steeled,
And trained to arms in stern Misfortune's
field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling
crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating
prose ?

No ! though his artless strains he rudely
sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the
strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the
Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear
reward.
Still, if some patron's generous care he
trace,
Skilled in the secret, to bestow with
grace ;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble
name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom
swells,
The God-like bliss, to give, alone excels.

.

'Twas when the stacks get on their
winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won
crap ;
Potato-bings are snuggèd up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer
toils,
Unnumbered buds and flowers, delicious
spoils,
Sealed up with frugal care in massive
waxen piles,
Are doomed by man, that tyrant o'er the
weak,
The death o' devils smooed wi' brim-
stone reek :
The thundering guns are heard on every
side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter
wide ;
The feathered field-mates, bound by
Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage
lie :

(What warm, poetic heart, but inly
 bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless
 deeds !)
 Nae mair the flower in field or meadow
 springs ;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert
 rings,
 Except, perhaps, the Robin's whistling
 glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang
 tree :
 The hoary morns precede the sunny
 days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the
 noontide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton
 in the rays.
 'T was in that season, when a simple
 Bard,
 Unknown and poor—simplicity's re-
 ward—
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of
 Ayr,
 By whim inspired, or haply prest wi'
 care ;
 He left his bed, and took his wayward
 route,
 And down by Simpson's wheeled the left
 about :
 (Whether impelled by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wandered out he knew not where nor
 why)
 The drowsy Dungeon-clock had num-
 bered two,
 And Wallace Tower had sworn the fact
 was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen sound-
 ing roar,
 Through the still night dashed hoarse
 along the shore :
 All else was hushed as Nature's closed e'e ;

The silent moon shone high o'er tower
 and tree ;
 The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently crusting o'er the glittering
 stream.
 When lo ! on either hand the list'ning
 Bard,
 The clanging sugh of whistling wings is
 heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart through the mid-
 night air,
 Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling
 hare ;
 Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape up-
 rears,
 The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
 Our warlock Rhymmer instantly descried
 The sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr
 preside.
 (That bards are second-sighted is nae
 joke,
 And ken the lingo of the spiritual folk ;
 Fays, spunkies, kelpies, a', they can ex-
 plain them,
 And ev'n the very de'ils they brawly ken
 them.)
 Auld Brig appeared of ancient Pictish
 race,
 The very wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seemed as he wi' Time had warstled
 lang,
 Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco
 bang.
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new
 coat,
 That he at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got ;
 In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a
 bead,
 Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with
 anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in every
 arch ;

It chanced his new-come neebor took
 his e'e,
 And e'en a vexed and angry heart had
 he !
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish
 mien,
 He, down the water, gi'es him this
 guid-e'en :—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye 'll think ye're nae
 sheepshank,
 Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to
 bank !
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
 Though, faith, that day I doubt ye 'll
 never see ;
 There 'll be, if that date come, I 'll wad
 a boddle,
 Some fewer whigmaleeries in your nod-
 dle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little
 mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty
 sense ;
 Will your poor, narrow footpath of a
 street,
 Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when
 they meet,
 Your ruined, formless bulk o' stane an'
 lime,
 Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern
 time ?
 There's men o' taste would tak' the
 Ducat stream,
 Though they should cast the vera sark
 and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi'
 the view
 Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puffed up wi' windy
 pride ;
 This mony a year I've stood the flood
 and tide ;
 And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair for-
 fairn,
 I 'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless
 cairn !
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye
 better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day
 rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the
 plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the
 brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains
 boil,
 Or where the Greenock winds his moor-
 land course,
 Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble
 source,
 Aroused by blustering winds an' spotting
 thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his sna-broo
 rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring
 speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to
 the gate ;
 And from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-
 key,
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthened, tum-
 bling sea ;
 Then down ye 'll hurl, de'il nor ye never
 rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups up to the
 pouring skies,
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must
say 't o't!
The Lord be thankit that we 've tint the
gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threatening jut, like pre-
cipices;
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring
coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors, in nameless sculp-
ture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipped on the
bended knee,
And still the second dread command be
free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in
air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the build-
ing taste
Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear em-
brace,
Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the
notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true de-
votion;
Fancies that our guid brugh denies pro-
tection,—
And soon may they expire, unblest with
resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remembered, ancient yeal-
ings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded
feelings!

Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did
toil aye;
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Con-
veners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-
cleaners;
Ye godly councils wha ha'e blest this
town;
Ye godly brethren of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gi'e your hurdies to the
smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye
godly writers;
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the
broom,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or
do!
How would your spirits groan in deep
vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degen'rate race!
Nae langer reverend men, their country's
glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain
braid story!
Nae langer thrifty citizens, and douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-
house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless
gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three parts made by tailors and by
barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hained gear on
d—d new brigs and harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for, faith, ye've
said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak' to
through:

As for your priesthood, I shall say but
 little,
 Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' magistrates might weel be
 spared :
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can ha'e a
 handle
 To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal :
 Nae mair the council waddles down the
 street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;
 Men wha grew wise priggin' owre hops
 an' raisins,
 Or gathered liberal views in bonds and
 seisins.
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shored them with a glimmer of his
 lamp,
 And would to Common-sense, for once
 betrayed them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to
 aid them.

 What farther clishmaclaver might been
 said,
 What bloody wars, if sprites had blood
 to shed,
 No man can tell ; but all before their
 sight
 A fairy train appeared, in order bright :
 Adown the glittering stream they featly
 danced ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses
 glanced :
 They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their
 feet :
 While arts of minstrelsy among them
 rung,
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties
 sung.

Oh, had M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring
 sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band
 engage,
 When through his dear Strathspeys they
 bore with Highland rage ;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting
 airs,
 The lover's raptured joys or bleeding
 cares ;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler
 fired,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer
 touch inspired !
 No guess could tell what instrument
 appeared,
 But all the soul of Music's self was
 heard ;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody poured moving on
 the heart.

 The Genius of the Stream in front ap-
 pears,
 A venerable chief advanced in years ;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crowned,
 His manly leg with garter tangle
 bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the
 ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with
 Spring ;
 Then, crowned with flowery hay, came
 Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming
 eye :
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing
 horn,
 Led yellow Autumn, wreathed with nod-
 ding corn ;
 Then Winter's time-bleached locks did
 hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

Next followed Courage, with his martial
stride,
From where the Feal wild woody coverts
hide ;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the towers of
Stair :
Learning and Worth in equal measures
trode
From simple Catrine, their long-loved
abode :
Last, white-robed Peace, crowned with
a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death ;
At sight of whom our sprites forgot their
kindling wrath.



LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

[The meeting here celebrated took place at Catrine, the country mansion of Professor Dugald Stewart. Lord Daer, who was the eldest son of the fourth Earl of Selkirk, and who had been a pupil of Dugald Stewart's, died prematurely on the 5th November, 1794, of consumption. The grace of his frank and genial bearing towards Burns, when they made each other's acquaintance, produced upon the latter the most agreeable and enduring impression.]

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day !
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
I dinnèd wi' a lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch fou 'mang godly priests ;
(Wi' reverence be it spoken !)

I've even joined the honoured jorum
When mighty squireships o' the quorum
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a lord !—stand out, my shin !
A lord—a peer—an earl's son !—
Up higher yet, my bonnet !
And sic a lord !—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh ! for Hogarth's magic power !
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glower,
And how he stared and stammered
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
And stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammered.

To meet good Stewart little pain is,
Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes ;
Thinks I, they are but men !
But Burns, my lord—guid God ! I
doited !
My knees on ane anither knoited,
As faltering I gaed ben !

I sidling sheltered in a nook,
And at his lordship steal't a look,
Like some portentous omen ;
Except good sense and social glee,
And (what surprised me) modesty,
I marked nought uncommon.

I watched for symptoms o' the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming ;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall learn
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another ;
Nae honest, worthy man need care
To meet wi' noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

EPISTLE TO MAJOR WILLIAM
LOGAN.

[This epistle only came to light in 1828, when it was found in an old cabinet at Park House, near Ayr, among the papers of Major Logan. The latter was a military officer who, having withdrawn from the service, resided with his mother and sister in the country house just mentioned, where, besides indulging his wit and humour to his heart's content in social carousing, he attained great proficiency as a violinist. The fact of the third stanza of this epistle being all but identical with the second stanza of the second epistle to Davie, will be at once recognized.]

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie !
Though Fortune's road be rough and
hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But tak' it like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter,
Yirr, Fancy barks, awa' we canter,
Up hill, down brae, till some mischanter,
Some black bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scaith and banter
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart ! hale be your fiddle !
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wide warl',
Until you on a cummock driddle
A grey-haired carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or
soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings aye in
tune,
And screw your temper-pins aboon,
A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazy croon
O' cankrie care !

May still your life from day to day
Nae *lente largo* in the play,
But *allegretto forte* gay
Harmonious flow,
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore ! Bravo !

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
And never think o' right and wrang
By square and rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool !

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
Their tuneless hearts !
May fireside discords jar a bass
To a' their parts.

But come, your hand, my careless
brither—
I' the ither warl', if there's anither—
And that there is I've little swither
About the matter—
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted
clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonnie squad, priests wyte them
sheerly
For our grand fa' ;
But still—but still—I like them dearly—
God bless them a' !

Ochon ! for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
The witching, cursed, delicious blinkers
Ha'e put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers
Wi' girmen' spite.

But by yon moon—and that's high
swearin'—

And every star within my hearin' !
And by her een wha was a dear ane

I'll ne'er forget ;

I hope to gi'e the jads a clearin'

In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,

I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,

Ance to the Indies I were wonted,

Some cantrip hour,

By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,

Then, *Vive l'amour !*

Faites mes baisemains respectueuses

To sentimental sister Susie,

And honest Lucky ; no to roose ye,

Ye may be proud,

That sic a couple Fate allows ye

To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,

And, trowth, my rhymin' ware's nae
treasure ;

But when in Ayr, some half-hour's
leisure,

Be't light, be't dark,

Sir Bard will do himsel' the pleasure

To call at Park.

—o—

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

[Composed in the November of 1786, on the
occasion of the Poet's first visit to Edinburgh.]

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and towers,

Whare once beneath a monarch's feet

Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !

From marking wildly-scattered flowers,

As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,

And singing, lone, the lingering hours,

I shelter in thy honoured shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,

As busy Trade his labour plies ;

There Architecture's noble pride

Bids elegance and splendour rise !

Here Justice, from her native skies,

High wields her balance and her rod ;

There Learning, with his eagle eyes,

Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina ! social, kind,

With open arms the stranger hail ;

Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,

Above the narrow, rural vale ;

Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,

Or modest Merit's silent claim ;

And never may their sources fail !

And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,

Gay as the gilded summer sky,

Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,

Dear as the raptured thrill of joy !

Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,

Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;

I see the Sire of Love on high,

And own His work indeed divine.

There, watching high the least alarms,

Thy rough, rude-fortress gleams afar ;

Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,

And marked with many a seamy scar :

The ponderous wall and massy bar,

Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,

Have oft withstood assailing war,

And oft repelled th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying
tears,

I view that noble, stately dome,

Where Scotia's kings of other years,

Famed heroes ! had their royal home :

Alas, how changed the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild wandering roam ;
 Though rigid law cries out, 'T was just.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
 Even I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply, my sires have left their shed,
 And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !
 From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honoured shade.

—o—

ON WILLIE CHALMERS.

[William Chalmers, a writer to the signet in Ayr, having asked Burns to write a poetical epistle for him to a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses, the Poet, whose heart always overflowed with sympathy for those who were under the influence of the master passion, penned the following stanzas.]

MADAM,
 Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
 And eke a braw new brechan.
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus pechin ;

Whiles o'er a bush wi' downward crush,
 The doited beastie stammers ;
 Then up he gets, and off he sets,
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-ken't name
 May cost a pair o' blushes ;
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm-urged wishes.
 Your bonnie face, sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours ;
 And, faith, ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Though waired on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
 And Honour safely back her,
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak' her ;
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might fire even holy palmers :
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na Fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie,
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
 And band upon his breastie ;
 But oh ! what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars ;
 The feeling heart 's the royal blue,
 And that 's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowrin' countra laird
 May warse for your favour ;
 May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
 And hoast up some palaver :
 My bonnie maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard
 For ane that shares my bosom,
 Inspires my muse to gi'e 'm his dues,
 For de'il a hair I 'll roose him !
 May Powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your amours,
 And every year come in mair dear
 To you and Willie Chalmers.

—o—

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW YEAR'S
 GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

[This was the "sentimental sister Susie" of
 Major William Logan of Park House, to whom
 a previous epistle was addressed by their hon-
 oured friend the Ayrshire Ploughman.]

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
 Their annual round have driven,
 And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
 The infant year to hail ;
 I send you more than India boasts
 In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
 Is charged, perhaps too true ;
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove
 An Edwin still to you I

—o—

THE AMERICAN WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

[A rough-and-ready rustic ballad on the
 American War of Independence, and one that
 goes very far to justify Dr. Blair's cynical re-
 mark, that "the ploughman-bard's politics smelt
 of the smithy."] —

Tune—"Gillicrankie."

WHEN Guilford good our pilot stood,
 And did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man :
 Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man ;
 An' did nae less, in full congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes Montgomery
 takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man ;
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man ;
 But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man ;
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
 Was kept at Boston ha', man ;
 Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
 For Philadelphia, man ;
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian blood to draw, man ;
 But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
 Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In Saratoga shaw, man.

Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the buckskins claw, man;
 But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
 He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
 Began to fear a fa', man;
 And Sackville doure, wha stood the
 stoure,

The German chief to thraw, man;
 For Paddy Burke, like onie Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man;
 An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
 Till death did on him ca', man;
 When Shelburne meek held up his
 cheek,

Conform to gospel law, man;
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For North an' Fox united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's
 cartes,

He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man;
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
 An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew
 "Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While sleet Dundas aroused the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man:
 An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly
 gaith,

(Inspired bardies saw, man.)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, "Willie, rise!
 Would I ha'e feared them a', man?"

But word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
 Gowffed Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Suthron raise, and coost their claise
 Behind him in a raw, man;
 An' Caledon threw by the drone,
 An' did her whittle draw, man;
 An' swoor fu' rude, through dirt an'
 blood
 To make it guid in law, man.

—o—

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

[The Hal and Bob referred to in the opening stanzas meant, respectively, the Hon. Henry Erskine and Robert Dundas Esq., of Arniston.]

— — —

Tune—"The Dragon of Wantley."

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry;
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous, hapless Mary:
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous
 job
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was numbered;
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment tenth remembered.—
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire;
 Which shews that Heaven can boil the
 pot,
 Though the devil — in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy;

So, their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye
see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pishgah purged was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pishgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be opened yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live, and die,
Ye heretic eight-and-thirty!
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your honours and a certain king,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

—o—

LINES UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON.

[These verses, dated the 19th March, 1787
were penned under an engraved portrait of Fer-
gusson, in a copy of that poet's works presented
by Burns to a young lady in Edinburgh.]

CURSE on ungrateful man! that can be
pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the
pleasure!
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune!
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER.

[As a specimen of a series of proposed por-
traitures, this sketch of character was sent by
Burns in manuscript to Dugald Stewart, the
Poet rather grandiosely speaking of it in his
accompanying note as constituting "the postu-
lata, the axioms, the definition of a character."
The Professor's silence upon the matter would
seem to have implied discouragement.]

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping
weight,
And still his precious self his dear de-
light;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the
streets
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets:
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learned Vive la bagatelle! et Vive
l'amour!
So travelled monkeys their grimace im-
prove,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies'
love.
Much specious lore, but little under-
stood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots
ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must
mend.

—o—

TO MRS. SCOTT OF WAUCHOPE.

[This was Burns's answer to a lengthy and racy
copy of verses in the Scottish dialect addressed
to him by an accomplished lady of Roxburgh-
shire, a painter and a poetess, Mrs. Scott of
Wauchope, who quaintly headed her epistle—
"The Guidwife of Wauchope House to Robert
Burns," expressing great admiration of his writ-
ings, but very serious doubts as to the accuracy

of the statement that he was a ploughman. The Poet not only at once replied per post as follows, but in the course of his Border tour, paid her and her husband a visit at Wauchope.]

GUIDWIFE,

I mind it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, and blate,
And first could thrash the barn,
Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
And though forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn:
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckoned was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing,
The tither stookèd raw,
Wi' clavers, and haivers,
Wearing the day awa'.

Even then a wish, (I mind its power,)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
In formless jumble, right and wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She roused the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up my jingle,

Her witching smile, her pauky een,
That gart my heart-strings tingle.
I fired, inspired,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex! ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter days,
And we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither;
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line:
The marlèd plaid ye kindly spare
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin' owre my purple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel, then, lang heal, then,
And plenty be your fa';
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'!

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT
NIGHT, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

[Woods, who was for a long while a popular actor in Edinburgh, and who before he came to know Burns had known Fergusson, died in the December of 1802, having retired from the boards only in the previous April.]

WHEN by a generous public's kind
acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest
fame:

When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heavenly virtue's
glow,
But heaves impassioned with the grateful
throe?

Poor is the task to please a barbarous
throng,

It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's
song;

But here an ancient nation famed afar
For genius, learning high, as great in
war—

Hail, Caledonia! name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honoured to ap-
pear!

Where every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the
heart,

Is known; as grateful nations oft have
found,

Far as the rude barbarian marks the
bound.

Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by Heaven-taught
Reason's beam;

Here History paints, with elegance and
force,

The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;

Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare
into plan,

And Harley rouses all the god in man,
When well-formed taste and sparkling
wit unite

With manly lore, or female beauty
bright,

(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and
grace

Can only charm us in the second place,)
Witness, my heart, how oft, with panting
fear,

As on this night, I've met these judges
here!

But still the hope Experience taught to
live,

Equal to judge—you're candid to for-
give.

No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With decency and law beneath his feet;
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's
name:

Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O Thou dread Power! whose empire-
giving hand

Has oft been stretched to shield the
honoured land,

Strong may she glow with all her ancient
fire!

May every son be worthy of his sire!
Firm may she rise with generous disdain

At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's, chain!
Still self-dependent in her native shore,

Bold may she brave grim Danger's
loudest roar,

Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to
be no more!

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH.

[Written at Selkirk during the Poet's Border tour and addressed to his Edinburgh publisher, then on a visit in London. Mr. Creech died in 1815, at the age of seventy. His bookshop was for many years the rendezvous of all the wits of the Scotch capital, where Creech's Levées, as they were called, were long remembered.]

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht
crest,

Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa'!

Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight
An' trig an' braw:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa'!

The stiffest o' them a' he bowed;
The bauldest o' them a' he cowed;
They durst nae mair than he allowed,
That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,—
Willie's awa'!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie's awa'!

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
He was a dictionar' and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they'll now mak' mony a stammer,
Willie's awa'!

Nae mair we see his levée door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa'!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa'!

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna
quicken,
He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,
Scared frae its minnie and the cleckin'
By hoodie-craw;
Grief's gi'en his heart an unco kickin',—
Willie's awa'!

Now every sour-mou'd girmen' blellum,
And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie's awa'!

Up wimpling, stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,—
Willie's awa'!

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Though far awa'!

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!

Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
 He canty claw!
 Then to the blessèd New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa'!

—o—

ON SCARING SOME WATER- FOWL IN LOCH-TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMID THE HILLS OF OUGH-
 TERTYRE.

[Burns when he wrote this was staying for a few days, in 1787, on a visit to Sir William and Lady Augusta Murray, at their beautiful residence in Perthshire.]

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your watery haunt forsake?
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties?
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free:
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave;
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Bide the surging billow's shock.
 Conscious, blushing for our race,
 Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
 Man, your proud usurping foe,
 Would be lord of all below:
 Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
 Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
 Marking you his prey below,
 In his breast no pity dwells,
 Strong necessity compels.
 But man, to whom alone is given
 A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways;
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his powers you scorn;
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

—o—

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL OVER THE CHIM-
 NEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN
 AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

[It was on the 20th of August, 1787, that Burns visited Kenmore, and there pencilled this inscription.]

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I
 trace;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful
 steep,
 The abodes of coveyed grouse and timid
 sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my
 view,—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen
 divides,
 The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their
 ample sides;

The outstretching lake, embosomed
'mong the hills,

The eye with wonder and amazement
fills :

The Tay, meandering sweet in infant
pride,

The palace, rising on its verdant side ;

The lawns, wood-fringed, in Nature's
native taste ;

The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless
haste ;

The arches, striding o'er the new-born
stream ;

The village, glittering in the noontide
beam—

.

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,

Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy
cell :

The sweeping theatre of hanging woods !

The incessant roar of headlong tumbling
floods !

.

Here Poesy might wake her Heaven-
taught lyre,

And look through Nature with creative
fire ;

Here, to the wrongs of Fate half recon-
ciled,

Misfortune's lightened steps might wan-
der wild ;

And Disappointment, in these lonely
bounds,

Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling
wounds :

Here heart-struck Grief might heaven-
ward stretch her scan,

And injured Worth forget and pardon
man.

.

—o—

THE HERMIT.

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD IN THE
HERMITAGE BELONGING TO THE DUKE
OF ATHOLE, IN THE WOOD OF ABERFELDY

[First included among the writings of Burns in
the Glasgow edition, which was jointly and very
indifferently prepared for publication by James
Hogg and William Motherwell.]

WHOE'ER thou art these lines now read-
ing,

Think not, though from the world reced-
ing,

I joy my lonely days to lead in

This desert drear ;

That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding,
Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours ;

Free-willed I fled from courtly bowers ;

For well I saw in halls and towers

That lust and pride,

The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrust'd ;

I saw that Honour's sword was rusted ;

That few for aught but folly lusted ;

That he was still deceived who trusted

To love or friend ;

And hither came, with men disgusted,

My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,

Alike a foe to noisy folly

And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,

I wear away

My life, and in my office holy

Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are
blowing ;

The limpid streamlet yonder flowing

Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
 My simple food ;
 But few enjoy the calm I know in
 The desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
 This grot than e'er I felt before in
 A palace—and with thoughts still soaring

 To God on high,
 Each night and morn, with voice imploring,
 This wish I sigh,—

“Let me, O Lord ! from life retire,
 Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
 Remorse's throb, or loose desire ;
 And when I die,
 Let me in this belief expire—
 To God I fly.

Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
 And yet no grief has marred thy quiet,
 Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
 The hermit's prayer ;
 But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
 Thy fault or care ;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
 Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
 Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
 And makes thee pine,
 Oh ! how must thou lament thy station,
 And envy mine !

—o—

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER,

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

[Written at the suggestion of Professor Walker, who was tutor in the Duke of Athole's family, when Burns, during the course of his third northern tour, visited the Falls of Bruar and, his Grace being from home at the time, was most hospitably and graciously entertained by the Duchess. The firs and ash-trees for which the Poet pleaded in the name of the Falls were, in compliance with his artistic request, afterwards planted by the Duke in abundance.]

MY LORD, I know your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
 Emboldened thus, I beg you 'll hear
 Your humble slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowering trouts,
 That through my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up to shallow,
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That, to a bard I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Ev'n as I was he shored me ;
 But had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin ;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn :

Enjoying large each spring and well,
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, although I say 't mysel',
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He 'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
 And bonnie spreading bushes ;
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You 'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return your tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire ;
 The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir ;
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow ;
 The robin pensive Autumn cheer,
 In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm ;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form :
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flowers ;
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
 From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty, idle care :
 The flowers shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heaven to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain grey :

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering through the trees,
 Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' watery bed !
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest,
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songsters' nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honoured native land !
 So may, through Albion's farthest ken,
 To social flowing glasses,
 The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonnie lasses !"

—o—

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR
 LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged
 woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy
 floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his
 stream resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet
 descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonished,
 rends.

Dim-seen, through rising mists, and
 ceaseless showers,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding,
 lowers.
 Still through the gap the struggling river
 toils,
 And still below, the horrid cauldron
 boils—

.

—o—

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

[Mr. Tytler, who was born in 1711, and who died in 1792, was well known in his day as the author of a vindication of Mary Queen of Scots. His father was Lord Woodhouselee, while his grandson, Patrick Fraser Tytler, was destined to win distinction for himself by taking his place among the historians of Scotland.]

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
 Of Stuart, a name once respected,—
 A name which to love was the mark of a
 true heart,
 But now 't is despised and neglected.

Though something like moisture con-
 globes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;
 A poor friendless wanderer may well
 claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wanderer were
 royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a
 throne ;
 My fathers have fallen to right it ;
 Those fathers would spurn their degen-
 erate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most
 heartily join,

The Queen, and the rest of the gentry ;
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing
 of mine—

Their title 's avowed by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a
 fuss,

That gave us the Hanover stem ;
 If bringing them over was lucky for us,
 I 'm sure 't was as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous
 ground,

Who knows how the fashions may
 alter ?

The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care ;
 But accept it, good sir, as a mark of
 regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on
 your eye,

And ushers the long dreary night ;
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds
 the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

—o—

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ., OF ARNISTON.

[The subject of this elegy was the elder brother of Lord Melville, Robert Dundas of Arniston, who was born in 1713 and died in December 1787. In 1760 he was appointed President of the Court of Session. To his eldest son, who was for many years Lord Advocate of Scotland, Burns, out of a feeling of mingled courtesy and sympathy, sent a copy of this

poem, but receiving in return not a word of acknowledgment, wrote in scorn thus to Dr. Geddes—"It has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound in my pride will not suffer me to correct, or even peruse it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man—the theme of the piece—by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world, Alexander Wood, surgeon, when, behold! his solicitorship took no more notice of my poem or me than if I had been a strolling fiddler, who had made free with his lady's name over a silly new reel. Did the gentleman imagine that I looked for any dirty gratuity?"]

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying
flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the shelter-
ing rocks ;
Down foam the rivulets, red with dash-
ing rains ;
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant
plains ;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests
groan ;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye
caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling
waves !
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;
Where to the whistling blast and waters'
roar
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may
deplore.
Oh, heavy loss, thy country ill could
bear !
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and swayed
her rod ;
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk, abandoned to the wildest
woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome
den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of
men ;
See, from his cavern, grim Oppression
rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes :
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry.

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with
crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times ;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring
way :
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and
Wrong ;
Hark ! injured Want recounts th' un-
listened tale,
And much-wronged Misery pours th' un-
pitied wail.

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly
plains,
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains :
Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents,
roll !
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I
resign,
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings
mine,
To mourn the woes my country must
endure,
That wound degenerate ages cannot
cure.

TO A HAGGIS.

[No Scotchman would do otherwise than resent a reminder, which may nevertheless be here offered to the English reader, that the national dish rapturously sung of by Burns as "The Haggis" is nothing more nor less than a conglomeration of minced offal of mutton, oatmeal and suet, duly seasoned with salt and pepper, and thoroughly boiled up to one luscious whole inside a sheep's stomach. While it satisfies the stomach of every true Scot, to which a sufficiently ample portion of it may be transferred, it would probably turn that of every other inhabitant of the three kingdoms. The poem which follows first made its appearance in the January number for 1787 of the *Scot's Magazine*.]

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race !
Aboon them a' ye tak' your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While through your pores the dew's distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch ;
And then, oh, what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin', rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an'
strive,
De'il tak' the hindmost ! on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swalled kytes belyve
Are bent like drums ;
Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,

Or fricassée wad mak' her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a withered rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit ;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
Oh, how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak' it whistle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Powers, wha mak' mankind your
care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware,
That jaups in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gi'e her a Haggis !

—o—

VERSES

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH
OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ., BROTHER TO A
YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF
THE AUTHOR'S.

[The death of John M'Leod of Raasay occurred on the 20th July, 1787, and these lines were probably penned by Burns during a brief stay at Mauchline, immediately after his return from his first visit to Edinburgh.]

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms :
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
 The morning rose may blow ;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smiled ;
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
 That nature finest strung ;
 So Isabella's heart was formed,
 And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the Poet's power,
 Strong as he shares the grief
 That pierces Isabella's heart,
 To give that heart relief !

Dread Omnipotence alone
 Can heal the wound He gave ;
 Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
 To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
 And fear no withering blast ;
 There Isabella's spotless worth
 Shall happy be at last.

—o—

TO CLARINDA.

[Clarinda was the fanciful name under which Mrs. McLehose corresponded with Burns, whose companion pseudonym was Sylvander. They became known to one another in Edinburgh, during the winter of 1787; and the Poet, shortly after they had made each other's acquaintance, having been confined to his room with a bruised leg, from the effects of an accident, they fell into a rapturous interchange of letters, expressive on both sides of the most romantic attachment. Clarinda at the time of their meeting was a married woman, but separated from her husband. Her maiden name was Agnes Craig, she being

cousin to Lord Craig. Mrs. McLehose died in the October of 1841, at the age of eighty-three, in Edinburgh. The letters of Sylvander to Clarinda have repeatedly been published.]

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measured time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary Pole,
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie ?
 Deprived of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy !

We part—but, by these precious drops,
 That fill thy lovely eyes !
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day ;
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray ?

—o—

TO CLARINDA,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-
 GLASSES.

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
 And Queen of Poetesses ;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
 As generous as your mind ;
 And pledge me in the generous toast—
 "The whole of human kind !"

"To those who love us !" second fill ;
 But not to those whom we love ;
 Lest we love those who love not us !
 A third—"To thee and me, love !"

Long may we live ! long may we love !
 And long may we be happy !
 And may we never want a glass
 Well charged with generous nappy !

—o—

TO CLARINDA.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face
 My heart was blithe and gay,
 Free as the wind, or feathered race
 That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
 Clarinda proves unkind ;
 I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
 But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
 When I the fair have found ;
 On every tree appear my verses
 That to her praise resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
 My faithful love disdains,
 My vows and tears her scorn excite—
 Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray,
 I envy your success ;
 Yet love to friendship shall give way,
 I cannot wish it less.

—o—

TO CLARINDA.

"I BURN, I burn, as when through
 ripened corn,
 By driving winds, the crackling flames
 are borne !"
 Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal
 night ;
 Now bless the hour which charmed my
 guilty sight.

In vain the laws their feeble force
 oppose ;
 Chained at his feet they groan, Love's
 vanquished foes :
 In vain Religion meets my shrinking
 eye ;
 I dare not combat—but I turn and fly :
 Conscience in vain upbraids the un-
 hallowed fire ;
 Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they
 expire ;
 Reason drops headlong from his sacred
 throne,
 Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone :
 Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
 And riots wanton in forbidden fields !

By all on high, adoring mortals know !
 By all the conscious villain fears below !
 By your dear self !—the last great oath—
 I swear
 Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear !

—o—

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

[The subject of this elegy, who died in his
 forty-seventh year, in the July of 1781, was a
 partner of the eminent banking house of Sir
 William Forbes and Company of Edinburgh.]

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging
 glare,
 Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western
 wave ;
 Th' inconstant blast howled through the
 darkening air,
 And hollow whistled in the rocky
 cave.

Lone as I wandered by each cliff and
dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal
train ;
Or mused where limpid streams, once
hallowed, well,
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred
fane.

Th' increasing blast roared round the
beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-winged, flew o'er the
starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their
locks,
And shooting meteors caught the
startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately
form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her
breast,
And mixed her wailings with the
raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow ;
'T was Caledonia's trophied shield I
viewed :
Her form majestic drooped in pensive
woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears
imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields
unfurled,
That like a deathful meteor gleamed
afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of
the world.

"My patriot son fills an untimely
grave !"

With accents wild and lifted arms she
cried ;

"Low lies the hand that oft was stretched
to save,

Low lies the heart that swelled with
honest pride.

"A weeping country joins a widow's
tear ;

The helpless poor mix with the
orphan's cry ;

The drooping Arts surround their patron's
bier,

And grateful Science heaves the heart-
felt sigh !

"I saw my sons resume their ancient
fire ;

I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly
blow :

Bat ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
Relentless Fate has laid their guardian
low.

"My patriot falls,—but shall he lie un-
sung,

While empty greatness saves a worth-
less name ?

No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful
tongue,

And future ages hear his growing
fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his vir-
tues last ;

That distant years may boast of other
Blairs !"

She said, and vanished with the sleep-
ing blast.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE
HERMITAGE, ON NITH-SIDE.

[This was the first poem produced by Burns after he had taken up his residence at Ellisland. There he fortunately gained the intimacy of Captain Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, a gentleman of great literary, musical, and antiquarian accomplishments. The first six lines the Poet cut with his diamond ring on a pane of glass in the Hermitage. Years afterwards the frame, which was partially fractured, was removed from Friars-Carse, and on being put up to auction was sold for five guineas. Two versions of the poem were penned by Burns, the earlier of which, dated the 28th June, 1788, is immediately subjoined.]

FIRST VERSION.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam ;
Fame, an idle, restless dream ;
Peace, the tenderest flower of spring ;
Pleasures, insects on the wing ;
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own ;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard, wherever thou canst guard ;
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care :
Keep the name of Man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art ;

Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy Trust, and thy Example too.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

[The latter version—which evidently had the Author's preference, and is, everything considered, more highly elaborated—bears the date of December, 1788.]

SECOND VERSION.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will also lower.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose !
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou 'st seen, and heard, and
wrought ;

And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span ?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To virtue or to vice is given.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.



TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, OF GLENRIDDEL.

[Dated Ellisland, Monday evening, these lines were dashed off extempore, and evidently with the greatest ease, when returning a newspaper which contained some anonymous scribbler's derisive comments upon the Poet's writings, the fame of which not only he himself, but with him all the great authorities in literature then living, knew perfectly well by that time was securely established, and in perpetuity.]

YOUR news and review, Sir, I've read
through and through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming ;
The papers are barren of home news or
foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers
and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir ;
But of meet or unmeet, in a fabric com-
plete,
I boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all
your goodness
Bestowed on your servant, the Poet ;
Would to God I had one like a beam of
the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should
know it !



EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

[Written shortly after the Poet's first arrival at Ellisland, where he lived in a nomadic way from the 13th of June till towards the end of November, occupying the merest makeshift quarters, until he was enabled to bring his wife and children home to the new farm-house. Half this time, as he wrote to one of his correspondents, he passed with his darling Jean ; "and then at lucid intervals," saith he, "I throw my horny

fist across my be-cobwebbed lyre, much in the same manner as an old wife throws her hand across the spokes of her spinning-wheel." In one of these lucid intervals, he wrote this animated epistle to his friend Hugh Parker, merchant of Kilmarnock.]

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme ;
Where words ne'er crost the Muse's
heckles,

Nor limpit in poetic shackles ;
A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't through
it :

Here, ambushed by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.

The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhuskèd by a fog infernal :

Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters ;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence ;
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kened face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride !

Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
And aye a westlin' leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown
nose !

Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a
shire ?

At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled ?

Oh, had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,

To canter with the Sagitarre,

Or loup the ecliptic like a bar ;

Or turn the pole like any arrow ;

Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-
morrow,

Down the zodiac urge the race,

And cast dirt on his godship's face ;

For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' my tail.—
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read ?—
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune ;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak' this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

—0—

FIRST EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

[Burns had been introduced to Robert Graham at Athole House ; and in the letter enclosing this poem, under date September, 1788, the farmer-poet says with courtly grace, "When Lear in Shakspeare asks Kent why he wished to be in his service, he answers—'Because you have that in your face which I could like to call master.' For some such reason, sir, do I solicit your patronage." As the result of the present application, Burns asked and obtained, through Mr. Graham's intermediation, his commission as an exciseman.]

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece
designed,

And framed her last, best work, the
human mind,

Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
She formed of various parts the various
man.

Then first she calls the useful many
forth ;

Plain plodding industry, and sober
worth :

Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of
earth,

And merchandise' whole genus take their
birth :

Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And all mechanics' many-aproned kinds.
Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
The lead and buoy are needful to the
net ;

The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
Makes a material for mere knights and
squires :

The martial phosphorus is taught to
flow :

She kneads the lumpish philosophic
dough,

Then marks th' unyielding mass with
grave designs,

Law, physic, politics, and deep divines :
Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the
poles,

The flashing elements of female souls.

The ordered system fair before her
stood,

Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very
good ;

But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour
more.

Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might
scatter ;

With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as
we,

Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to
show it)

She forms the thing, and christens it—a
poet ;

Creature, though oft the prey of care and
sorrow,

When blest to-day, unmindful of to-
morrow ;

A being formed t' amuse his graver
friends,

Admired and praised—and there the
homage ends :

A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches
give,

Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each
groan,

Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk ;
She laughed at first, then felt for her
poor work.

Pitying the propless climber of man-
kind,

She cast about a standard tree to find ;
And, to support his helpless woodbine
state,

Attached him to the generous truly
great,

A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous
Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy
main !

Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent
stuff,

That never gives—though humbly takes
enough ;

The little Fate allows, they share as
soon,

Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-
wrung boon.

The world were blest did bliss on them
depend,—

Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want
a friend !"

Let prudence number o'er each sturdy
son,

Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by
rule,

(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a
fool !)

Who make poor "will do" wait upon
"I should"—

We own they're prudent, but who feels
they're good?

Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social
eye!

God's image rudely etched on base
alloy!

But come ye who the godlike pleasure
know,

Heaven's attribute distinguished — to
bestow!

Whose arms of love would grasp the
human race:

Come, thou who giv'st with all a
courtier's grace;

Friend of my life, true patron of my
rhymes!

Prop of my dearest hopes for future
times.

Why shrinks my soul, half blushing, half
afraid,

Backward, abashed to ask thy friendly aid?
I know my need, I know thy giving
hand,

I crave thy friendship at thy kind com-
mand;

But there are such who court the tuneful
Nine—

Heavens! should the branded character
be mine!

Whose verse in manhood's pride sub-
limely flows,

Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit

Soars on the spurning wing of injured
merit!

Seek not the proofs in private life to
find;

Pity the best of words should be but
wind!

So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song
ascends,

But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.

In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless
front;

Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future
days!

Ere my poor soul such deep damnation
stain,

My horny fist assume the plough again;
The piebald jacket let me patch once
more;

On eighteenpence a week I've lived
before.

Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even
that last shift!

I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy
gift:

That, placed by thee upon the wished-
for height,

Where, man and nature fairer in her
sight,

My Muse may imp her wing for some
sublimier flight.

—o—

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

[Composed in the saddle, while riding from
Nithsdale to Mauchline, a distance of forty-six
miles, before daybreak one morning in the
September of 1788, in memory of a youth of
eighteen or nineteen, the then recently deceased
son of Mrs. Fergusson of Craigdarroch, who
was supposed thus to give utterance to her
lamentations.]

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart;

And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonoured laid:

So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravished young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond, I bare my breast ;
 Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest !

—o—

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

[This Elegy, which the Poet also entitled a Sketch, was dated by him the New Year's Day of 1789. It first found its way into the newspapers, afterwards into the chapbooks, and eventually into his collected writings.]

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die—for that they're
 born !

But, oh ! prodigious to reflect !
 A towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck !
 O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
 What dire events ha'e taken place !
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us !
 In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead ;
 The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt and Fox,
 And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks ;
 The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil ;
 The tither's something dour o' treadin',
 But better stuff ne'er clawed a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
 And cry till ye be hoarse and roopit,
 For Eighty-eight he wished you weel,
 And gied you a' baith gear and meal ;
 E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
 Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck !

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een,
 For some o' you ha'e tint a frien' ;
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
 What ye 'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again.

Observe the very nowte and sheep,
 How dowf and dowie now they creep ;
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
 And no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
 Thou now hast got thy daddy's chair ;
 Nae handcuffed, muzzled, half-shackled
 Regent,

But, like himsel', a full, free agent,
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man !
 As muckle better as you can.

—o—

ODE.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD
 OF AUCHINCRAIVE.

[Composed during a tempestuous night's ride across the moors and hills of Ayrshire, from Sanquhar to New Cumnock. At Bailie Wig-ham's, the only tolerable inn at Sanquhar, the Poet had just taken shelter from the storm on a night in the January of 1789, and was beginning to hob-and-nob over a bowl of punch with his friend and landlord, the Bailie, when further refreshment was summarily denied to both man and beast—Burns being compelled to remount his jaded steed, and to pursue his journey through the foul weather, by reason of the incursion upon the little hostelry of the funeral train of the great lady of the neighbourhood, who all her life had been an object of detestation to her servants and tenantry. When the Poet, drenched and angered, arrived at New Cumnock, he sat down before a good peat fire, and penned the subjoined.]

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation ! mark

Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse !

STROPHE.

View the withered beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting
grace ?

Note that eye, 't is rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretched to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo ! there she goes—unpityed and un-
blest !
She goes, but not to realms of everlast-
ing rest !

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends,)
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither
bends ?
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies ;
'T is thy trusty quondam mate,
Doomed to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year ?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here ?
O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is
driven !
The cave-lodged beggar, with a con-
science clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to
heaven.

FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES
JAMES FOX.

[Composed as a mere poetical whim, the chief part of this sketch was enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, on the 4th of April, 1789. The concluding twelve lines were first printed in 1839, from the Poet's manuscript, in the Aldine edition, published by Pickering, and are therefore here spaced apart from the others as supplementary.]

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and
unite ;
How virtue and vice blend their black
and their white ;
How genius, the illustrious father of
fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles con-
tradiction—
I sing : if these mortals, the critics,
should bustle,
I care not, not I—let the critics go
whistle !

But now for a patron, whose name and
whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my
story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our
wits ;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem
mere lucky hits ;
With knowledge so vast, and with judg-
ment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went
far wrong ;
With passions so potent, and fancies so
bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went
quite right ;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the
Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is man? for as simple
 he looks,
 Do but try to develop his hooks and his
 crooks;
 With his depths and his shallows, his
 good and his evil;
 All in all he's a problem must puzzle the
 devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely
 labours,
 That, like the Hebrew walking-switch,
 eats up its neighbours;
 Mankind are his show-box—a friend,
 would you know him?
 Pull the string, ruling passion the picture
 will show him.
 What pity, in rearing so beauteous a
 system,
 One trifling particular truth should have
 missed him;
 For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities, each to its tribe,
 And think human nature they truly
 describe;
 Have you found this, or t'other? there's
 more in the wind,
 As by one drunken fellow his comrades
 you'll find.
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the
 plan,
 In the make of that wonderful creature
 called Man,
 No two virtues, whatever relation they
 claim,
 Nor even two different shades of the
 same,
 Though like as was ever twin brother to
 brother,
 Possessing the one shall imply you've
 the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce
 with a Muse
 Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er
 deign to peruse:
 Will you leave your justings, your jars,
 and your quarrels,
 Contending with Billy for proud-nodding
 laurels?
 My much-honoured patron, believe your
 poor Poet,
 Your courage much more than your pru-
 dence you show it,
 In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you
 struggle,
 He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he
 will smuggle;
 Not cabinets even of kings would conceal
 'em,
 He'd up the back stairs, and, by God,
 he would steal 'em!
 Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er
 can achieve 'em,
 It is not outdo him, the task is out-thieve
 him!

—o—

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

[Enclosed on the 4th of May, 1789, from Ellis-
 land, to the Poet's friend, Alexander Cunning-
 ham. In the letter accompanying the verses
 Burns says winningly, "One morning lately, as
 I was out pretty early in the fields sowing
 some grass seeds, I heard the burst of a shot
 from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a
 poor little wounded hare came *cripping* by me."
 Hence this metrical outburst of his indignation.
 The original version, which was curiously inferior
 to the later one, here alone preserved, the author
 enclosed to Dr. Gregory, requesting his opinion
 upon it. His criticism upon the little poem, as
 it then stood, was so mercilessly condemnatory,
 that Burns soon afterwards wrote in one of his

letters—"Dr. Gregory is a good man, but he crucifies me;" and in another, "I believe in the iron justice of Dr. Gregory; but, like the devils, I believe and tremble."]

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,

And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,

The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest—

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

—o—

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

[Written apparently in May, 1789, about the time when he addressed a letter to his Edinburgh publisher, Creech, in which he spoke of his whole inner man being engrossed by the delightful sensations of an omnipotent toothache.]

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums along;

And through my lugs gi'es mony a twang,

Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines.

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbours' sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

Of a' the numerous human dools,
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
Among them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick,
Gi'e a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's toothache!

—o—

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

A SATIRE.

[Composed, or, perhaps, it should rather be said, completed in August, 1789, with particular reference to a case then pending, and which was exciting a good deal of angry controversy. Dr. William M'Gill, one of the Ministers of Ayr, had published an Essay on the Death of Our Lord, which was supposed to be tainted with both Arianism and Socinianism. A clerical neighbour, Dr. William Peebles of Newton-upon-Ayr, in a centenary sermon upon the Revolution, on the 5th of November, 1788, openly denounced the obnoxious essay as heretical. Dr. M'Gill thereupon published a defence, which, in the April of 1789, brought the case before the Presbyterian Court of Ayr, and later on before the Synod of Glasgow. Both the litigation and the controversy were continued fiercely, until the April of 1790, when the case coming again before the Synod, Dr. M'Gill took the wind out of the sails of his opponents, by giving in a document in which he explained away the meaning attached to the paragraphs in his work to which exception had been taken, and made a formal protestation of his orthodoxy. Dr. M'Gill died on the 30th of March, 1807, in his seventy-seventh year, and in the forty-sixth of his ministry.]

Tune—"Push about the brisk bowl."

ORTHODOX, orthodox,

Wha believe in John Knox,

Let me sound an alarm to your conscience,

There's a heretic blast

Has been blawn i' the wast,

That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,

Ye should stretch on a rack,

To strike evil-doers wi' terror ;

To join faith and sense,

Upon ony pretence,

Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,

It was mad, I declare,

To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;

Provost John is still deaf

To the church's relief,

And orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,

Though your heart's like a child,

And your life like the new-driven snaw ;

Yet that winna save ye,

Auld Satan must have ye,

For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John, Rumble John,

Mount the steps wi' a groan,

Cry the book is wi' heresy crammed ;

Then lug out your ladle,

Deal brimstone like adle,

And roar every note of the damned.

Simper James, Simper James,

Leave the fair Killie dames,

There's a holier chase in your view ;

I'll lay on your head,

That the pack ye'll soon lead,

For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney,

Are ye herding the penny,

Unconscious what evil await !

Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,

Alarm every soul,

For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld,

There's a tod in the fauld,

A tod meikle waur than the clerk ;

Though ye can do little skaith,

Ye'll be in at the death,

And if ye canna bite, ye can bark.

Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster,

If for a saunt ye do muster,

The corps is no nice of recruits ;

Yet to worth let's be just,

Royal blood ye might boast,

If the ass was the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose, Jamie Goose,
 Ye ha'e made but toom roose,
 In hunting the wicked lieutenant ;
 But the Doctor 's your mark,
 For the L—d's haly ark ;
 He has coopered and ca'd a wrang pin
 in 't.

Poet Willie, Poet Willie,
 Gi'e the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your
 wit ;
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where
 he —

Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk,
 Ye may slander the book,
 And the book nane the waur, let me
 tell ye ;
 Though ye 're rich, and look big,
 Yet lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie,
 What mean ye, what mean ye ?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair with the
 matter,
 Ye may ha'e some pretence
 To havins and sense,
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine side, Irvine side,
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 O' manhood but sma' is your share,
 Ye 've the figure, 't is true,
 Even your faes will allow,
 And your friends they daur grant you nae
 mair.

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock,
 When the L—d makes a rock
 To crush Common Sense for her sins,
 If ill manners were wit,
 There 's no mortal so fit
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will, Holy Will,
 There was wit i' your skull,
 When ye pilfered the alms o' the poor ;
 The timmer is scant,
 When ye 're ta'en for a saunt,
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
 Seize your spiritual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need ;
 Your hearts are the stuff,
 Will be powther enough,
 And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire ?
 Your Muse is a gipsie,
 E'en though she were tipsie,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird,
 When your pen can be spared,
 A copy o' this I bequeath,
 On the same sicker score
 I mentioned before,
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleeth.

—o—

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

[Dr. Thomas Blacklock, the blind poet, who was mainly instrumental in persuading Burns to abandon his intention of quitting Scotland for the West Indies, was born at Annan, on the 10th of November, 1721, and died at Edinburgh, on the 7th of July, 1791. The poetical epistle here addressed to him by Burns was dated by the latter 21st October, 1789, Ellisland.]

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
 I kenned it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye 'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
 And never drink be near his drouth!
 He tauld myself, by word o' mouth,
 He 'd tak' my letter;
 I lippened to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study;
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d' ye think, my trusty fier?
 I'm turned a gauger—Peace be here!
 Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
 Ye'll now disdain me,
 And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
 Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty
 limbies,

 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I ha'e a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun ha'e brose and brats o'
 duddies;

Ye ken yoursel' my heart right proud is,
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh
 woodies,

 Before they want.

Lord help me through this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air!
 Not but I ha'e a richer share
 Than mony ithers;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair;
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
 To make a happy fireside clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
 And eke the same to honest Luckie,
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay!
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

—o—

DELIA.

AN ODE.

[Written in imitation of that tinkling Della
 Cruscan school of poetry which William Gif-
 ford's satire was mainly instrumental in dissi-
 pating into thin air. In return for contributing
 these lines to the *Star*, Burns was thenceforth
 supplied gratuitously, but as one of his epigrams
 showed very intermittently, with that newspaper.]

FAIR the face of orient day,
 Fair the tints of opening rose;
 But fairer still my Delia dawns,
 More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
 But, Delia, more delightful still,
 Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamoured busy bee
 The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
 To the sun-browned Arab's lip.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
 Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss !
 For, oh ! my soul is parched with love.

—o—

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

[John M'Murdo, to whom the two following little pieces were addressed, was Chamberlain at Drumlanrig Castle to his Grace the Duke of Queensberry.]

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth
 As I this trifle send ;
 Because thy joy in both would be
 To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
 The Heliconian stream ;
 Then take what gold can never buy—
 An honest Bard's esteem.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day !
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening
 ray ;
 No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of
 Care,
 Nor ever Sorrow add one silver hair !
 O, may no son the father's honour stain,
 Nor ever daughter give the mother pain !

—o—

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF
THE WOODS NEAR DRUM-
LANRIG.

[William, the fourth Duke of Queensberry, dying in 1810, his chief titles devolved upon the Duke of Buccleugh. Dissipated and worthless in his character, he was scorned by most of his contemporaries. The indignation he aroused in Burns by causing the beautiful woods on the banks of the Nith, around Drumlanrig Castle, to be levelled by the axe, mostly for the purpose of lavishing the money obtained for the timber upon his putative daughter, led to the production of this scathing satire. Drumlanrig was visited by three poets—by John Gay during the time of Charles, the third or good Duke of Queensberry, by Robert Burns during the time of the fourth or bad Duke, and by Walter Scott during the time of two successive Dukes of Buccleugh and Queensberry.]

As on the banks o' wandering Nith
 Ae smiling summer morn I strayed,
 And traced its bonnie howes and haughs,
 Where linties sang and lambkins
 played,
 I sat me down upon a craig,
 And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
 When, from the eddying deep below,
 Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
 And troubled like his wintry wave,
 And deep, as sighs the boding wind
 Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave—
 "And came ye here, my son," he cried,
 "To wander in my birken shade ?
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid ?

"There was a time, it's no lang syne,
 Ye might ha'e seen me in my pride,
 When a' my banks sae bravely saw
 Their woody pictures in my tide ;

When hanging beech and spreading elm
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool ;
 And stately oaks their twisted arms
 Threw broad and dark across the
 pool ;

“ When glinting through the trees ap-
 peared

The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,

That slowly curlèd up the hill.

But now the cot is bare and cauld,

Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
 And scarce a stinted birk is left

To shiver in the blast its lane.”

“ Alas !” said I, “ what ruefu' chance

Has twined ye o' your stately trees ?

Has laid your rocky bosom bare ?

Has stripped the cleeding o' your
 braes ?

Was it the bitter eastern blast,

That scatters blight in early spring ?

Or was't the wil'-fire scorched their
 boughs,

Or canker-worm wi' secret sting ?”

“ Nae eastlin' blast,” the sprite replied ;

“ It blew na here sae fierce and fell ;

And on my dry and halesome banks

Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell :

Man ! cruel Man !” the genius sighed,

As through the cliffs he sank him
 down—

“ The worm that gnawed my bonnie
 trees,

That reptile wears a ducal crown !”

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

[The ruins of Lincluden Abbey were beyond all question a favourite haunt of Burns. There appears to be considerable doubt, however, whether he wrote the lines which follow, but which are published as his in nearly all the editions of his works issued from the press during the last half century. There is strong suspicion that they were written not earlier than the year 1813, and that the real author of them was Joseph Walton, a tutor in the family of the Maxwells of Terregles.]

[YE holy walls, that, still sublime,

Resist the crumbling touch of time ;

How strongly still your form displays

The piety of ancient days !

As through your ruins, hoar and grey—

Ruins yet beauteous in decay—

The silvery moonbeams trembling fly :

The forms of ages long gone by

Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,

And wake the soul to musings high.

Even now, as lost in thought profound,

I view the solemn scene around,

And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,

The past returns, the present flies ;

Again the dome, in pristine pride,

Lifts high its roof and arches wide,

That, knit with curious tracery,

Each Gothic ornament display.

The high-arched windows, painted fair,

Show many a saint and martyr there.

As on their slender forms I gaze

Methinks they brighten to a blaze !

With noiseless step and taper bright,

What are yon forms that meet my sight ?

Slowly they move, while every eye

Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.

'T is the fair, spotless, vestal train,

That seek in prayer the midnight fane.

And, hark ! what more than mortal
 sound

Of music breathes the pile around ?

'Tis the soft-chanted choral song,
 Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong ;
 Till, thence returned, they softly stray
 O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay ;
 Now on the rising gale swell high,
 And now in fainting murmurs die ;
 The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
 That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
 Suspend their dashing oars to hear
 The holy anthem, loud and clear ;
 Each worldly thought a while forbear,
 And mutter forth a half-formed prayer.
 But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
 Like frost-work touched by southern
 gales ;
 The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
 And all the splendid scene 's decayed.
 In window fair the painted pane
 No longer glows with holy stain,
 But through the broken glass the gale
 Blows chilly from the misty vale ;
 The bird of eve flits sullen by,
 Her home these aisles and arches high !
 The choral hymn, that erst so clear
 Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
 Is drowned amid the mournful scream
 That breaks the magic of my dream !
 Roused by the sound, I start and see
 The ruined sad reality !]

—o—

THE RUINED MAID'S COM- PLAINT.

[This is a purified version, by Motherwell, of a lament by the Ayrshire Ploughman. The first, fourth, and fifth stanzas are said to be Motherwell's exclusively.]

[O, MEIKLE do I rue, fause love,
 O, sairly do I rue
 That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
 That e'er your face I knew.]

O, I ha'e tint my rosy cheeks,
 Likewise my waist sae sma' ;
 And I ha'e lost my lightsome heart,
 That little wist a fa'.

Now I maun thole the scornful sneer
 O' mony a saucy quean ;
 When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
 Her life 's been waur than mine.

[Whene'er my father thinks on me,
 He stares into the wa' ;
 My mither, she has ta'en the bed
 Wi' thinking on my fa'.

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
 My heart wad burst wi' pain ;
 Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e
 My tears rin down like rain.]

Alas ! sae sweet a tree as love
 Sic bitter fruit should bear !
 Alas ! that e'er a bonnie face
 Should draw a sauty tear !

But Heaven's curse will blast the man
 Denies the bairn he got ;
 Or leaves the painfu' lass he loved
 To wear a ragged coat.

—o—

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS OF NITH.

[The first of a series of three ballads, penned by Burns in furtherance of the interests of the Tory candidate in the Parliamentary contest for the representation of the Dumfries Burghs in 1789-90—the Five Carlins, which follows, being the second ballad of the series, and the one addressed to Mr. Graham the third. The last-mentioned, it may be remarked, is ordinarily printed as Burns's Second Epistle to Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintry.]

Tune—"Up and waur them a'."

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,

But he'll sair them as he saired the king,
 Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.
 Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a';
 The Johnstons ha'e the guidin' o't,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

The day he stood his country's friend,
 Or gaed her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
 That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, the country's boast,
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
 There's no a callant tents the kye
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark here's Whistlebirk,
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
 And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue,
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.
 Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a';
 The Johnstons ha'e the guidin' o't,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

—o—

THE FIVE CARLINS.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

[Commemorative of the contest which took place during the general election of 1789-90, between Patrick Miller (the son of Burns's landlord) who was the Whig candidate, and Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, who was the Tory candidate for the representation of the five burghs of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Annan, Lochmaben, and Sanquhar.]

Tune—"Chevy-Chase."

THERE were five carlins in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame,
 But do their errands there;
 And aiblins gowd and honour baith
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
 A dame wi' pride enough;
 And Marjory o' the mony lochs,
 A carlin auld and teugh.

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,
 That dwelt near Solway-side;
 And whisky Jean, that took her gill
 In Galloway sae wide.

And black Joqn, frae Crichton-peel,
 O' gipsy kith an' kin;—
 Five weightier carlins were na foun'
 The south countrie within.

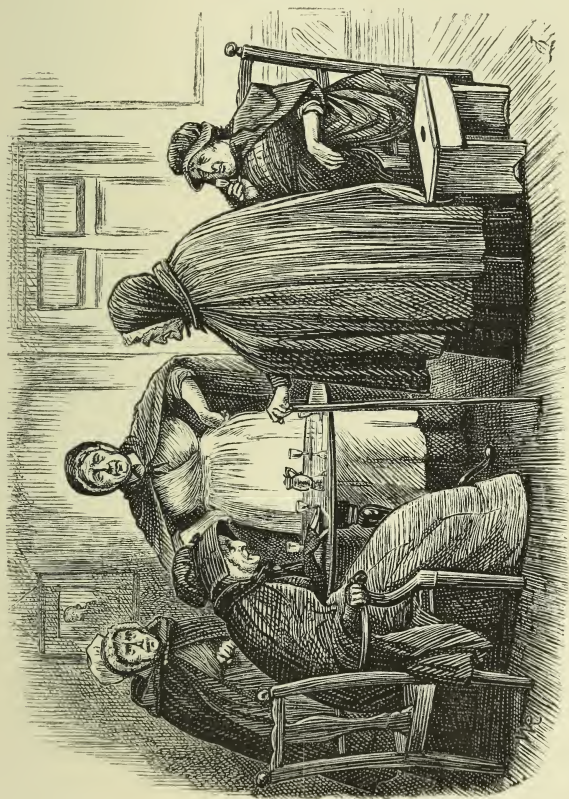
To send a lad to Lon'on town,
 They met upon a day;
 And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
 Their errand fain wad gae.

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,
 This errand fain wad gae;
 But nae ane could their fancy please,
 O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first he was a belted knight,
 Bred o' a border-clan;
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 Might nae man him withstan';

And he wad do their errands weel,
 And meikle he wad say;
 And ilka ane at Lon'on Court
 Wad bid to him guid-day.

Then niest cam' in a sodger youth,
 And spak' wi' modest grace,
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 If sae their pleasure was.



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THE FIVE CARLINS.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend ;
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to chuse, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlins fell ;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak' mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak' up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on Court
She dinna care a pin ;
But she wad send a sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then slow rase Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow ;
Her ancient weed was russet grey,
Her auld Scots bluid was true.

"The Lon'on Court set light by me—
I set as light by them ;
And I will send the sodger lad
To shaw that Court the same."

Then up sprang Bess of Annandale,
And swore a deadly aith,
Says, "I will send the border-knight,
Spite o' you carlins baith.

"For far-aff fowls ha'e feathers fair ;
And fools o' change are fain ;
But I ha'e tried this border-knight,
An' I'll try him yet again."

Then whiskey Jean spak' owre her drink,
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on Court,
His back's been at the wa' ;

"And mony a friend that kissed his
caup,
Is now a fremit wight ;
But it's ne'er been said o' whisky
Jean,—
I'll send the border-knight."

Says black Joan frae Crichton-peel,
A carlin stoor and grim,—
"The auld guidman, an' the young
guidman,
For me, may sink or swim.

"For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh in their sleeve ;
But wha blows best the horn shall win,
I'll speir nae courtier's leave."

Sae how this weighty plea may end
Nae mortal wight can tell :
God grant the king, and ilka man,
May look weel to himsel'!

—o—

BALLAD

ON THE DUMFRIES BURGHS ELECTION, 1790.

[Written immediately upon the conclusion of the Parliamentary election for the Dumfries Burghs, when the Whig candidate, Captain Miller the younger of Dalswinton, defeated the Tory candidate, the Knight of Westerhall. The struggle was maintained during no less than eight months altogether, namely, from the December of 1789 to the July of 1790. The lines were first published in the May of 1811, in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, but even then not in their entirety, the two concluding stanzas being at that time omitted. These were first appended to the ballad in the 1876 edition of Burns, published at Kilmarnock, in two volumes, by M'Kie and Drennan—an edition most carefully edited by William Scott Douglas, who has also restored the second and third stanzas

(usually printed a detached fragment) to their proper place, as indicated by the Afton manuscript.]

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my muse—friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle's I am?
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.—

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace?
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story!
His forbears' virtues all contrasted,—
The very name of Douglas blasted,—
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore,
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name,
But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddles, whores, and hunters;
And, bent on winning borough touns,
Cam' shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
And kissing barefit bunters.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry buff and blue unfurled,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled,
To every Whig, defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war—
Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
Besides, he hated bleeding—
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cesarean fight
Or Ciceronian pleading.

O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners!
Heroes and Heroines commix
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)
Led on the Loves and Graces;
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, *sub rosa*, play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-armed core,
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory,
While Welsh, who ne'er yet flinched his
ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation;
While Maxwellton, that baron bold,
Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts opposed,
With these what Tory warriors closed,
Surpasses my describing:
Squadrons extended long and large,
With headlong speed rush'd to the
charge,
Like furious devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate,
 Amid this mighty tulzie!
Grim horror grinned; pale terror roared
As murder at his thrapple shored;
 And hell mixed in the brulzie.

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
 Hurl down wi' crashing rattle:
As flames amang a hundred woods,
As headlong foam a hundred floods—
 Such is the rage of battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
 Before th' approaching fellers.
The Whigs came on like ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
 Against the Buchan Bulls.

Lo, from the shades of death's deep
 night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring:
The muffled murderer of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame;
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
 Auld Covenanters shiver—
(Forgive! forgive! much-wronged Mont-
 rose!

Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high for ever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
 But fate the word has spoken:
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can;
 The Tory ranks are broken,

O that my een were flowing burns!
My voice, a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cub's undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but wails the good Sir
 James
Dear to his country by the names,
 Friend, Patron, Benefactor!
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave;
 And Stewart, bold as Hector:

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow,
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe,
 And Melville melt in wailing!
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice;
And Burke shall sing, "O prince, arise!
 Thy power is all-prevailing!"

For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
He only hears and sees the war,
 A cool spectator purely!
So, when the storm the forest rends,
The Robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely.

"Now, for my friends' and brethren's
 sakes,"
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
 I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell,
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
 To grind them in the mire!

TO THE OWL.

[According to Burns these verses were the production of one John M'Credie : but no person bearing that name has ever claimed the authorship. Cromek, the collector of the Reliques, was strongly of opinion, everything considered, that they were from the hand of Burns himself, and they were unquestionably found among his papers in holograph, with emendations and interlineations.]

SAD bird of night, what sorrows call
thee forth,

To vent thy plaints thus in the mid-
night hour ?

Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
Threatening to nip the verdure of thy
bower ?

Is it, sad Owl, that Autumn strips the
shade,

And leaves thee here, unsheltered and
forlorn ?

Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade ?
Or friendless Melancholy bids thee
mourn ?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feathered
train,

To tell thy sorrows to the unheeding
gloom ;

No friend to pity when thou dost com-
plain,

Grief all by thought, and solitude thy
home.

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy
strain,

And pleased in sorrow listen to thy
song ;

Sing on, sad mourner ! to the night
complain,

While the lone echo wafts thy notes
along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing
cheek

Sad, piteous tears, in native sorrows
fall ?

Less kind the heart when anguish bids
it break ?

Less happy he who lists to pity's call ?

Ah, no, sad Owl ! nor is thy voice less
sweet,

That sadness tunes it, and that grief is
there ;

That Spring's gay notes, unskilled, thou
canst repeat ;

That sorrow bids thee to the gloom
repair.

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
Are quite estranged, sad bird of
night ! from thee ;

Nor that the thrush deserts the evening
spray,

When darkness calls thee from thy
reverie.

From some old tower, thy melancholy
dome,

While the grey walls, and desert
solitudes,

Return each note, responsive to the
gloom

Of ivied coverts and surrounding
woods.

There hooting, I will list more pleased
to thee

Than ever lover to the nightingale ;

Or drooping wretch, oppressed with
misery,

Lending his ear to some condoling
tale.

VERSES TO MY BED.

[Years after Burns had written these lines, the Count Xavier de Maistre articulated the same thought more epigrammatically in his "Expédition Nocturne autour de ma Chambre," where he wrote in the fifth chapter—"Our bed witnesses our birth and our death: it is a cradle scattered over with flowers; it is the throne of love; it is a sepulchre.]

THOU Bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature—Man!
And when again the fates decree
The place where I must cease to be;
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To soothe my pain, or close mine eye,
When cares surround me where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep;
When sore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort;
Where, too, ecstatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind—
And full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms.
The centre thou, where grief and pain,
Disease and rest, alternate reign.
Oh, since within thy little space
So many various scenes take place;
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,
As sages dictate—churchmen preach;
And man, convinced by thee alone,
This great important truth shall own:—
That thin partitions do divide
The bounds where good and ill reside;
That nought is perfect here below;
But bliss still bord'ring upon woe.



SECOND EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

[The date of this Epistle, according to the Glenriddel Manuscript, was the 5th of October, 1791.]

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a pass for leave to beg:
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and de-
prest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest;)
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's
wail?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to
her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first
surveyed,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming
trade?
Thou Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have
found,
One shakes the forest, and one spurns the
ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his
shell,
Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards
his cell;
Thy minions, kings defend, control,
devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and
power!
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with
their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes
are snug;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear
and darts;—

But, oh ! thou bitter step-mother and hard, To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard ! A thing unteachable in worldly skill, And half an idiot too, more helpless still ; No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun ; No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun : No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn, And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn : No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur ;— In naked feeling, and in aching pride, He bears the unbroken blast from every side : Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart, And scorpion critics cureless venom dart. Critics !—appalled I venture on the name, Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame : Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Mon- roes ! He hacks to teach, they mangle to ex- pose. His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung, By blockheads' daring into madness stung ; His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear : Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in th' unequal strife, The hapless Poet flounders on through life :	Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired, And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired, Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age, Dead, even resentment for his injured page, He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage. So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased, For half-starved snarling curls a dainty feast, By toil and famine worn to skin and bone, Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son. Oh, Dulness ! portion of the truly blest ! Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest ! Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce ex- tremes Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. If mantling high she fills the golden cup, With sober selfish ease they sip it up : Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve, They only wonder "some folks" do not starve, The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog. When disappointment snaps the clue of hope, And through disastrous night they dark- ling grope, With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care." So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
--	--

Not so the idle Muses' madcap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-
 struck brain ;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted
 hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's
 fear !

Already one stronghold of hope is lost,
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon
 appears,

And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
 Oh ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish
 prayer !—

Fintry, my other stay, long bless and
 spare !

Through a long life his hopes and wishes
 crown ;

And bright in cloudless skies his sun go
 down !

May bliss domestic smooth his private
 path ;

Give energy to life, and soothe his latest
 breath,

With many a filial tear circling the bed
 of death !

—c—

THIRD EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that
 feigns ;

Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit
 burns,

And all the tribute of my heart returns,
 For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
 The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler
 light !

And all the other sparkling stars of
 night ;

If aught that giver from my mind efface ;
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,

Then roll to me along your wandering
 spheres,

Only to number out a villain's years !

—c—

ON

CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINA- TIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT
 KINGDOM.

[Captain Francis Grose, son of a jeweller at Richmond, in Surrey, was born there in 1743, dying forty-eight years afterwards very suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 12th of May, 1791, at Dublin. Having, by reason of his utter carelessness in regard to money, been reduced to poverty at thirty years of age (by which time through good living he had become a perfect wonder of obesity) he turned artist and antiquary—producing between 1773 and 1788, in eight quarto volumes, his “Antiquities of England and Wales,” embellished by nearly six hundred views of his own drawing. Travelling in Scotland, pen and pencil alternately in his hand, for the continuation of this *opus magnum*, he met Burns at Mr. Riddel's residence of Friar's Carse. The humourists—poet and antiquary—took to each other immensely. Grose's jovial face and figure were of themselves provocative of merriment. And the lovers of Burns can have no other than kindly feelings towards Captain Grose, if only in grateful remembrance of the fact that, thanks to his intimacy with the Poet, “Tam o' Shanter” was written, and first published in “The Antiquities of Scotland.”]

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither
 Scots,

Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's ;

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it ;
 A chiel's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 And wow ! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld houlet-haunted biggin',
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' de'ils, they say, Lord save's ! col-
 leaguin',
 At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or
 cham'er,
 Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour,
 And you deep read in hell's black
 grammar,
 Warlocks and witches ;
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled ;
 But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
 And dogskin wallet,
 And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets :
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont guid ;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
 Auld Tubulcain's fire-shool and fender ;
 That which distinguishèd the gender
 O' Balaam's ass ;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philabeg ;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding jocteleg,
 Or lang-kail gully.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him ;
 And port, O port ! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose,
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose !
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee ;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee !

—o—

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

[An impromptu addressed to another antiquary, by name Cardonnel, whose skill as a numismatist drew from Burns the allusion in the last stanza.]

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose ?
 Igo and ago,
 If he's amang his friends or foes ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north ?

Igo and ago,

Or drownèd in the river Forth ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies ?

Igo and ago,

And eaten like a wether-haggis ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane ?

Igo and ago,

Or haudin' Sarah by the wame ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him !

Igo and ago,

As for the de'il, he daurna steer him !

Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,

Igo and ago,

Which will oblige your humble debtor,

Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye ha'e auld stanes in store,

Igo and ago,

The very stanes that Adam bore,

Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,

Igo and ago,

The coins o' Satan's coronation !

Iram, coram, dago.

—0—

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON
NEW-YEAR'S-DAY EVENING, 1790.

[Mr. Sutherland, the manager of the theatrical company at Dumfries, "spouted to the audience with applause"—as Burns himself wrote to his brother Gilbert—the following Prologue on the evening of New Year's Day.]

No song nor dance I bring from yon
great city

That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's
the pity :

Though, by the bye, abroad why will you
roam ?

Good sense and taste are natives here at
home :

But not for panegyric I appear,

I come to wish you all a good new year !

Old Father Time deposes me here before
ye,

Not for to preach, but tell his simple
story.

The sage grave ancient coughed, and
bade me say,

"You're one year older this important
day."

If wiser, too—he hinted some sugges-
tion,

But 't would be rude, you know, to ask
the question ;

And with a would-be roguish leer and
wink,

He bade me on you press this one word
—"Think !"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with
hope and spirit,

Who think to storm the world by dint of
merit,

To you the dotard has a deal to say,

In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way !

He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless
rattle,

That the first blow is ever half the battle ;

That though some by the skirt may try
to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch
him ;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbear-
ing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least, in love, ye faith-
ful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar
care !
To you old Bald-pate smooths his
wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the im-
portant Now !
To crown your happiness he asks your
leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak
endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many
favours ;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal
it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

—o—

SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY,
1790.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

[“The Major” was Mrs. Dunlop's second son, afterwards General Dunlop; “Rachel” was Mrs. Dunlop's daughter, afterwards married to Robert Glasgow, Esq.; while “blooming Keith” was Mrs. Dunlop's youngest daughter. The line referring to Rachel alludes to her artistic pencil being at the moment employed in sketching Coila in the “Vision.”]

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted
chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again :

I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimpaired machine,
To wheel the equal dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer ;
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds ;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with
Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-mor-
row—
And join with me a-moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?—
“Another year is gone for ever !”
And what is this day's strong sugges-
tion?—
“The passing moment's all we rest on !”
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust ;
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies :
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight :
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone ;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's weful night.

Since, then, my honoured first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us the important Now employ
And live as those who never die.

Though you, with days and honours
crowned,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse
A sight pale Envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard ;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

—o—

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT,
DUMFRIES.

[Written in February 1790, and given by Burns
to the theatrical manager, Mr. Sutherland, of
whom the Poet wrote to Nicol—"a worthier or
cleverer fellow I have rarely met with."]

WHAT needs this din about the town o'
Lon'on,

How this new play and that new sang is
comin'?

Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle
courted?

Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when
imported?

Is there nae poet, burning keen for
fame,

Will try to gi'e us sangs and plays at
hame?

For comedy abroad he needna toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every
soil ;

Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and
Greece

To gather matter for a serious piece ;
There's themes enow in Caledonian
story,

Would show the tragic muse in a' her
glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless
fell?

Where are the Muses fled that could pro-
duce

A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?
How here, even here, he first unsheathed
the sword

'Gainst mighty England and her guilty
lord ;

And after mony a bloody, deathless
doing,

Wrenched his dear country from the jaws
of ruin?

Oh, for a Shakspeare or an Otway
scene

To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish
queen !

Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebel-
lion's arms.

—o—

PROLOGUE,

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT,
DUMFRIES.

SHE fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman :
A woman—though the phrase may seem
uncivil—

As able and as cruel as the devil !
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal
page,

But Douglasses were heroes every age :
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right
succeeds,

Ye yet may follow where a Douglas
leads !

As ye ha'e generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the Muses' servants by the
 hand ;
 Not only hear, but patronize, befriend
 them,
 And where ye justly can commend, com-
 mend them ;
 And aiblins when they winna stand the
 test,
 Wink hard, and say the folks ha'e done
 their best !
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be
 caution
 Ye'll soon ha'e poets of the Scottish
 nation,
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet
 crack,
 And warsle Time, and lay him on his
 back !
 For us and for our stage should only
 spier,
 "Wha's aught thae chiels mak's a' this
 bustle here?"
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my
 brow,
 We have the honour to belong to you !
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as
 ye like,
 But, like good mithers, shore before ye
 strike.
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find
 us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kind-
 ness
 We've got frae a' professions, sets, and
 ranks ;
 God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get
 but thanks.

—Q—

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD
 SENT THE POET A NEWS-
 PAPER,

AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF
 EXPENSE.

[Dated Ellisland, Monday morning (no month
 named), 1790, the following lines—which, by the
 way, give very succinctly a record of the state of
 Europe at that period—were addressed, accord-
 ing to the conjecture of Robert Chambers, to
 Peter Stuart, then Editor, in London, of the
Star newspaper.]

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And, faith, to me 't was really new !
 How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I
 wanted ?
 This mony a day I've graned and
 gaunted
 To ken what French mischief was
 brewin',
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin' ;
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
 Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks ;
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt :
 If Denmark, anybody spak' o't ;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were
 hingin' ;
 How libbet Italy was singin' ;
 If Spaniards, Portuguese, or Swiss
 Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss ;
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court, kept up the game ;
 How royal George—the Lord leuk o'er
 him !—
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;
 How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin' ;

How cesses, stents, and fees were raxed,
 Or if bare — yet were taxed ;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera girls ;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails ;
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser.
 A' this and mair I never heard of,
 And but for you I might despaired of.
 So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you !

—o—

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON.

[Peg Nicholson was a sorry hack which had been palmed off as sound of wind and limb upon William Nicol, the guileless Dominie of the High School of Edinburgh. Burns, who, upon her vices coming to be realized, received her on his farm with a view to get rid of her, at the first opportunity, for what she would fetch, thus announced the mare's death to her unlucky possessor. The name given to the mare was borrowed from the wretched madwoman who, on the 2nd of August, 1786, tried to assassinate King George III.]

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare
 As ever trode on ain ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And rode through thick and thin ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And wanting e'en the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And ance she bore a priest ;
 Bnt now she's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And the priest he rode her sair ;
 And much oppressed and bruised she
 was,
 As priest-rid cattle are.

—o—

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND
 SOCIETY.

[This first made its appearance in the *Scots Magazine* for February 1818, being then printed from Burns's manuscript. It is grotesquely dated June, Anno Mundi, 5790, but is reputed to have been written in 1786, the same year in that case producing the Address to the Deil, and the Address of Beelzebub.]

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,
 Unscathed by hungered Highland boors !
 Lord, grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
 Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life
 She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
 Faith, you and A——s were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight.
 I doubt na, they wad bid nae better ;
 Then let them ance out owre the water ;
 Then up amang thae lakes and seas
 They'll mak' what rules and laws they
 please ;
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
 May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin' ;
 Some Washington again may head them,
 Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
 Till God knows what may be effected
 When by such heads and hearts directed.
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to patrician rights aspire !
 Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sack-
 ville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile ;
 And whare will ye get Howes and Clin-
 tons
 To bring them to a right repentance,

To cowe the rebel generation,
 And save the honour o' the nation?
 They and be —— ! what right ha'e they
 To meat or sleep or light o' day?
 Far less to riches, power, or freedom,
 But what your lordship likes to gi'e them?
 But hear, my lord ! Glengarry, hear !
 Your hand 's owre light on them, I fear.
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and
 bailies,

I canna say but they do gaylies ;
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,
 And tirl the hallions to the birses ;
 Yet, while they're only poind't and
 herriet,
 They'll keep their stubborn Highland
 spirit ;

But smash them—crash them a' to spails !
 And rot the dyvors i' the jails !
 The young dogs, swinge them to the
 labour ;

Let wark and hunger mak' them sober !
 The hizzies, if they're aughtlins awson't,
 Let them in Drury Lane be lessoned !

And if the wives and dirty brats
 E'en thigger at your doors and yetts,
 Flaflan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',
 Frightin' awa' your deuks and geese,
 Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
 And gar the tattered gipsies pack
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back !

Go on, my lord ! I lang to meet you,
 And in my house at hame to greet you !
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,—

The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
 At my right han', assigned your seat,
 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate,—

Or if you on your station tarrow,
 Between Almagro and Pizarro,
 A seat, I'm sure ye're well deservin't :
 And till ye come—Your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR
 HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM AL-
 MIGHTY GOD.

[Enclosing this noble elegy to Mr. M'Murdo, the Chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, Burns wrote, on the 2nd of August, 1790—"Permit a rustic muse of your acquaintance to do her best to soothe you with a song. You knew Henderson—I have not flattered his memory." Matthew Henderson's name appears among the list of subscribers to the Edinburgh edition of Burns, of April 1787, he being entered as taking four copies. He was a member of a very choice circle, called the "Capillaire Club," who met at Fortune's Tavern, in Writer's Court, Edinburgh. He died in the November of 1788, being buried on the 27th of that month.]

But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright ;
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless, heavenly light !

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie
 Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us
 torn !

The ae best fellow e'er was born !
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled !

Ye hills ! near neibors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,
 Where Echo slumbers !
 Come, join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae linn to linn!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
 Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
 In scented bowers;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at his head,
 At even, when beans their fragrance
 shed,

 I' the rustling gale,
 Ye maukins whiddin' through the glade,
 Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
 Ye curlews calling through a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
 And mourn, ye whirring patrick brood!
 He's gane for ever.

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
 Ye duck and drake, ye airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplora.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
 In some auld tree or eldritch tower,

What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail through the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales o' woe?
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
 Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
 For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
 Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of
 light!

Mourn, empress of the silent night,
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn!
 For through your orbs he's ta'en his
 flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man—the brother!
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
 And hast thou crossed that unknown
 river,
 Life's dreary bound?
 Like thee, where shall I find another
 The world around!

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!

But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man o' worth!
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

—
 THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger!—my story's brief,
 And truth I shall relate, man;
 I tell nae common tale o' grief—
 For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
 Yet spurned at Fortune's door, man,
 A look of pity hither cast—
 For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
 That passeth by this grave, man,
 There moulders here a gallant heart—
 For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
 Canst throw uncommon light, man,
 Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
 For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
 Wad life itself resign, man,
 The sympathetic tear maun fa'—
 For Matthew was a kin' man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man,
 This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
 For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
 And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
 This was thy billie, dam and sire—
 For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin' sot,
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
 May dool and sorrow be his lot!—
 For Matthew was a rare man.

TO MISS GRAHAM, OF FINTRY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

[Writing to Thomson in July, 1794, Burns says —“I have presented a copy of your songs to the daughter of a much valued and much honoured friend of mine, Mr. Graham of Fintry,” adding —“I wrote on the blank side of the title-page the following address to the young lady,”—the Poet thereupon enclosing a transcript of the subjoined.]

HERE, where the Scottish Muse im-
 mortal lives,
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers
 joined,
 Accept the gift, though humble he who
 gives;
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful
 mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords
 among!
 But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph
 song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe re-
 veals;
 While conscious Virtue all the strain en-
 dears,
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction
 seals.

—o—

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

[As a fitting prefix to the ballad, Burns, in 1792, penned as follows the Prose History of the Whistle:—“In the train of Anne, Princess of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with her husband, James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless devotee of Bacchus.

He had a curious ebony Ca' or Whistle, which, at the beginning of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow the Whistle, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories—without a single defeat—at the Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty Courts of Germany, and challenged the Scottish Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present Sir Robert, who—after three days and nights' hard contest—left the Scandinavian dead-drunk, 'And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.' Sir Walter Lawrie, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married the sister of Sir Walter. On Friday, the 16th of October, 1789, the Whistle was once more contended for—as related in the ballad—by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descendant of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field." The Poet, it should be particularly remarked, took no part whatever in the competition, even as a witness, his sole office being to perpetuate the memory of these three doughty wine-bibbers, by congealing them like toping flies in the amber of his verse. Professor Wilson, in no squeamish mood, pronounced "The 'Whistle,' in the eyes of Bacchus, the best of Triumphal Odes."]

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the
North,
Was brought to the court of our good
Scottish king,
And long with this whistle all Scotland
shall ring.

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from
his hall—

"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scot-
land get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see
me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles
tell,
What champions ventured, what cham-
pions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror
still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem
shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and
the Scaur,
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in
war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as
the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than
he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has
gained;
Which now in his house has for ages
remained;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his
blood,
The jovial contest again have renewed.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts
clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth,
and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old
coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old
wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue
smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the
spoil *

Or else he would muster the heads of the
clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was
the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glen-
riddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie
More,
And bumper his horn with him twenty
times o'er."

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would
pretend,
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—
or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of
the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die or
he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes
repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and
care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more
known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet
lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A bard who detested all sadness and
spleen,
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard
had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they
ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of
joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred
so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more
they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran
o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous
a core,
And vowed that to leave them he was
quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next
morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well worn out the
night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the
fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of
red,
And swore 'twas the way that their
ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and
sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would
wage ;
A high ruling Elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less
divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to
the end ;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers
contend ?
Though fate said—a hero should perish
in light ;
So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell
the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in
drink :—
"Craighdarroch, thou'lt soar when crea-
tion shall sink !
But if thou would flourish immortal in
rhyme,
Come, one bottle more—and have at the
sublime !

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce ;
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright
 god of day !"



TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

[To a friendly challenge from Captain Grose we are indebted for this admirable masterpiece. Burns having entreated him to make honourable mention of Alloway Kirk in his *Antiquities of Scotland*, he promised compliance with the request upon one condition, namely, that the Poet should supply him with a metrical witch-story, as an accompaniment to the engraving. Mrs. Burns it was who related to Cromek the marvellous rapidity with which this poem was produced. According to her, it was the work of a single day—one account even stating that it was composed between breakfast and dinner : as Alexander Smith put it with an exultant chuckle, the best day's work ever done in Scotland, since Bruce won Bannockburn. Burns, during the early part of that memorable day, had passed the time alone in pacing his favourite walk upon the river bank. Thither in the afternoon he was followed by his "bonnie Jean" and some of their children. Finding that he was "crooning to himself," and fearing lest their presence might be an interruption, his considerate wife loitered some little distance behind among the broom and heather with her brood of young ones. There her attention was caught by the Poet's impassioned gesticulations. She could hear him repeating aloud, while the tears ran down his face—"Now Tam ! O Tam ! had they been queans." Towards evening, when the storm of composition had fairly run out, Burns, we are told by M'Diarmid, committed the verses to writing upon the top of a sod dyke, overhanging the river and directly they were completed rushed indoors to read them aloud by the fire-side in a tone of rapturous exultation. A Carrick farmer, named Douglas Graham, was the original of Tam o' Shanter. Shanter itself, by the way, was the title of a farm belonging to Graham, not

far from Kirkoswald. Burns to the last, according to Lockhart, was resolutely of opinion, that Tam o' Shanter was the best of all his productions.]



"Of Brownie and of Bogilie full is this Buke."
 GAWIN DOUGLAS.



WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak' the gate ;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering
 storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lasses.)
 O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As t'oon thy ain wife Kate's advice !
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum,
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober ;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in
 Doon ;
 Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How many lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted, unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories:
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himsel' amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was
glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place:
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-
stane,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast
in;

And sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swal-
lowed;

Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bel-
lowed;

That night, a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
sonnet;

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-
bane;

And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the
woods!

The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning
trees,

Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;

Through ilka bore the beams were
glancing ;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn !
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usqueba, we 'll face the devil !
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's
noddle,

Fair play, he cared na de'il a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light ;
And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and
reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gi'e them music was his charge :
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl !—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last
dresses ;

And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns ;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and
curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they
cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been
queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen ;
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad ha'e gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach,

But Tam kenned what was what fu'
brawlie :
"There was ae winsome wench and
walie,"

That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore !
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—

Ah ! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches !

But here my muse her wing maun cour ;
Sic flights are far beyond her power :
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched :
E'en Satan glow' red, and fidget fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main ;

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a'thegither.
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-
sark !"

And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief !" resounds
aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an' eldritch screech and hol-
low.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou 'll get thy
fairin' !

In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin' !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig ;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake !

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :
The carlin clautht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump !

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak' heed :
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

—o—

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

[Signed Robert Burns, and marked at the foot enigmatically, "Ramage's, 3 o'clock," without any date, these verses besought Mr. Taylor's intercession with the farrier of Wanlockhead to have his horse's shoes roughed at a time when the blacksmith was apparently too preoccupied to attend to his requirements.]

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker ;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty caulker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack :
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster ;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I'll pay you like my master.



TAM O'SHANTER

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF
SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH
OF SPRING.

[Shortly after the production of this lovely Lament, the Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable presented to the Poet, in admiration of his verses, a costly snuff-box, adorned on the lid with an exquisite miniature of Mary, Queen of Scots. Years afterwards this snuff-box, which Burns had dearly prized, was accidentally destroyed while in the possession of one of the Poet's sons in Hindostan.]

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the wearied wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;
The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I ha'e been ;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en :

And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there :
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of
woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee ;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's
friend
Remember him for me !

O ! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

—o—

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET, OF
MONBODDO.

[Miss Elizabeth Burnet was the beautiful and accomplished daughter of that fantastic Darwinian aforetime, Lord Monboddo. Burns regarded her with the highest admiration, and, as this tender elegy shows, mourned for her with the

sincerest grief. She died prematurely of consumption, on the 17th of June, 1790, at the early age of three-and-twenty.]

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
Nor envious Death so triumphed in a
 blow,
As that which laid th' accomplished Bur-
 net low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I
 forget ?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
In thee, high Heaven above was truest
 shown,
As by His noblest work the Godhead
 best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye
 groves ;
 Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery
 shore ;
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle
 loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, immixed with reedy
 fens ;
 Ye mossy streams, with sedge and
 rushes stored ;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all
 their worth,
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit
 hail ?
And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our
 earth,
 And not a Muse in honest grief be-
 wail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's
 pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond
 the spheres ;
But, like the sun eclipsed at morning
 tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of
 tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in
 thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief
 and care !
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged
 tree ;
 So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and
 bare.



ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST WITH BAYS AT
EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE.

[Towards the close of August, 1791, the Earl of Buchan invited Burns to assist at the inauguration of a sylvan temple, to the memory of the Poet of the Seasons, James Thomson, at Ednam, near Kelso, upon the anniversary of his birth, on the 7th of the following September. The Earl hinting that an Ode appropriate to the occasion would be acceptable, Burns, with some show of diffidence, produced the subjoined, in close if not slavish imitation of the verses already penned upon the same theme by Collins, reading which, the later poet frankly declared from the first to Lord Buchan that he despaired.]

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his agèd head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well
hast won :

While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

—o—

A VISION.

[The ruins here celebrated were those of Lincluden Abbey, during the later years of Burns a favourite haunt of his near Dumfries. Situated upon an elevated plateau in the angle formed by the confluence of the Cluden and the Nith, these picturesque débris of a noble building command a superb sweep of landscape. There the Poet often used to wander rapt in meditation, mostly in solitude, but sometimes accompanied by his eldest son and namesake, then a child of seven. The ballad, adapted to the tune of "Cumnock Psalms," had appended to each stanza, by way of chorus, these words :—

A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea ;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honor's gane
and a',
And broken-hearted we maun dee.

Lord Jeffrey thought so highly of this fragmentary poem, "A Vision," that he declared that if Burns had never written anything else, he regarded it as entitling him to the remembrance of posterity. Nevertheless, Martinus Scriblerus

himself could hardly have desired a more striking specimen of Bathos, or the Art of Sinking, than that which the concluding stanza affords.]

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy
air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy
bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care,

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky ;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din,
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me ;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posie—Libertie !

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to
hear ;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear !

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times ;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

TO JOHN MAXWELL, OF TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

[The Laird of Terraughty, John Maxwell by name, was lineally descended from Lord Herries, who fought for Mary, Queen of Scots, at Langside. At the time when he was poetically apostrophized thus by the Ayrshire Poet, Mr. Maxwell was already so far a Veteran Chief, that he was even then seventy-one years of age. And though he failed to realize the prediction of Burns, that he would have a tack o' seven times seven additional, which would have extended his years to one hundred and twenty, he yet attained the grand old age of ninety-four.]

HEALTH to the Maxwells' veteran chief!
Health, aye unsoured by care or grief:
Inspired, I turned Fate's sybil leaf

This natal morn;

I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilka poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthened days on this blest
morrow,

May Desolation's lang-teethed harrow,
Nine miles an hour,

Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure!

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
May couthie Fortune, kind and canny,

In social glee,

Wi' mornings blithe and evenings funny,
Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the de'il he daurna steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your foes aye fear
ye;

For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me!

—o—

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

[The Earl of Glencairn died at Falmouth, on the 30th of January, 1791, in the forty-second year of his age, having just returned from a voyage to Lisbon, undertaken in the vain hope that it might contribute to the re-establishment of his health. Through his factor, Mr. Alexander Dalzell, he had made the Poet's acquaintance, and had at once become his most conspicuous patron, and his most practical benefactor. He carried the Kilmarnock edition to Edinburgh, where he brought it widely to the general knowledge as a literary curiosity. Mainly through his instrumentality, the Caledonian Hunt subscribed so open-handedly to the enlarged Edinburgh edition, that the latter was forthwith swung into popularity. Burns's gratitude was unaffected and enduring. His fourth son, born on the 12th of August, 1794, he had christened, in memory of his noble admirer, James Glencairn, this fourth son dying as recently as 1865, at the age of seventy-one, having, like his elder brother William, risen to be a Lieutenant-Colonel in the East India Company's service. William Hazlitt, it may be worthy of note here, had a very high opinion indeed of the pathetic force of the closing stanza of this Lament.]

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,

By fits the sun's departing beam

Looked on the fading yellow woods

That waved o'er Lugar's winding
stream:

Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,

Laden with years and meikle pain,

In loud lament bewailed his lord,

Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He leaned him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down
 with years ;
 His locks were bleached white wi' time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears !
 And as he touched his trembling harp,
 And as he tuned his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting through their
 caves,
 To echo bore the notes along.

"Ye scattered birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire !
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the agèd year !
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Again ye 'll charm the ear and e'e ;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, agèd tree,
 That long has stood the wind and
 rain ;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hald of earth is gane :
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae many changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown ;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown :
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)
 My noble master lies in clay ;
 The flower amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay :

In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my agèd ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
 The voice of woe and wild despair !
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence evermair !
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest
 gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists, obscure, involved me
 round ;
 Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found :
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless Bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

"Oh, why has worth so short a date,
 While villains ripen grey with time !
 Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime ?
 Why did I live to see that day ?—
 A day to me so full of woe !
 Oh, had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low !

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a' that thou hast done for me !"

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD OF WHITEFOORD, BART., WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

[These lines were written in the early part of October, 1791, judging, that is, from Sir John Whitefoord's letter of acknowledgment, which is dated on the 16th of that month from Maybole.]

THOU, who thy honour as thy God
rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought
earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valuedst, I the patron
loved ;
His worth, his honour, all the world
approved ;
We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has
gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark
world unknown.

—o—

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

[These lines, as Burns intimated to Miss Fontenelle, were written nearly extempore. They were delivered at the Dumfries Theatre on the 26th of November, 1792, by that young and beautiful actress, then one of the most popular members of the company under Mr. Sutherland's management. The country was greatly agitated at the time by the revolutionary ideas caught from France, and propagated far and wide through the advocacy of the Rights of Man by Thomas Paine, and the Rights of Woman by Mary Wollstonecraft. Robert Chambers states that a lady whom he knew distinctly remembered being present in the theatre about this time when Burns entered the pit rather flustered, adding that she recalled to mind how on "God Save the King" being played by the band, the Poet

shouted out "*ça ira!*" in defiance of the up-standing audience. A tumult arising in consequence of this incident, Burns was constrained to leave the theatre, and shortly afterwards, in the December of 1792, received a rebuke on his political conduct from the excise authorities.]

WHILE Europe's eye is fixed on mighty
things,
The fate of empires and the fall of
kings ;
While quacks of state must each produce
his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of
Man ;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me men-
tion,
The Rights of Woman merit some atten-
tion.
First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is Protec-
tion.
The tender flower that lifts its head,
elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of
fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely
form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending
storm.

Our second Right—but needless here—is
Caution ;
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion ;
Each man of sense has it so full before
him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'t is
decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polished
days,
A time when rough rude men had naughty
ways ;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick
up a riot,
Nay, even thus, invade a lady's quiet.

Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times
are fled;

Now, well-bred men—and you are all
well-bred—

Most justly think (and we are much the
gainers)

Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor
manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best,
our dearest,

That right to fluttering female hearts the
nearest,

Which even the Rights of Kings in low
prostration

Most humbly own—'t is dear, dear
Admiration!

In that blest sphere alone we live and
move;

There taste that life of life—immortal
Love.

Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirta-
tions, airs,

'Gainst such an host what flinty savage
dares?—

When awful Beauty joins with all her
charms,

Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with
constitutions,

With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,

Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!



MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

[Mrs. Maria Riddel was the lady here ridiculed. The name of Eliza was introduced, it is believed, merely as a blind. In one of the manuscripts the real name is frankly given as Maria. Burns had quarrelled with Mrs. Riddel somewhere about the Christmas of 1793; and it was thus cruelly that he sneered, as though she had been a mere empty-headed coquette, at a lady who was both beautiful and accomplished.]

How cold is that bosom which folly once
fired!

How pale is that cheek where the rouge
lately glistened!

How silent that tongue which the echoes
oft tired!

How dull is that ear which to flattery
so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection
removed;

How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,—
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst
unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on
you;

So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed
not a tear:

But come, all ye offspring of Folly so
true,

And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold
bier.

We'll search through the garden for each
silly flower,

We'll roam through the forest for each
idle weed;

But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued
the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,

Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

—
THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,

What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam :

Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

—o—

EPISTLE FROM ÆSOPUS TO MARIA.

[Æsopus meant the merest fifth-rate actor, one named Williamson, who had been patronized at Dumfries by Maria, otherwise Mrs. Riddel, of Woodley Park, the one satirized by Burns in the preceding monody and epitaph. What renders this exceedingly disagreeable and atrabilious effusion all the more intolerable is the fact that its opening passage is an obvious travestie of Pope's exquisite *Eloïse to Abelard*.]

FROM those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,

Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ;

Where turnkeys make the jealous mortal fast,

And deal from iron hands the spare repast ;

Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,

Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;

Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,

Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more :

Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,

Beat hemp for others, riper for the string :

From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,

To tell Maria her *Esopus*' fate.

"Alas ! I feel I am no actor here !"

'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear !

Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale

Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ;

Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy polled,

By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,

Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.

The hero of the mimic scene, no more

I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;

Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,

In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms ;

Whilst sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,

And steal from me Maria's prying eye.

Blest Highland bonnet ! once my proudest dress,

Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.

I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,

And call each coxcomb to the wordy war ;

I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,

And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;

The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,

For other wars, where he a hero shines ;

The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate
bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the
head ;
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs, to
display
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way ;
The shrinking bard adown an alley
skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Wool-
wich hulks :
Though there, his heresies in church and
state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's
fate :
Still she, undaunted, reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
(What scandal called Maria's jaunt
stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ?
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's
venom when
He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen,—
And pours his vengeance in the burning
line,
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine ;
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even th' abuse of poesy abused !
Who called her verse a parish workhouse,
made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or
strayed ?)

A workhouse ! ha, that sound awakes my
woes,
And pillows on the thorn my racked
repose !
In durance vile here must I wake and
weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow
steep !
That straw where many a rogue has lain
of yore,
And vermined gipsies littered heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus, thy wrath on
vagrants pour,
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure ?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell ?
Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate
thee worse ;
The vices also, must they club their
curse ?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for
all ?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares ;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance
hurls ?
Who calls thee per^a affected, vain co-
quette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?
Who says, that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it
true ?
Our force united, on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman
born :
For who can write and speak as thou
and I ?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that con-
quers all reply.



THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

[These lines were printed from the Poet's manuscript in 1838, when they were for the first time included among his works by Robert Chambers. The MS. had for many years been treasured up in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, among the papers of Mr. James Duncan of

Mosesfield. There appears considerable doubt, however, as to the authenticity of the manuscript.]

[HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
And wat ye what's the name o't?
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
It mak's him ken himsel', man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 't was sent, man;
To gi'e the sweetest blush o' health,
And mak' us a' content, man.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Mak's high and low guid friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the de'il,
Frae 'yont the western waves, man.
Fair Virtue watered it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folk aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The courtly vermin's banned the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man;

King Loui' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco sma', man;
For this the watchman cracked his crown,
Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak' a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledged their faith, man.
Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wished they'd been at hame, man.

Fair Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleased them ane and a', man.
By her inspired, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
And banged the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbours shine, man:
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 't will be agreed, man,
That sic a tree can not be found
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alack this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man;
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.
We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we're to get
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The world would live in peace, man;
The sword would help to mak' a plough,
The din o' war wad cease, man.

Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each other smile, man;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic halesome, dainty cheer, man;
 I'd gi'e the shoon frae aff my feet
 To taste the fruit o't here, man.
 Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
 And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
 That gave us liberty, man.]



ON PASTORAL POETRY.

[Although the following verses were found in Burns's handwriting among his manuscripts, doubt was expressed by his brother Gilbert as to whether, after all, they were the Poet's composition. Allan Cunningham, in 1834, declared the poem to be unmistakably Burns's production, while Robert Chambers, four years later, protested emphatically that it was not his, but much more probably the effusion of either Beattie or Fergusson. Allan Cunningham, however, returning to the charge in 1842, derided this conjecture with absolute scorn, maintaining that several of the stanzas, notably the second and fourth, resembled the verse of Beattie as little as the cry of the eagle resembled the chirp of the wren. As in any case doubtful, and also, if I may say so, as comparatively worthless, the lines are here set apart in brackets.]

[HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserved!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds ha'e
 swerved

Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
 'Mang heaps o' clavers!
 And och! owre aft thy joes ha'e starved,
 Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,

And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage;
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang,
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Æschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Ev'n Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
 They're no herd's ballats, Maro's
 catches;
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin
 patches

O' heathen tatters:
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace;
 And wi' the far-famed Grecian, share
 A rival place?

Yes! there is ane—a Scottish callan!
 There's ane—come forrit, honest Allan!
 Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
 But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
 Nae gowden stream through myrtles
 twines,

Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's
lays

At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.]

—0—

SONNET

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793, THE
BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HIS HEARING
A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

[In Dr. Currie's edition, and many others,
the Poet's birthday in this heading was oddly
misprinted the 29th of January.]

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless
bough,

Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy
strain;

See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed
brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content, with light un-
anxious heart,

Welcomes the rapid moments, bids
them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or
fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening
day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon
orient skies!

Riches denied, Thy boon was purer
joys,
What wealth could never give nor take
away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and
care,

The mite high Heaven bestowed, that
mite with thee I'll share.

—0—

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ.,
OF GLENRIDDEL.

[In consequence of Burns's unseemly quarrel
with Mrs. Riddel of Woodley Park, he had
become estranged for some time from his once
cherished friend of Friars Carse, Robert Riddel
of Glenriddel. The latter, when he died in the
April of 1794, remained to the last unreconciled
to his old intimate, the celebrant of "The
Whistle." True, however, to the cordial friend-
ship which had long bound them together, Burns
poured forth his grief so promptly in this elegiac
sonnet, that it was published in the *Dumfries
Journal* simultaneously with the announcement
of the decease of Riddel of Glenriddel.]

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no
more!

Nor pour your descant, grating on my
soul:

Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy
verdant stole—

More welcome were to me grim Winter's
wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all
your dyes?

Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my
friend!

How can I to the tuneful strain at-
tend?

That strain flows round the untimely
tomb where Riddel lies!

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of
woe!

And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er
his bier:

The Man of Worth, who has not left
his peer,

Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly
low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others
greet,

Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

—3—

IMPROMPTU

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 4,
1793.

[It was shortly after these honeyed words
were penned that the thoughts of Burns in
Maria Riddel's regard were turned to a bitter-
ness like that of wormwood.]

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred—
“What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drown-
ing.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me,—and I've no more to say,—
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match
me.”

“’Tis done!” says Jove. So ends my
story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

[The following, though included in most of
the editions of Burns, appears to be a piece of
very doubtful authenticity.]

[’T WAS where the birch and sounding
thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where Ignorance her darkening vapour
throws,
And Cruelty directs the thickening
blows;
Upon a time, Sir A-be-ce the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to
mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to
account.

First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn
wight,
But, ah! deformed, dishonest to the
sight!
His twisted head looked backward on
his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted
Ai!

Reluctant, E stalked in; with piteous
race
The jostling tears ran down his honest
face!
That name, that well-worn name, and all
his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne;
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman
sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can com-
pound;
And next, the title following close
behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch
assigned,

The cobwebbed Gothic dome resounded,
 Y!
 In sullen vengeance, I disdained reply:
 The Pedant swung his felon cudgel
 round,
 And knocked the groaning vowel to the
 ground!
 In rueful apprehension entered O,
 The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
 Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
 Might there have learnt new mysteries of
 his art:
 So grim, deformed with horrors, entered
 U,
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely
 knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
 The Pedant in his left hand clutched him
 fast,
 In helpless infants' tears he dipped his
 right,
 Baptized him Eu, and kicked him from
 his sight.]

—2—

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

[Rankine was that mad wag, scapegrace, and
 prince of boon companions, who, when Burns
 lived at Lochlea, was his near neighbour on the
 farm at Adamhill.]

Æ day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
 Was driving to the tither warl'
 A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad,
 And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
 Black gowns of each denomination,
 And thieves of every rank and station,
 From him that wears the star and garter,
 To him that wintles in a halter;

Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
 He mutters, glow'rin' at the bitches,
 "By G—! I'll not be seen behint them,
 Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present
 them,
 Without, at least, ae honest man
 To grace this damned infernal clan."
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,
 "L—d G—d!" quoth he, "I have it
 now:
 There's just the man I want, i' faith!"
 And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

—0—

ON SENSIBILITY.

[It is curious to note how Burns duplicated
 these verses, as though they enabled him "a
 double debt to pay!" He enclosed them first
 of all to Mrs. Dunlop, with this inscription, "On
 Sensibility—To my dear and much honoured
 Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop." Yet, afterwards, in
 transcribing them for Mrs. McLehose, he, with
 a very slight alteration, set them to a most
 beautiful air—"out of compliment to the first
 of women, my ever-beloved and ever sacred
 Clarinda."]

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell:
 But distress, with horrors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray:
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys:
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow ;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

—o—

LINES SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

[The recipient of these verses was Mr. Walter Riddel, the husband of Mrs. Maria Riddel, and the brother of Robert Riddel, the Laird of Glenriddel. The excessive hospitality forced upon the Poet by his friends at Woodley Park led to potations which resulted in a scene and an estrangement. As Burns wrote himself on the morrow to his quondam friend, thenceforth the target for his shafts of ridicule, Mrs. Riddel —“To the men of the company I will make no apology. Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me; and the other gentlemen were partakers of my guilt.”]

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's
way

The fumes of wine infuriate send,
(Not moony madness more astray,)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate, frenzied part ;
Ah ! why should I such scenes outlive ?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

—o—

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

[This altar to Independence was on the estate of Mr. Heron at Kerroughtree, the hero of the election ballads at Kirkcudbright.]

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned ;

Prepared Power's proudest frown to
brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have, a slave ;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine and worship here.

—o—

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

[Included in nearly all the editions of Burns, these verses are thought now by very few to have been really his production. They were first put forth as his in the July of 1814, in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. They have been erroneously supposed to have had particular reference to the Poet's favourite child and only daughter, the youngest of all his children, Elizabeth Riddel, so christened after Mrs. Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, a little creature who, to his great affliction, died in the autumn of 1795. The lines, however, were penned it is now generally conceived, by some unknown hand, at a much earlier period of the last century.]

[OH, sweet be thy sleep in the land of
the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever ;
For ever—oh, no ! let not man be a
slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou
pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow
bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-
morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy
sweet seraph form,
Ere the Spoiler had nipt thee in
blossom ;
When thou shrunk from the scowl of the
loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in
 death,
 Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
 When the tear trickled bright, when the
 short stifled breath,
 Told how dear ye were aye to each
 other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of
 thy rest,
 Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
 Where the songs of the good, where the
 hymns of the blest,
 Through an endless existence shall
 charm thee.

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing
 sojourn
 Through the dire desert regions of
 sorrow,
 O'er the hope and misfortune of being to
 mourn,
 And sigh for his life's latest morrow.]

—o—

TO A KISS.

[Supposed to have been written by Burns
 shortly before his death, on his being present
 when a lady was saluted by some admirer of
 hers, at a watering-place on the Solway Frith.
 It first appeared as purporting to be from the
 hand of Burns in a book published by the Rev.
 W. Robb in 1826, at Edinburgh.]

HUMID seal of soft affections,
 Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
 Dearest tie of young connections,
 Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss!

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
 Passion's birth, and infant's play,
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
 Glowing dawn of brighter day!

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
 When lingering lips no more must
 join,
 What words can ever speak affection
 So thrilling and sincere as thine!

—s—

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER
 BENEFIT NIGHT, DEC. 4, 1793, AT THE
 THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial
 favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night,
 than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such
 matter,
 'T would vamp my bill, said I, if nothing
 better;
 So sought a Poet, roosted near the
 skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious
 eyes;
 Said, nothing like his works was ever
 printed;
 And last, my Prologue-business slyly
 hinted.
 "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my
 man of rhymes,
 "I know your bent—these are no laugh-
 ing times;
 Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my
 fears—
 Dissolve in pause—and sentimental
 tears—
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded
 sentence,
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell
 Repentance;

Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid
stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a
guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature
eyeing,
"D'y'e think," said I, "this face was
made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay, more, the
world shall know it;
And so, your servant, gloomy Master
Poet!"

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed
belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!—
That so much laughter, so much life
enjoyed.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless
sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting
eye;
Doomed to that sorest task of man
alive—
To make three guineas do the work of
five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam
witch!—
Say, you'll be merry, though you can't
be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in
love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast
strove;
'Who, as the boughs all temptingly pro-
ject,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope
—thy neck—

Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs
the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly,
moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thy-
self:
Learn to despise those frowns now so
terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand
specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be
wise.



ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE CHARAC- TER.

[This charming young actress may be said to have drunk of the elixir of perpetual youth when she captivated Burns's admiration, for her features shine out as beautifully under these few touches as if they had been pencilled in delicate flesh tints by the hand of Greuze.]

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art,
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.



TO CHLORIS.

[On sending these lines to Thomson, on the 3rd of August, 1795, Burns speaks of them as having been "written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my poems, presented to the lady whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris." This was Jean Lorrimer of Craigieburn.]

'T IS Friendship's pledge, my young,
fair friend,

Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms,)
To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower ;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no
more,
Still much is left behind ;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
Of conscious honour's part :
And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
Thine, friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove :
And doubly were the Poet blest,
Those joys could he improve.

—o—

THE HERON ELECTION BALLADS.

[These electioneering ballads were written by Burns to further the interests of the Whig candidate, Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, in the Parliamentary contests for the representation of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in which he was opposed on behalf of the Tories, in the first place, by Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie, and in the second place, by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart. Among the neighbouring population these pieces got to be known as the "Heron Ballads." They were issued originally as mere election squibs, printed on fly-sheets, and widely distributed.]

BALLAD I.

WHOM will you send to London town,
To Parliament, and a' that ?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that ?
For a' that, and a' that,
Through Galloway and a' that ;
Where is the laird or belted knight!
That best deserves to fa' that ?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
And wha is 't never saw that ?
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that ?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that ;
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk ?
And it's against the law that ;

For why, a lord may be a gouk,
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 A lord may be a lousy loun,
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that ;
 But we 'll ha'e ane frae 'mang oursel's,
 A man we ken, and a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 For we're not to be bought and
 sold
 Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They would be blest that saw that.

BALLAD II.

Tune—"Fy, let us a' to the Bridal."

FY, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickerin' there ;
 For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
 An' oh, how the heroes will swear !
 An' there will be Murray commander,
 An' Gordon the battle to win ;
 Like brothers they 'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance and kin.

An' there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,
 The tongue o' the trump to them a' ;
 An' he get na hell for his haddin',
 The de'il gets nae justice ava' ;

An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane ;
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We 'll e'en let the subject alane.

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
 Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
 She's gotten the heart of a Busby,
 But, Lord, what's become o' the head ?
 An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes ;
 A wight that will weather damnation—
 The devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses doughty,
 New christening towns far and near ;
 Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissing the — o' a peer ;
 An' there will be Kenmure sae generous !
 Whose honour is proof to the storm ;
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
 The body, e'en let him escape !
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An' 't were na the cost o' the rape.
 An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,
 Sae famed for his gratefu' return ?
 The billie is gettin' his questions,
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true ;
 An' there will be Buittle's apostle,
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue ;
 An' there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
 A house o' great merit and note,
 The de'il ane but honours them highly,—
 The de'il ane will gi'e them his vote !

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,
 Dame Fortune should hing by the
 neck ;
 For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
 His merit had won him respect :

An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
 Though nabobs, yet men of the first,
 An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,
 An' Quentin, o' lads not the warst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,
 Tak' tent how ye purchase a dram;
 An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
 An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam;
 An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
 Whase honour was ever his law,
 If the virtues were packed in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld Major,
 Wha 'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
 Our flattery we 'll keep for some ither,
 Him only it's justice to praise.
 An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,
 And also Barskimming's guid knight,
 An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,
 Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddesdale border,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
 Tough Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an'
 Walie

That griens for the fishes an' loaves;
 An' there will be Logan Mac Douall,
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
 An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

Then hey the chaste int'rest o' Broughton,
 An' hey for the blessings 't will bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 't would make him a king;
 An' hey for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
 He foundered his horse amang harlots,
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

BALLAD III.

[This third ballad refers to the electioneering contest between Patrick Heron and the Hon. Montgomery Stewart. The Whig candidate, Mr. Heron, was triumphant, both on the hustings and at the poll, but was eventually unseated by a Committee of the House of Commons. In the midst of his journey back to Scotland he was taken seriously ill—his health having some time previously been greatly broken—and expired at Grantham, evidently worn out by long-sustained excitement.]

Tune—"Buy Broom Besoms."

WHA will buy my troggin?
 Fine election ware;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.

There 's a noble Earl's
 Fame and high renown,
 For an auld sang—
 It 's thought the gudes were stown
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's the worth o' Broughton
 In a needle's e'e;
 Here 's a reputation
 Tint by Balmaghie.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's an honest conscience
 Might a prince adorn;
 Frae the downs o' Tynwald—
 Sae was never born.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's the stuff and lining,
 O' Cardoness's head;
 Fine for a sodger
 A' the wale o' lead.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's a little wadset,
 Buittle's scrap o' truth,
 Pawnèd in a gin-shop,
 Quenching holy drouth.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's armorial bearings
 Frae the manse o' Urr ;
 The crest, an auld crab-apple
 Rotten at the core.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
 Like a bizzard gled,
 Pouncing poor Redcastle,
 Sprawlin' like a taed.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's the worth and wisdom
 Collieston can boast ;
 By a thievish midge
 They had been nearly lost.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
 O' the ten commands,
 Gifted by black Jock
 To get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin ?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie 's turnin' chapman,—
 He'll buy a' the pack.
 Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee ;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.

BALLAD IV.

Tune—"The Babes in the Wood."

'T WAS in the seventeen hundred year
 O' Christ, and ninety-five,
 That year I was the waest man
 O' ony man alive.

In March, the three-and-twentieth day,
 The sun rase clear and bright ;
 But oh, I was a waefu' man
 Ere toofa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
 Wi' equal right and fame,
 And thereto was his kinsman joined
 The Murray's noble name !

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
 Made me the judge o' strife ;
 But now yerl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,
 And eke my hangman's knife.

'T was by the banks o' bonnie Dee,
 Beside Kirkcudbright towers,
 The Stewart and the Murray there
 Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray on the auld grey yaud,
 Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,
 That auld grey yaud, yea, Nid'sdale rade,
 He staw upon Nidside.

An' there had been the yerl himsel',
 Oh, there had been nae play ;
 But Garlies was to London gane,
 And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
 In the front rank he wad shine ;
 But Balmaghie had better been
 Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenken came to our aid
 A chief o' doughty deed,
 In case that worth should wanted be,
 O' Kenmore we had need.

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
 Looked on till a' was done :
 Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
 A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Busbys a' ;
 My gamesome billie Will,
 And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
 My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Herons' name
 We set nought to their score :
 The Douglas and the Herons' name
 Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
 A pair o' trusty lairds,
 For building cot-houses sae' famed,
 And christening kail-yards.

And by our banners marched Muirhead,
 And Buittle was na slack ;
 Whose haly priesthood nane can stain,
 For wha can dye the black ?

—o—

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

[Towards the end of December, 1795, Burns addressed the following poetical epistle to Mr. Mitchell, who was his superior officer in the excise, first at Ellisland, and afterwards at Dumfries. Burns was under the blighting influence even then of the terrible rheumatic attack which soon afterwards brought his career to a close so prematurely. It is affecting to note that, under cover of these genial, kindly rhymes, the Poet, who had chanted so exultantly the glorious privilege of being independent, found himself constrained thus, at the last, to appeal for a small pecuniary loan, then all too sorely needed in his impoverished home.]

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal ;

Alake, alake ! the meikle de'il,
 Wi' a' his witches,
 Are at it, skelpin', jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
 That one pound one, I sairly want it :
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It would be kind ;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
 To see the new come laden, groaning,
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin',
 To thee and thine ;
 Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

—

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been
 licket,
 And by fell death was nearly nicket :
 Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
 But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
 And turned a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
 My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
 A tentier way :
 Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and aye !

—o—

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

[This was Miss Jessie Lewars, whom, besides celebrating in the subjoined and other charming verses, Burns made the subject of one of his loveliest songs, "Here's a health to one I lo'e best." She had the privilege of waiting upon the Poet by his sick-bed, with the tenderness of a daughter. Her father, already then deceased, was Mr. John Lewars, supervisor of excise in Dumfries. At the time of her affectionate attendance upon the dying Poet and his afflicted household, she was living under the care of her brother, Mr. John Lewars, one of Burns's brother officers, and one of his dearest intimates. She afterwards married Mr. James Thomson, writer to the signet at Dumfries.]

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the Poet's prayer—
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindest, best presage
Of future bliss enrol thy name :
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward ;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

—o—

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

[The gallant officer to whom this Poem on Life was addressed by Burns in the early part of 1796, had greatly distinguished himself in his profession during the American War of Independence. He was a Colonel of the Dumfries Volunteers, who, under the air of a rigid disciplinarian with the roughest manners, but half concealed the gentlest and most cordial nature. The lines that follow were the Poet's acknowledgment of Colonel De Peyster's frequent inquiries after his condition.]

MY honoured Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal ;

Ah ! now sma' heart ha'e I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses.

Oh, what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare
it ;
And fortune favour worth and merit
As they deserve !
(And aye a rowth roast beef and claret ;
Syne wha wad starve ?)

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick
her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck
her ;
Oh ! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wavering, like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carnagole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrons by a ratton,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on,
Wi' felon ire ;
Syne, whip ! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut
on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah, Nick ! ah, Nick ! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft ;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft.

Poor man, the fly aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure ;
Already, in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie ! in he gangs,
 And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy girning laugh enjoys his gangs
 And murdering wrestle,
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen :
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil !
 Amen ! amen !

—o—

THE TARBOLTON LASSES.

[This was one of the earliest productions of Burns after he had settled at Lochlea.]

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
 Ye'll see there bonnie Peggy ;
 She kens her father is a laird,
 And she forsooth 's a ledly.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
 Besides a handsome fortune,
 Wha canna win her in a night,
 Has little art in courting.

Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
 And tak' a look o' Mysie ;
 She's dour and din, a de'il within,
 But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
 Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny ;
 If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
 She kens hersel' she 's bonnie.

As ye gae up by yon hill-side,
 Spier in for bonnie Bessy ;
 She'll gi'e ye a beck, and bid ye licht,
 And handsomely address ye.

There 's few sae bonnie, nane sae guid,
 In a' King George' dominion ;
 If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
 It 's Bessie's ain opinion.

—o—

NATURE'S LAW.

INSCRIBED TO GAVIN HAMILTON.

[These stanzas were first published in the Aldine Edition of Burns in 1830, being then printed from a copy in the Poet's handwriting.]

—

"Great Nature spoke—observant man obeyed."
 ALEXANDER POPE.

—

LET other heroes boast their scars,
 The marks of sturt and strife ;
 And other poets sing of wars,
 The plagues of human life :
 Shame fa' the fun, wi' sword and gun,
 To slap mankind like lumber !
 I sing his name and nobler fame
 Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
 "Go on, ye human race !
 This lower world I you resign ;
 Be fruitful and increase.
 The liquid fire of strong desire,
 I've poured it in each bosom ;
 Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
 And there is beauty's blossom !"

The hero of these artless strains,
 A lowly bard was he,
 Who sang his rhymes in Coila's plains,
 With mickle mirth and glee ;
 Kind Nature's care had given his share
 Large of the flaming current ;
 And all devout, he never sought
 To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful high behest
 Thrill, vital, through and through ;
 And sought a correspondent breast
 To give obedience due ;
 Propitious Powers screened the young
 flowers
 From mildews of abortion !
 And lo ! the Bard, a great reward,
 Has got a double portion !

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
 As annual it returns,
 The third of Libra's equal sway
 That gave another Burns,
 With future rhymes and other times,
 To emulate his sire ;
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style,
 With more poetic fire.

Ye powers of peace, and peaceful song,
 Look down with gracious eyes,
 And bless auld Coila, large and long,
 With multiplying joys :
 Lang may she stand to prop the land,
 The flower of ancient nations ;
 And Burnses spring, her fame to sing,
 To endless generations !

—o—

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS.

[The Bennals was the title of a farm some few miles west of Lochlea, the Ronalds, Jean and Annie, being the daughters of Mr. Ronald, the tenant-farmer. Jean, reputed to have been admired by the Poet's brother Gilbert, was eventually married to a Mr. William Reid. Annie Ronald, of the two, had the Poet's preference.]

IN Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper
 young men,
 And proper young lasses and a', man ;
 But ken ye the Ronalds, that live in the
 Bennals ?
 They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can
 spare't,
 Braid money to tocher them a', man ;
 To proper young men, he'll clink in the
 han'
 Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant
 ye've seen
 As bonnie a lass or as braw, man ;
 But for sense and guid taste she'll vie
 wi' the best,
 And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they
 shine,
 The mair admiration they draw, man ;
 While peaches and cherries, and roses
 and lilies,
 They fade and they wither awa', man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak' this frae a
 frien',
 A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
 The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through
 the fire,
 If that wad entice her awa', man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his
 speed,
 For mair than a towmond or twa,
 man ;
 The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a
 board,
 If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her
 kin,
 The boast o' our bachelors a', man ;
 Sae sonsie and sweet, sae fully complete,
 She steals our affections awa', man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
 O' lasses that live here awa', man,
 The fault wad be mine, if they didna
 shine
 The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel', but darena weel tell,
 My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
 For making o' rhymes, and working at
 times,
 Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
 Nor ha'e't in her power to say na,
 man;
 For though I be poor, unnoticed,
 obscure,
 My stomach's as proud as them a',
 man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted
 pride,
 And flee o'er the hills like a crow,
 man,
 I can haud up my head with the best o'
 the breed,
 Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o'
 the best,
 O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa,
 man,
 And stockings and pumps to put on my
 stumps,
 And ne'er a wrang steek in them a',
 man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them
 new,
 Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw,
 man,
 A ten-shilling hat, a Holland cravat;
 There are no mony poets sae braw,
 man.

I never had frien's weel stockit in means,
 To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
 Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on
 their drants,
 And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie for hoarding o'
 money,
 Or claughtin't together at a', man;
 I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
 But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

—o—

POETICAL INVITATION TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

[These lines enclosed to Burns's correspondent the original manuscript of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Kennedy, who was the Poet's senior by two years, was factor for thirteen years to the last Earl of Dumfries, and acted in the same capacity for eighteen years to the Earl of Breadalbane.]

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,
 Lord, man, there's lasses there wad
 force

A hermit's fancy;
 And down the gate, in faith they're
 worse,
 And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
 And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
 Till some bit callant bring me news
 That you are there!
 And if we dinna haud a bouze
 I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit and swallow,
 Then like a swine to puke and wallow;
 But gi'e me just a true good fellow,
 Wi' right ingine,
 And spunkie, ance to make us mellow,
 And then we'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' warld's folk,
 Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
 And sklent on poverty their joke,
 Wi' bitter sneer,
 Wi' you no friendship will I troke,
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
 Ye hate, as ill's the very de'il,
 The flinty heart that canna feel—
 Come, Sir, here's tae you !
 Hae, there's my haun, I wish you weel,
 And guid be wi' you.

—o—

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF.

[The following stanzas were for the first time published in *The Sun* newspaper, on Tuesday, the 8th of April, 1823, headed simply "Verses by Burns," and were unaccompanied by even one syllable of explanation as to whence they had been derived. Although they have been reprinted again and again since then, in countless editions of Burns, under the above title, their authenticity appears to be exceedingly doubtful. The supposition is, on the contingency of their being genuine, that they were written in the summer of 1786, on the fly-leaf of a copy of his maiden volume of poems, published at Kilmarnock.]

[ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
 Wad on thy worth be pressin',
 Remembrance aft may start a tear,
 But oh ! that tenderness forbear,
 Though 't wad my sorrows lessen.

My morning rase sae clear an' fair,
 I thought sair storms wad never
 Bedew the scene; but grief an' care
 In wildest fury ha'e made bare
 My peace, my hope, for ever.

You think I'm glad, O ! I pay weel
 For a' the joy I borrow :
 In solitude—then, then I feel
 I canna to mysel' conceal
 My deeply ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell ! within thy bosom free,
 A sight may whiles awaken ;
 A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e,
 For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee,
 Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken.]

—o—

COMPOSED IN EARLY LIFE BETWEEN THE STILTS OF A PLOUGH.

[This was first published in 1835 by James Hogg in his *Memoir of Burns*, and was first included among the collected writings of the Poet in the 1876 edition of his works published at Kilmarnock.]

AH ! woe is me, my Mother dear !
 A man of strife ye've born me ;
 For sair contention I maun bear—
 They hate, revile, and scorn me.

I ne'er could lend on bill or band,
 That five per cent. might blest me ;
 And borrowing, on the tither hand—
 The de'il a ane wad trust me.

Yet I, a coin-denièd wight,
 By Fortune quite discarded,
 Ye see how I am, day and night,
 By lad and lass blackguarded !

—o—

A REVOLUTIONARY LYRIC.

[This fragment of a revolutionary song was first published as from the hand of Burns by Cunningham.]

WHY should we idly waste our prime
 Repeating our oppressions?
 Come, rouse to arms, 't is now the time
 To punish past transgressions.
 'T is said that Kings can do no wrong—
 Their murderous deeds deny it ;
 And, since from us their power is sprung,
 We have a right to try it.
 Now each true patriot's song shall be,
 " Welcome Death or Libertie ! "

Proud Priests and Bishops we'll translate,
 And canonize as Martyrs ;
 The guillotine on Peers shall wait,
 And Knights shall hang in garters :
 Those despots long have trod us down,
 And Judges are their engines ;
 Such wretched minions of a Crown
 Demand the people's vengeance.
 To-day 't is theirs,—to-morrow, we
 Shall don the Cap of Libertie !

The golden age we'll then revive,—
 Each man will be a brother ;
 In harmony we all shall live,
 And share the earth together.
 In virtue trained, enlightened youth
 Will love each fellow-creature ;
 And future years shall prove the truth
 That Man is good by nature.
 Then let us toast, with three times three,
 The reign of Peace and Libertie !

—o—

THE RUINED FARMER.

[Probably among the earliest effusions of Burns, the following verses (intended by him to be sung to an exquisitely pathetic old air) had particular reference to his father, William Burness, as he was when living at Mount Oliphant. They were included by the Poet in the collection he presented in 1786 to Mrs. Stewart of Stair.]

Tune—"Go from my Window, Love, go."

THE sun he is sunk in the west—
 All creatures retired to rest ;
 While here I sit—all sore beset
 With sorrow, grief, and woe :
 And it's—"O fickle Fortune," oh !
 The prosperous man is asleep,
 Nor hears he how the whirlwinds
 sweep ;
 But Misery and I must watch
 The surly tempest blow :
 And it's—"O fickle Fortune," oh !
 There lies the dear partner of my
 breast,
 Her cares for a moment at rest :
 And must I see my youthful pride
 Thus brought so very low ?
 And it's—"O fickle Fortune," oh !
 There lie my sweet babes in her arms,
 No fear each little heart alarms ;
 But for their sake my heart doth ache,
 With many a bitter throe :
 And it's—"O fickle Fortune," oh !
 I once was by Fortune cared,
 I once could relieve the distress ;
 But now life's poor support hard-earn'd,
 My fate will scarce bestow :
 And it's—"O fickle Fortune," oh !
 No comfort—no comfort I have !
 How welcome to me were the grave !
 But then my wife and children dear—
 O whither would they go ?
 And it's—"O fickle Fortune," oh !

O whither—O whither shall I turn?—
 All friendless, forsaken, forlorn !
 In this wide world, sweet rest or peace
 I never more shall know !
 And it 's—"O fickle Fortune," oh !

—o—

TO MISS FERRIER.

[Enclosed in these lines, which were addressed by the Poet, in the August of 1787, to the daughter of John Ferrier, Writer to the Signet, in George Street, Edinburgh, was the Elegy of Sir James Hunter Blair. Susan Edmondstone Ferrier, a sister of the lady to whom these verses were inscribed, afterwards obtained some distinction as a novelist.]

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
 Frae Pindus or Parnassus ;
 Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
 For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
 Made Homer deep their debtor ;
 But, gi'en the body half an e'e,
 Nine Ferriers wad done better !

Last day my mind was in a bog,
 Down George's Street I stoited ;
 A creeping cauld prosaic fog
 My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
 My saul lay in the mire ;
 Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—
 She took the wing like fire !

The mornfu' sang I here enclose,
 In gratitude I send you ;
 And pray in rhyme as weel as prose,—
 May a' that 's gude attend you !

—o—

THE BONNIE LASS OF ALBANY.

[Prince Charles Edward Stuart, in the September of 1787, having publicly declared the legitimacy of his supposed natural daughter, the Duchess of Albany, Burns thereupon wrote these stanzas.]

Tune—"Mary's Dream."

My heart is wae, and unco wae,
 To think upon the raging sea,
 That roars between her gardens green
 And the bonnie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid 's of royal blood,
 That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
 But oh, alas ! for her bonnie face,
 They 've wranged the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
 There sits an isle of high degree,
 And a town of fame whose princely
 name
 Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there 's a youth, a witless youth,
 That fills the place where she should
 be ;
 We 'll send him o'er to his native shore,
 And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
 A false usurper wan the gree,
 Who now commands the towers and
 lands—
 The royal right of Albany.

We 'll daily pray, we 'll nightly pray,
 On bended knees most fervently,
 The time may come, with pipe and
 drum
 We 'll welcome hame fair Albany.

—c—

ON GEORGE THE THIRD'S RESTORATION FROM ILLNESS.

[The following lines were enclosed in a letter written by Burns on the 4th of April, 1789, to Mrs. Dunlop, the 23rd of that month, St. George's Day, having been especially set apart as a day of National Thanksgiving for the King's recovery, when His Majesty himself attended in person in St. Paul's Cathedral.]

O SING a new song to the Lord,
Make, all and every one,
A joyful noise, even for the King
His restoration.

The sons of Belial in the land
Did set their heads together;
"Come, let us sweep them off," said they,
"Like an o'erflowing river."

They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together;
On right, on left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,
To quell the Wicked's pride;
That Young Man great in Issachar—
The burden-bearing tribe.

And him—among the Princes chief
In our Jerusalem—
The Judge that's mighty in thy law—
The man that fears thy name.

Yet they, even they, with all their
strength,
Began to faint and fail;
Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed,
For so Thou hadst appointed;
That Thou might'st greater glory give
Unto Thine own anointed.

And now Thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low.

Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off Thy holy hill;
And in Thy fury burn the book—
Even of that man M'Gill.

Now hear our pray'r, accept our song,
And fight Thy chosen's battle;
We seek but little, Lord, from Thee,
Thou kens we get as little.

—o—

VERSES ABOUT NAETHING.

[These verses, first published in 1868 by Alexander Smith, as addressed extempore by Burns to Gavin Hamilton, were afterwards proved to have been unquestionably his, by being found among his authentic holographs in the Glenriddel Manuscripts. The effusion was obviously penned by the Poet when he was meditating his departure from Scotland in the autumn of 1786 for the Island of Jamaica.]

To you, Sir, this summons I've sent,
Pray whip till the pownie is frae-
thing;
But if you demand what I want,
I honestly answer you, naething.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
For idly just living and breathing,
While people of every degree
Are busy employed about—naething.

Poor Centum-per-centum may fast,
And grumble his hurdies their clait-
ing;
He'll find, when the balance is cast,
He's gane to the devil for—naething.

The courtier cringes and bows,
Ambition has likewise its plaything ;
A coronet beams on his brows :
And what is a coronet ?—naething.

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
Some quarrel Episcopal graithing,
But every good fellow will own
Their quarrel is all about—naething.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
Approaching his bonnie bit gay thing ;
But marriage will soon let him know
He's gotten a buskit up naething.

The Poet may jingle and rhyme
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time
He's kindly rewarded with naething.

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger and swear like a heathen ;
But collar him fast, I'll engage,
You'll find that his courage is nae-
thing.

Last night with a feminine Whig,
A Poet she could na put faith in,
But soon we grew lovingly big,
I taught her, her terrors were naething.

Her Whigship was wonderfully pleased,
But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing ;
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her and promised her—
naething.

The priest anathemas may threat,—
Predicament, Sir, that we're baith in ;
But when honour's reveillé is beat,
The holy artillery's naething.

And now, I must mount on the wave,
My voyage perhaps there is death in—
But what of a watery grave ?
The drowning a Poet is naething.

And now, as grim death's in my thought,
To you, Sir, I make this bequeathing :
My service as long as ye've aught,
And my friendship, by G—, when
ye've naething.

—o—

SYLVANDER'S REPLY TO CLARINDA.

[Mrs. McLehose having sent Burns some
tender, bantering verses beginning "When first
I saw Clarinda's charms," the Poet answered
her at once in the following impromptu.]

WHEN dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
First struck Sylvander's raptured view,
He gazed, he listened to despair,
Alas ! 't was all he dared to do.

Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes,
Transfixed his bosom thro' and thro' ;
But still in Friendship's guarded guise,
For more the demon feared to do.

That heart, already more than lost,
The imp beleaguer'd all perdue ;
For frowning Honour kept his post,
To meet that frown he shrunk to do.

His pangs the Bard refused to own,
Tho' half he wished Clarinda knew ;
But Anguish wrung th' unweeting
groan—
Who blames what frantic Pain must
do ?

That heart, where mostly follies blend
Was sternly still to Honour true :
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend
Was what a lover sure might do.

The Muse his ready quill employed,
No dearer bliss he could pursue ;
That bliss Clarinda cold denied,—
"Send word by Charles how you do !"

The chill behest disarmed his Muse,
 Till Passion all impatient grew :
 He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
 " 'Twas 'cause he 'd nothing else to
 do."

But by those hopes I have above !
 And by those faults I dearly rue !
 The deed, the boldest mark of love—
 For thee that deed I dare to do !

O, could the Fates but name the price
 Would bless me with your charms and
 you !
 With frantic joy I 'd pay it thrice,
 If human art and power could do !

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,
 (Friendship, at least, I may avow ;)
 And lay no more your chill command,
 I 'll write, whatever I 've to do.

— 0 —

BIRTHDAY ODE IN HONOUR OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

[Recited by Burns, on the 31st of December,
 1787, at a banquet of trusty Jacobites in Edin-
 burgh, in honour of Prince Charles Edward
 Stuart.]

I.

AFAR the illustrious exile roams
 Whom kingdoms on this day should
 hail :
 An inmate in the casual shed,
 On transient pity's bounty fed,
 Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale !
 Beasts of the forests have their savage
 homes ;
 But he who should the imperial purple
 wear

Owens not the lap of earth where rests the
 royal head !

His wretched refuge, dark despair,
 While ravening wrongs and woes pursue ;
 And distant far the faithful few
 Who would his sorrows share.

II.

False flatterer, Hope, away !
 Nor think to lure us as in days of
 yore :
 We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
 To prove our loyal truth—we can no
 more ;
 And, owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
 Submissive, low, adore.
 Ye honoured, mighty Dead
 Who nobly perished in the glorious
 cause,
 Your King, your Country, and her
 Laws,
 From great Dundee, who smiling Victory
 led,
 And fell a martyr in her arms—
 What breast of northern mould but
 warms ?—
 To bold Balmerino's undying name,
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's
 high flame,
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed
 heroes claim :
 Not unrevered your fate shall lie,
 It only lags, the fatal hour ;
 Your blood shall with incessant cry
 Awake at last the unsparing Power :
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along
 With doubling speed, and gathering
 force,
 Till, crashing deep, it whelms the
 cottage in the vale ;
 So Vengeance' arm, ensanguined, strong,
 Shall with resistless might assail—

Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lowly
lay,
And Stuart's wrongs and yours, with ten-
fold weight repay.

III.

Perdition ! baleful child of Night,
Rise and revenge the injured right
Of Stuart's royal race :

Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of hell,
Till all the frightened echoes tell

The blood-notes of the chase :
Full on the quarry point their view,
Full on the base usurping crew,

The tools of faction, and the nation's
curse !

Hark, how the cry grows on the wind !
They leave the lagging gale behind ;
Their savage fury pitiless they pour ;
With murderous eyes already they de-
vour :

See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
His life one poor despairing day,
Where each avenging hour still ushers
in a worse !

Such havoc, howling all abroad,
Their utter ruin bring—
The base apostates to their God,
Or rebels to their King.

—o—

ELEGY.

[Included by Burns among the poems in the
Dunlop Manuscript.]

STRAIT is the spot and green the sod,
From whence my sorrows flow,
And soundly sleeps the ever dear
Inhabitant below.

Pardon my transport, gentle shade,
While o'er thy turf I bow ;
Thy earthly house is circumscribed,
And solitary now.

Not one poor stone to tell thy name,
Or make thy virtues known,
But what avails to thee or me
The sculpture of a stone ?

From thy loved friends, when first thy
heart
Was taught by Love to glow,
Far, far removed, the ruthless stroke
Surprised and laid thee low.

At the last limit of our isle,
Washed by the western wave,
Touched by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
Sits by thy lonely grave :

Pensive he eyes, before him spread
The deep, outstretched and vast ;
His mourning notes are borne away
Along the rapid blast.

Him, too, the stern impulse of fate
Resistless bears along ;
And the same rapid tide shall whelm
The Poet and the song.

His grief-worn heart, with truest joy,
Shall meet the welcome shock ;
His airy harp shall lie unstrung,
And silent as the rock.

O my dear maid, my Mary, when
Shall this sick period close,
And leave the solitary bard
To his beloved repose ?

—o—

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

[These lines have been so often and so confidently attributed to Burns, that they are here, almost by necessity, reproduced. They are however, bracketed, as not his, their authorship having been traced to one Richard Gall, who at twenty-five years of age died, in 1801, at Edinburgh.]

[SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !

Bonnie Doon, sae sweet and gloamin',
Fare thee weel before I gang !
Bonnie Doon, whare, early roaming,
First I weaved the rustic sang !

Bowers, adieu ! whare Love, decoying,
First intrall'd this heart o' mine,
There the saftest sweets enjoying—
Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne !

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye ha'e rendered moments dear ;
But, alas ! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh, how severe !

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 't is doubly dear to me !
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be !

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu !]

—o—

REMORSE.

[According to the Poet's Common Place Book these lines refer back to a period earlier than the autumn of 1783, probably even to the time of his six months' sojourn at Irvine, where he first learnt what remorse was by yielding to temptation.]

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our
peace,

That press the soul, or wring the mind
with anguish,

Beyond comparison the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.

In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—"It was no deed of
mine ;"

But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish
self !"

Or, wors'er far, the pangs of keen re-
morse ;

The torturing, gnawing consciousness of
guilt—

Of guilt, perhaps, where we 've involv'd
others ;

The young, the innocent, who fondly
loved us,

Nay, more, that very love their cause of
ruin !

O burning hell ! in all thy store of tor-
ments

There 's not a keener lash !

Lives there a man so firm, who, while
his heart

Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs,

And, after proper purpose of amend-
ment,

Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to
peace ?

O happy, happy, enviable man !

O glorious magnanimity of soul !

—o—

ODE TO THE DYING OUT OF THE REGENCY BILL, 1789.

[George the Third's insanity first manifested itself in the October of 1788, but before the end of March, 1789, his Majesty's complete recovery was officially announced. With the restoration of the Sovereign's reason the necessity for the introduction of a Regency Bill of course vanished, and along with it all the political contentions which that project not unnaturally aroused. Burns, in this Ode, merely endorsed the sarcasm in which he had already indulged in his "Elegy on the Year 1788." Twenty-two years after the following lines had been written by the Scotch Poet, the old King's intellect (in the January of 1811) again gave way, and that time so utterly as to banish all hope of its ever being restored. Then, at length, the Prince of Wales was duly appointed Regent, a position retained by him until his demented father had been released by death, in 1820, from a double darkness of appalling duration—a darkness both of mind and body. "The Monarch," as William Hazlitt wrote in one of the most impressive passages of his splendid "History of Napoleon," "survived the accomplishment of all his wishes, but without knowing that they had been accomplished. To those who long after passed that way, at whatever hour of the night, a light shone from one of the watch-towers of Windsor Castle—it was from the chamber of a King, old, blind, bereft of reason, with double darkness bound of body and mind; nor was the film ever removed, nor those eyes or that understanding restored, to hail the sacred triumph of Kings over mankind; but the light streamed and streamed (indicating no dawn within) for long years after the celebration of that day which gladdened the hearts of monarchs and of menial nations, and through the second night of slavery which succeeded—the work of a single breast, which it had dearly accomplished in darkness, in self-oblivion, and in more than kingly solitude."]]

I.

DAUGHTER of Chaos' doating years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears,
Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade
(The rites of sepulture now duly paid,)

Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage,
Factions wild with factions wage;
Or underground,
Deep sunk, profound,
Among the demons of the earth,
With groans that make
The mountains shake,
Thou mourn thy ill-starred, blighted
birth;
Or in the uncreated void,
Where seeds of future being fight,
With lightened step thou wander wide,
To greet thy mother, ancient Night,
And as each jarring, monster-mass is
past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast:
In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
Hear, spirit, hear! thy presence I in-
voke!

II.

By a Monarch's Heaven-struck fate!
By a disunited State!
By a generous Prince's wrongs!
By a Senate's strife of tongues!
By a Premier's sullen pride,
Louring on the changing tide!
By dread Thurlow's powers to awe—
Rhetoric, blasphemy, and law!
By the turbulent ocean—
A Nation's commotion!
By the harlot-caresses
Of borough addresses!
By days few and evil—
Thy portion, poor devil!
By power, wealth, show—the gods by
men adored!
By nameless Poverty—their hell ab-
horred!
By all they hope! By all they fear!
Hear!! And Appear!!!

III.

Stare not on me, thou ghastly power !
 Nor, grim with chained defiance, lour :
 No Babel-structure would I build
 Where—Order exiled from his native
 sway—
 Confusion may the Regent-sceptre wield,
 While all would rule and none obey :
 Go, to the world of Man relate
 The story of thy sad, eventful fate ;
 And call presumptuous Hope to hear,
 And bid him check his blind career,
 And tell the sore-prest sons of Care
 Never, never to despair !

IV.

Paint Charles's speed on wings of fire,
 The object of his fond desire,
 Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand :
 Paint all the triumph of the Portland
 band :
 Mark how they lift the joy-exulting
 voice,
 And how their numerous creditors re-
 joice ;
 But just as hopes to warm enjoyment
 rise,
 Cry, Convalescence ! and the vision
 flies.

V.

Then next pourtray a darkening twilight
 gloom,
 Eclipsing sad a gay rejoicing morn,
 While proud Ambition to the untimely
 tomb
 By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends
 is borne ;
 Paint ruin, in the shape of high D[un-
 das],
 Gaping with giddy terror o'er the
 brow ;

In vain he struggles, the fates behind
 him press,

And clamorous hell yawns for her
 prey below.

How fallen That whose pride late scaled
 the skies !

And This, like Lucifer, no more to rise !
 Again pronounce the powerful word,—

See Day, triumphant from the Night,
 restored !

Then know this truth, ye sons of
 men !—

Thus ends thy moral tale—

Your darkest terrors may be vain,
 Your brightest hopes may fail.

—5—

ON GLENRIDDEL'S FOX BREAK- ING HIS CHAIN.

[This fragment was written probably in 1791,
 not long before Burns removed from Ellisland to
 Dumfries.]

THOU, Liberty, thou art my theme ;
 Not such as idle Poets dream,
 Who trick thee up a Heathen goddess
 That a fantastic cap and rod has ;
 Such stale conceits are poor and silly ;
 I paint thee out a Highland filly,
 A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
 As sleek 's a mouse, as round 's an apple,
 That, when thou pleasest, can do won-
 ders ;

But when thy luckless rider blunders,
 Or if thy fancy should demur there,
 Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premis'd, I sing, a fox
 Was caught among his native rocks,
 And to a dirty kennel chained,
 How he his liberty regained,

Glenriddel, a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Couldst thou enslave a free-born crea-
ture,

A native denizen of Nature?
How couldst thou, with a heart so good,
(A better ne'er was sluiced with blood,)
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?

The staunchest Whig Glenriddel was,
Quite frantic in his Country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother Whigs canvassing
The Rights of Men, the Powers of
Women,

With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates;
With many rueful, bloody stories
Of tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories:
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley-slaves in hell;
How Nimrod first the trade began
Of binding Slavery's chains on man;
How fell Semiramis, (G-d d-mn her!)
Did first, with sacrilegious hammer,
For Man dethroned forge hen-peck
fettors

(All ills till then were trivial matters);
How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting throats was reaping
glory,
Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna
Charta;

How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd,
Resistless o'er a bowing world,
And kinder than they did desire,
Polished mankind with sword and fire:
With much too tedious to relate,
Of ancient and of modern date,
But ending, still, how Billy Pitt,
(Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit,

Has gagg'd old Britain, drained her
coffer,

As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.—
Thus wily Reynard by degrees,
In kennel listening at his ease,
Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a college;—
Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution;
How fortune wrought us good from evil—
Let no man, then, despise the devil.
As who should say, I ne'er can need
him,

Since we to scoundrels owe our free-
dom.



VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE
EARL'S PICTURE.

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous, princely mien
E'en rooted foes admire?

Stranger, to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou may'st discern;
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn!

ODE

ON GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

[The concluding portion of the following Ode was enclosed by Burns to Mrs. Dunlop in a letter, dated the 25th June, 1794. These verses, numbering in all merely eighteen lines, were included among the Poet's works by Dr. Currie, as a mere fragment, entitled "Liberty." Not until the November of 1872, indeed, did the fact come to the public knowledge that the original manuscript of the finished Ode was still happily in existence. It was then advertised in a London catalogue, as for sale, and the precious holograph was at once secured by Robert Clarke of Cincinnati, Ohio, in the United States. Nine months prior to the completion of this Ode, the Poet had produced, upon a congenial theme, his immortal poem, "Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn."]

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
 No lyre Æolian I awake ;
 'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
 Thy harp, Columbia, let me take—
 See gathering thousands while I sing,
 A broken chain exulting bring,

And dash it in a tyrant's face,
 And dare him to his very beard,
 And tell him he no more is feared—
 No more the despot of Columbia's
 race !
 A tyrant's proudest insults braved,
 They shout, a people freed ! they hail
 an Empire saved !

Where is man's godlike form ?

Where is that brow erect and
 bold ?—

That eye that can unmoved behold
 The wildest rage, the loudest storm
 That e'er created fury dared to raise ?
 Avaunt ! thou caitiff, servile, base,
 That tremblest at a despot's nod,
 Yet, crouching under the iron rod,

Canst laud the arm that struck the
 insulting blow !

Art thou of man's imperial line ?
 Dost boast that countenance divine ?

Each skulking feature answers, No !
 But come, ye sons of Liberty,
 Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
 In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
 Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty
 of Man !

Alfred, on thy starry throne,
 Surrounded by the tuneful choir—
 The bards that erst have struck the
 patriot lyre,
 And roused the freeborn Briton's
 soul of fire,
 No more thy England own !
 Dare injured nations form the great
 design
 To make detested tyrants bleed ?—
 Thy England execrates the glorious
 deed !

Beneath her hostile banners waving,
 Every pang of honour braving,
 England in thunder calls—"The
 tyrant's cause is mine !"
 That hour accurst, how did the fiends
 rejoice,
 And hell, through all her confines, raise
 the exulting voice—
 That hour which saw the generous
 English name
 Linked with such damnèd deeds of ever-
 lasting shame !

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Famed for the martial deed, the Heaven-
 taught song,

To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled ?—
 Immingled with the mighty dead,
 Beneath that hallowed turf where
 Wallace lies ?

Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death ! Ye babbling winds in silence sweep, Disturb not ye the hero's sleep, Nor give the coward secret breath !	Show me that eye which shot immortal hate, Blasting the despot's proudest bearing ; Show me that arm which, nerved with thundering fate, Crushed usurpation's boldest daring ! Dark-quenched as yonder sinking star, No more that glance lightens afar ; That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.
Is this the ancient Caledonian form, Firm as her rock, resistless as her storm ?	

Songs.

MY HANDSOME NELL.

[Burns himself notes this song (which is usually printed with a Fal-lal-de-rai Chorus) as in point of time, not merit, the first of his performances. It was penned while he was yet a mere boy of fifteen, the heroine of the lines being one Nelly Blair, a servant in the family of a large landed proprietor in Ayrshire.]

Tune—"I am a man unmarried."

OH, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Aye, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet;
And, what is best of a',
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's Innocence and Modesty
That polishes the dart.

'T is this in Nelly pleases me,
'T is this enchants my soul!
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.

—s—

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

[This was composed at seventeen years of age, under profound depression.]

OH, raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
Oh, raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

I DREAMED I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

[These verses, like the foregoing, were written in 1776, when the Poet was no more than seventeen.]

I DREAMED I lay where flowers were
springing

Gaily in the sunny beam,
Listening to the wild birds singing
By a falling crystal stream :

Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
Through the woods the whirlwinds
rave :

Trees with agèd arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoyed ;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storm-
ing,
A' my flowery bliss destroyed.

Though fickle Fortune has deceived me,
(She promised fair and performed but
ill,)

Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
I beat a heart shall support me still.

[Under the title of "Fickle Fortune," the last four lines have been repeated in several editions of Burns, with, appended to them, this additional quatrain.]

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm
able,

But, if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee wel-
come,

I'll meet thee with an undaunted
mind.

—o—

TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

[This was another production of Burns when he was no more than seventeen. Tibbie was one Isabel Steven, the daughter of a small farmer near Lochlea.]

Tune—"Invercauld's Reel."

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure ;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie ! I ha'e seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye slighted me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie ! I ha'e seen the day, &c.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows such a saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie ! I ha'e seen the day, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie ! I ha'e seen the day, &c.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie ! I ha'e seen the day, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice :
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice ;
The de'il a anc wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie ! I ha'e seen the day, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gi'e her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark !
Ye need na look sae high.

O Tibbie ! I ha'e seen the day
Ye wad na been sae shy ;
For lack o' gear ye slighted me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

—o—

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

[Although Burns refers to this scornfully as a wild rhapsody, he at the same time speaks of the particular pleasure he has in conning it over, expressing as it does the genuine feelings of his heart.]

Tune—"The Weaver, and his shuttle, O."

My father was a farmer,
Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O ;
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O,
For without an honest, manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O ;
Though to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O.
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O ;
Resolved was I at least to try
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted Fortune's favour, O ;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O :
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpowered ;
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O ;
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harassed, and tired at last,
With Fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O :
The past was bad, and the future hid ;
Its good or ill untried, O ;
But the present hour was in my power,
And so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O ;
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
And labour to sustain me, O.
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O ;
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for Fortune fairly, O.

Thus, all obscure, unknown and poor,
Through life I'm doomed to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay,
In everlasting slumber, O.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O ;
Alive to-day as well's I may,
Regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well
As a monarch in a palace, O,
Though Fortune's frown still hunts me
down
With all her wonted malice, O ;
I make indeed my daily bread,
But ne'er can make it farther, O ;
But as daily bread is all I need,
I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour
I earn a little money, O,
Some unforeseen misfortune
Comes generally upon me, O ;
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
Or my good-natured folly, O ;
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power
 With unremitting ardour, O,
 The more in this you look for bliss,
 You leave your view the farther, O.
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
 Or nations to adore you, O,
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown
 I will prefer before you, O.

—o—

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

[This exquisite song was one of the choicest gems in the first small volume of poems published in 1786, at Kilmarnock. Burns himself referred to it as written at the time of his residence at Lochlea, before he went to Irvine. My fixed conviction is that it bears allusion to a much later period than that, namely, to the time when he was under the maddening influence of the Armour miseries, Annie being the merest blind for another name, the dearest to him in all the world. It was, as I conceive, in his wild Scotch way, the Poet's own Epithalamium.]

Tune—"Corn rigs are bonnie."

It was once upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light
 I held awa' to Annie:
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 'Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me through the barley.
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie:
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Among the rigs o' barley:
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
 I loved her most sincerely;
 I kissed her owre and owre again
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, &c.

I locked her in my fond embrace;
 Her heart was beating rarely;
 My blessings on that happy place
 Among the rigs o' barley!
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly!
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, &c.

I ha'e been blithe wi' comrades dear;
 I ha'e been merry drinkin';
 I ha'e been joyfu' gatherin' gear;
 I ha'e been happy thinkin':
 But a' the pleasures ere I saw,
 Though three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie:
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

—o—

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

[Peggy was the housekeeper of Archibald Montgomery of Coilsfield. Her coquetry gave Burns little more than a heartache, on his finding that, before they met, she had been engaged to another.]

Tune—"Galla Water."

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,
 Among the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy, would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.
 When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron, proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 't wad gi'e o' joy to me,
 The sharin' wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

—o—

SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

[The Peggy here celebrated was that charming *fillette*, by name Margaret Thomson, who—living next door to the school-house at Kirkoswald, where Burns at eighteen was, in 1777, studying geometry and mensuration—so overset his trigonometry, and drove him off at a tangent from the spheres of his studies, that he could only struggle on a few days longer with his sines and cosines. He at one time even meditated marrying her, and would probably have done so only that he was foredoomed to espouse Jean Armour, while Peggy Thomson was reserved to become later on, in the town of Ayr, the wife of one Neilson.]

Tune—"I had a horse, and I had nae mair."

Now westlin winds and slaughtering
 guns

Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
 The moorcock springs, on whirling
 wings,

Among the blooming heather :
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I
 rove at night,

To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
 The plover loves the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
 The soaring hern the fountains ;
 Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find—
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join, and leagues combine,
 Some solitary wander.
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic Man's dominion ;
 The sportman's joy, the murdering cry,
 The fluttering, gory pinion !

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of Nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

—o—

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

[This is the earliest known specimen of Burns's adaptation to a purer theme of a fragmentary portion of one of the old songs of Scotland, until then tainted with indelicacy. The lyric chorus was all he designed to perpetuate.]

Tune—"Braes o' Balquhiddier."

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O ;
 Young kings upon their hansom throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O !

[I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again ;
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison !]

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O,
 I seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !
 [I'll kiss thee yet, yet, &c.]

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O !
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O !
 [I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again ;
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison !]



YOUNG PEGGY.

[Margaret* Kennedy was the heroine of this dainty love song, which Burns enclosed to her in a brief note, describing it as a small though grateful tribute offered to her in return for the honour of her acquaintance. They had been introduced to one another at Mauchline, during the autumn of 1785, when she was a "bonnie lassie of seventeen." Her father was a small landed proprietor in Carrick. Unhappily, the Poet's aspiration in her regard, at the opening of the fourth stanza, was anything but fulfilled—the McDouall of Logan having played so falsely by her in the following autumn (that of 1786) that Burns, hearing of it shortly before he started for Edinburgh, poured forth in lamentation, on her behalf, his immortal verses, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.]

Tune—"Last time I cam' o'er the muir."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass
 With pearly gems adorning :

Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them ;
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them ;
 Her smile is like the evening mild,
 When feathered tribes are courting,
 And little lambkins, wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her ;
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
 Her winning powers to lessen ;
 And spiteful Envy grins in vain,
 The poisoned tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
 From every ill defend her !
 Inspire the highly-favoured youth
 The Destinies intend her ;
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
 Responsive in each bosom ;
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.



THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

[This would seem to have been written rather in tenderness for the ill-starred babe and its mother "Bonnie Betty," than as Sir Harris

Nicolas insists, in flagrant defiance of public opinion, as to the wrong-doing.]

Tune—"East nook o' Fife."

OH, wha my baby-clouts will buy?

Oh, wha will tent me when I cry?

Wha will kiss me where I lie?—

The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Oh, wha will own he did the fau't?

Oh, wha will buy the groanin' maut?

Oh, wha will tell me how to ca't?—

The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie chair,

Wha will sit beside me there?

Gi'e me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,—

The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?

Wha will mak' me fidgin'-fain?

Wha will kiss me o'er again?—

The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

—o—

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLITHE AND FREE.

[Another fragment of one of the old lyrics of Scotland is preserved in the following chorus, which for that reason is bracketed as not by Burns.]

Tune—"To the weavers gin ye go."

My heart was ance as blithe and free

As simmer days were lang,

But a bonnie westlin' weaver lad

Has gart me change my sang.

[To the weavers gin ye go, fair
maids,

To the weavers gin ye go;

I rede you right gang ne'er at night,

To the weavers gin ye go.]

My mither sent me to the town,

To warp a plaiden wab;

But the weary, weary warpin' o't

Has gart me sigh and sab.

[To the weavers gin ye go, &c.]

A bonnie westlin' weaver lad

Sat working at his loom;

He took my heart as wi' a net,

In every knot and thrum.

[To the weavers gin ye go, &c.]

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,

And aye I ca'd it roun';

But every shot and every knock,

My heart it ga'e a stoun.

[To the weavers gin ye go, &c.]

The moon was sinking in the west,

Wi' visage pale and wan,

As my bonnie westlin' weaver lad

Convoyed me through the glen.

[To the weavers gin ye go, &c.]

But what was said, or what was done,

Shame fa' me gin I tell;

But oh! I fear the kintra soon

Will ken as weel 's mysel'.

[To the weavers gin ye go, fair
maids,

To the weavers gin ye go;

I rede you right gang ne'er at night,

To the weavers gin ye go.]

—o—

MY NANNIE, O!

[Agnes Fleming, a servant at Calcothill, near Lochlea, was the one here sung of as Nannie.]

Tune—"My Nannie, O."

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows,

'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,

The wintry sun the day has closed,

And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin' wind blaws loud an' shrill ;
 The night 's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I 'll get my plaid, an' out I 'll steal,
 An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O !

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she 's bonnie, O ;
 The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be ?
 I 'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O.
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I 'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
 I 'll tak' what Heaven will sen' me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live an' love my Nannie, O.

—o—

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"John Anderson my Jo."

ONE night as I did wander,
 When corn begins to shoot,
 I sat me down to ponder,
 Upon an auld tree root :

Auld Ayr ran by before me,
 And bickered to the seas ;
 A cushat crowded o'er me,
 That echoed through the braes.

—o—

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

[An old choral chaunt, long popular in Scotland before he was born, has here suggested to Burns one of his finest lyrics.]

THERE 's nought but care on every han',
 In every hour that passes, O ;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 't were na for the lasses, O ?
 [Green grow the rashes, O !
 Green grow the rashes, O !
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Were spent among the lasses, O !]

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;
 An' though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 [Green grow the rashes, O ! &c.]

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O ;
 An' warl'ly cares, an' warl'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
 [Green grow the rashes, O ! &c.]

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O ;
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O.
 [Green grow the rashes, O ! &c.]

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 [Green grow the rashes, O !
 Green grow the rashes, O !
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
 Were spent among the lasses, O !]

—G—

RANTIN' ROVIN' ROBIN.

[In this famous song about himself, Burns, it will be remarked, celebrates in the second stanza the partial destruction of the auld clay biggin, in which he was born, a few nights after his making his appearance in the world, only, confusing the date of his birth with the date of the accident, he attributes the latter not to a blast of February, as it was, in point of fact, but to one of January.]

Tune—"Daintie Davie."

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But what'n a day o' what'n a style
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'T was then a blast o' Janwar win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.
 Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof ;
 Quo' she, Wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof,—
 I think we 'll ca' him Robin.
 Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

He 'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a' ;
 He 'll be a credit till us a',
 We 'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

But, sure as three times three mak' nine,
 I see, by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin',—
 So leeze me on thee, Robin!
 Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt ye gar
 The bonnie lasses lie aspar ;
 But twenty fau'ts ye may ha'e waur,—
 So blessin's on thee, Robin!

Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin!

—O—

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

[Burns's Highland Mary, the heroine of the subjoined as well as of other and immeasurably finer lyrics from the same master-hand, was Mary Campbell, of Campbeltown in Argyleshire. At the time of the Poet's intimacy with her, she was a nurserymaid in the family of his friend, landlord, and general adviser, Gavin Hamilton. Particulars need not be reprinted here, which have already been duly set forth in the Introductory Biography, with reference to this most pathetic episode in the life of the Ayrshire Ploughman.]

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddy."

NAE gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my Muse's care ;
 Their titles a' are empty show,
 Gi'e me my Highland Lassie, O.
 Within the glen sae bushy, O,
 Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine ;
The world then the love should know,
I bear my Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band :
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O!

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!

Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O!

To other lands I now must go,

To sing my Highland Lassie, O!

—o—

MARY.

[Nearly a hundred years after date, namely, in 1871, these stanzas, which have always been printed among the works of Burns as penned by him in celebration of Mary Campbell, were found by James Christie, the librarian of Dollar Institution, to have been, after all, merely copied by the Poet from an old monthly periodical of 1774, the *Edinburgh Magazine*. They were then published anonymously, as having been

translated from Euripides. Burns could give no clue whatever as to their authorship, and, regarding them as suitable for music, took the trouble of copying them out and sending them to Johnson for his *Museum*. There, in due course, they appeared, and thence, through a not unreasonable misapprehension, they were taken, to be included among his collected Songs, tallying so distinctly as they did with his lyrical manner, and fitting in to a nicety, as they seemed to do, with his ill-fated love for his Highland Mary.]

Tune—"Blue bonnets."

[POWERS celestial! whose protection

Ever guards the virtuous fair,

While in distant climes I wander,

Let my Mary be your care ;

Let her form, sae fair and faultless,

Fair and faultless as your own,

Let my Mary's kindred spirit

Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her

Soft and peaceful as her breast ;

Breathing in the breeze that fans her,

Soothe her bosom into rest :

Guardian angels! O protect her,

When in distant lands I roam ;

To realms unknown while fate exiles me,

Make her bosom still my home!]

—o—

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

[Cromek says that Burns had his foot in the stirrup one afternoon to mount and ride from Ayr to Mauchline, when he caught sight of the beautiful creature who at once inspired him to the composition of these dainty verses.]

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,

Adown her neck and bosom hing ;

How sweet unto that breast to cling,

And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
O, what a feast her bonnie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner.

—o—

THE MAUCHLINE LADY.

[This was another of his many tributes to his darling Jean, the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his children.]

Tune—"I had a horse and I had nae mair."

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye.

But when I came roun' by Mauchline
town,
Not dreading' ony body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

—o—

ROB MOSSGIEL.

[Burns originally produced this as an impromptu in the early part of 1784, when he was at Mossiel. It was restricted then to the first and third quatrains, but later on was expanded to a Song by the interpolation of the second and the addition of the fourth stanza.]

Tune—"Mauchline Belles."

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles!
Ye're safer at your spinning wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks—like Rob Mossiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your veins, and fire your
brains,
And then ye're prey for Rob Mossiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'T is rakish art in Rob Mossiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poisoned darts of
steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossiel.

—o—

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

[These "Six proper young belles" were later on married—Miss (Helen) Miller to Dr. Mackenzie of Mauchline; Miss Markland to Mr. James Finlay, exciseman of Tarbolton; Miss Jane Smith to Mr. James Candlish, one of their sons becoming the celebrated Dr. Candlish of the Free Kirk; Miss Betty (Miller) to Mr. Templeton; Miss Morton to Mr. Paterson; and Jean Armour, "the jewel o' them a'," to that song-writing farmer of Mossiel, who has preserved the memory of them all by the light of his celebrity.]

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper
young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neigh-
bourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger
would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's
divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty
is braw;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi'
Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o'
them a'.

—o—

HUNTING SONG.

[These verses were composed in January, 1788, but not handed on by Burns to either Thomson or Johnson. They were first published by Cromek in the *Reliques*.]

Tune—"I rede you beware at the hunting."

THE heather was blooming, the meadows
were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the
dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a
glen;
At length they discovered a bonnie moor-
hen.

I rede you beware at the hunting,
young men;

I rede you beware at the hunting,
young men;

Tak' some on the wing, and some as
they spring,

But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-
hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown
heather-bells,

Her colours betrayed her on yon mossy
fells;

Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the
spring,

And oh! as she wantonèd gay on the
wing.

I rede you beware, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peeped o'er
the hill,

In spite, at her plumage he trièd his
skill;

He levelled his rays where she basked on
the brae—

His rays were outshone, and but marked
where she lay.

I rede you beware, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the
hill,

The best of our lads, wi' the best o' their
skill;

But still as the fairest she sat in their
sight—

Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a
flight.

I rede you beware at the hunting,
young men;

I rede you beware at the hunting,
young men;

Tak' some on the wing, and some as
they spring,

But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-
hen.

—o—

O WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I
REPINE?

[This was an impromptu blurted out by Burns in the April of 1782, upon his return to Lochlea after his unlucky six months at Irvine as a flax-dresser. Half a dozen years later he wrote—"Early in life, and all my life, I reckoned on a recruiting drum as my forlorn hope."]

O WHY the deuce should I repine,

An' be an ill foreboder?

I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—

I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
 I held it weel thegither ;
 But now it 's gane and something mair—
 I'll go and be a sodger.

—o—

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

[Here follows an adaptation by Burns of the choral snatch of an old song to an incident, not in his own history, as was at one time conjectured, with especial reference to his love for Jean Armour, but to a circumstance in the life of his friend Robert Ainslie, to whom he wrote on the 6th January, 1789, enclosing these verses.]

I GAED up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaiden ;
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin?
 [Robin shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him ;
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.]

Was na Robin bauld,
 Though I was a cotter,
 Played me sic a trick—
 And me the eller's dochter?
 [Robin shure in hairst, &c.]

Robin promised me
 A' my winter vittle ;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goose feathers and a whittle.
 [Robin shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him ;
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.]

SWEETEST MAY.

[What seems remarkable about this little atom of a song is, that, although restricted to no more than four rhymes, not one among them is accurate.]

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;
 Take a heart which he desires thee ;
 As thy constant slave regard it ;
 For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonnie ;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In love's silken band can bind it !

—o—

KATHERINE JAFFRAY.

[This was printed first in the Aldine edition of Burns, from a manuscript in his handwriting. There appears to be considerable doubt, however, as to whether it was really his, Pickering's reference to the MS. furnishing no clue whatever as to the authorship.]

[THERE lived a lass yonder dale,
 And down in yonder glen, O !
 And Katherine Jaffray was her name,
 Weel known to many men, O !

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
 Out frae the South countrie, O !
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 Her bridegroom for to be, O !

He 's telled her father and mother baith,
 As I hear sundry say, O !
 But he has na telled the lass hersel'
 'Till on her wedding-day, O !

Then came the Laird o' Lochington,
 Out frae the English border,
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 All mounted in good order.]

—o—

MY JEAN.

[This forms one of the briefest, and yet one of the tenderest, protestations by Burns of his undying love for Jean Armour.]

Tune—"The Northern Lass."

THOUGH cruel Fate should bid us part,
 Far as the Pole and Line,
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains rise, and deserts
 howl,
 And oceans roar between,
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

—o—

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

[A roystering bacchanalian, acceptable enough, no doubt, to the Poet's brother masons at Tarbolton, in their moments of wilder conviviality. "Life's cares they are comforts," at the beginning of the sixth stanza, is from the "Night Thoughts" of Edward Young; while the concluding stanza was added by Burns in a masonic lodge, the antipenultimate word in it being altered by him in 1793 from "pressed" to "harassed."]

Tune—"Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly."

No churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare—
 For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow,
 I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—
 his horse;
 There Centum-per-centum, the cit with his purse;
 But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air?
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
 I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
 A letter informed me that all was to wreck;
 But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a
 maxim laid down
 By the bard—what d'ye call him?—that
 wore the black gown;
 And faith, I agree with th' old prig to a
 hair;
 For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n of
 care.

STANZA ADDED IN A MASONIC LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'er-
 flow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to
 throw;
 May every true brother of the compass
 and square
 Have a big-bellied bottle when harassed
 with care!

ELIZA.

[These stanzas were written, it is conjectured, in the summer of 1786. A twelvemonth later, upon his return home to Mauchline, from his half-year's triumph in Edinburgh, he refers (in a letter addressed to his friend Smith in the June of 1787) to his "quondam Eliza," who is supposed by some to have been Elizabeth Miller, and by others to have been Eliza Balfour, a relation of John Galt the novelist.]

Tune—"Gilderoy."

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore;
 The cruel Fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar:
 But boundless oceans roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in my ear,
 We part to meet no more!
 The latest throb that leaves my heart,
 While Death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

["Willie" was Major William Parker of Ass-
 loss, Kilmarnock, the following lines being
 addressed to the brethren of St. John's Lodge,
 No. 22. Major Parker at the time (*i.e.*, in 1786)
 was Right Worshipful Grand Master; and the
 records of No. 22 show that on the 26th of
 October, 1786, Robert Burns was there affiliated
 as a Freemason. The original manuscript of this
 song was given by the Poet to Major Parker,
 from whom it passed into the possession of one
 Gabriel Neil, of Glasgow.]

Tune—"Shawnboy."

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by
 Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation,
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such
 another
 To sit in that honourèd station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying's the ton of your fashion;
 A prayer from the Muse you well may
 excuse,—
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.
 Ye Powers who preside o'er the wind
 and the tide,
 Who markèd each element's border;

Who formed this frame with beneficent
aim,

Whose sovereign statute is order !
Within this dear mansion may wayward
contention

Or witherèd envy ne'er enter ;
May secrecy round be the mystical
bound,
And brotherly love be the centre !



MENIE.

[According to Burns, Menie is the diminutive or abbreviation of Miriamne. The choral snatch, it is satisfactory to know, was not the Poet's, but was written by some unknown person at Edinburgh. The lines themselves express profound despondency, and were penned by Burns at the time when he produced "The Lament" and "The Ode to Ruin." In the fifth stanza there is a reminiscence of Gray's "Elegy," and in the sixth, of the Scotch bard's own apostrophe to the "Mountain Daisy."]

Tune—"Jockey's grey breeks."

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees

Her robe assume her vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,

All freshly steeped in morning dews.

[And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her
e'e?

For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like
a hawk,

An' it winna let a body be !]

In vain to me the cowslips blaw ;

In vain to me the violets spring ;

In vain to me, in glen or shaw,

The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

[And maun I still, &c.]

The merry ploughboy cheers his team ;

Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks ;

But life to me's a weary dream,

A dream of ane that never wauks.

[And maun I still, &c.]

The wanton coot the water skims ;

Amang the reeds the ducklings cry ;

The stately swan majestic swims,

And everything is blest but I.

[And maun I still, &c.]

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,

And owre the moorlands whistles
shrill :

Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step

I meet him on the dewy hill.

[And maun I still, &c.]

And when the lark, 'tween light and
dark,

Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,

And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,

A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

[And maun I still, &c.]

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,

And, raging, bend the naked tree ;

Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,

When Nature all is sad like me !

[And maun I still on Menie doat,

And bear the scorn that's in her
e'e?

For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like
a hawk,

An' it winna let a body be.]



THE FAREWELL TO THE
BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S
LODGE, TARBOLTON.

[William Wallace, some time Sheriff of Ayrshire, is the Grand Master referred to in the concluding stanza, that namesake of the darling hero of Scotland having, when these lines were written, just breathed his last, on the 28th of November, 1786. A little more than five years previously, on the 4th of July, 1781, Burns had first of all been enrolled as a Freemason. His Farewell to the Lodge at Tarbolton was written when his maiden volume was published at Kilmarnock, to enable him to obtain the £9 requisite to pay his passage out to Jamaica. The closing quatrain of the last stanza is said to have touched his brother masons profoundly.]

Tune—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!

Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favoured, ye enlightened few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft honoured with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heaven bless your honoured, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

—o—

THE LASS OF CESSNOCK
BANKS.

A SONG OF SIMILES.

[Ellison Begbie, the heroine of these lines, was, in 1781, at a distance of about two miles from Lochlea, servant in a family living on the banks of the Cessnock Water. Her father was a small farmer at Galston. Her features were in no way, strictly speaking, beautiful, but her whole manner had about it a nameless charm and witchery. It was her refusal to marry him that caused the Poet's profound sadness while sojourning at Irvine as a flaxdresser. The song, as here given, was published for the first time, in its integrity, in 1839, by Pickering, in his Aldine edition of Burns, from a manuscript in the Poet's handwriting. Ellison Begbie, it should be added, was, some years later on, married; but to whom, is not now remembered.]

Tune—"If he be a butcher neat and trim."

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells,
Could I describe her shape and mien;
Our lasses a' she far excels,—
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.
She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
And dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's spotless, like the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so
green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When evening Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at
e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen ;
They tempt the taste and charm the
sight ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murmur'ing streamlets flow ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossomed bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching Beauty's fabled
queen ;
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish een.



THE ORAL VERSION GIVEN IN THE
"RELIQUES."

[Years before the discovery of the original manuscript of "The Lass of Cessnock Banks," Cromek had published a curiously close, and all but exact, version of the song, taken down by him from the lips of a lady in Glasgow, who had, until then, tenderly treasured up the words in her recollection. The eighth and twelfth quatrains, as given later on in the Aldine edition, had evidently slipped her memory, while the diction in the first and fifth shows a rather odd variation. On the whole, however, as the record of a song which had been no more than orally preserved, the version alluded to was singularly accurate. It is here given as a matter of curiosity and for purposes of comparison.]

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,—
Could I describe her shape and mien ;
The graces of her wheel-faured face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' een !

She's fresher than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so
green,

When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flowery May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen ;
They tempt the taste and charm the
sight ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossomed bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching Beauty's fabled
queen,
But the mind that shines in every grace—
An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

[The lady, whose beauty was thus exquisitely celebrated, was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, sister of the Laird of Ballochmyle, Claude Alexander, whose lovely domain extended along the north or right bank of the Ayr, from the village of Catrine to Howford Bridge, the estate lying at a distance of about two miles from the Poet's farmhouse at Mossgiel. Sauntering one July evening along the Braes of Ballochmyle towards sunset, Burns suddenly came upon the subject of these beautiful stanzas and was at once inspired to their composition. Enclosing them to her in a courtly letter of apology and explanation, with a request for her permission to have them published, the Poet was chagrined never to have received a syllable of acknowledgment either for the song or for the epistle. Years afterwards, however, the original manuscript of both was carefully preserved, while the lady not only bore keenly in her remembrance the very spot where she had encountered the Poet, but in memory of their meeting caused a memorial grotto to be erected there with a tablet at the back, having engraved upon it a facsimile of two stanzas from "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," faithfully copied, line for line, from the Poet's treasured holograph.]

Tune—"Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."

'T WAS even—the dewy fields were green ;
On every blade the pearls hang ;
The zephyrs wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along ;
In every glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening seemed the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy :
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wandering in the lonely wild :
 But Woman, Nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Ev'n there her other works are foiled
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O ! had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Though sheltered in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain ;
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle !

Then pride might climb the slippery
 steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

—o—

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

[The following lines were composed in memory of a solitary walk home across a moor in the midst of drenching showers and melancholy blasts of wind, one miserable night towards the close of autumn, after the Poet had been passing a cheerful evening with Dr. Lawrie and his family. Burns at the time was all but overwhelmed by the most sombre forebodings.]

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast ;

Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scattered coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, pressed with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her ripening corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid azure sky
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave ;
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'T is not the surging billow's roar ;
 'T is not that fatal deadly shore ;
 Though death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a
 wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales !
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with
 those :—

The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr !

—o—

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

[Two versions of this exceedingly old and popular ditty were produced by Burns. His earlier rendering of it he contributed to Johnson's *Museum* in merely two stanzas, of which

the second alone was his own production. Another stanza was interpolated by the Poet in his second and improved version, which is alone here given, and the pathetic tenderness of which he greatly enhanced by one or two delicate emendations.]

O WHARE gat ye that bonnie blue bonnet?

O what makes them aye put the question to me?

I got it frae a bonnie Scots callan,
Atween St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee.

O gin I saw the laddie that ga'e me 't!
Aft has he doudled me up on his knee;

May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,

An send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My heart has nae room when I think on my laddie,

His dear rosy haffets bring tears to my e'e—

But, O! he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's—

Gin we could ance meet we'll ne'er part till we dee.

O light be the breezes around him saft blawin'!

And o'er him sweet simmer still blink bonnie,

And the rich dewes o' plenty, around him wide fa'in',

Prevent a' his fears for my babie and me!

My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie!

My blessings upon that bonnie e'e-bree!

Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,

Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me.

But I'll big a bower on yon green bank sae bonnie,

That's laved by the waters o' Tay wimplin' clear,

And cleed thee in tartans, my wee smiling Johnnie,

And make thee a man like thy daddie dear.

—o—

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

[This is the ninety-eighth song in Johnson's collection, and is presumably, though not quite certainly, from the hand of Burns. To no one else can it be traced, and the original manuscript is in his handwriting.]

Tune—"Maggie Lauder."

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.

Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steered,
And gone I know not whither.

Would I could guess, I do profess—
I speak, and do not flatter—
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell—
The de'il could ne'er abide her.

I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.



COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS.

[The merest rough outline of its refrain was all that was first issued by Burns of this famous song, which has since made the tour of both hemispheres. It was contributed by him, in that elementary form, to Johnson's *Museum*, towards the close of 1787, and it was nearly six years afterwards, in the August of 1793, that the Poet despatched to Thomson the complete version of the lyric here subjoined.]

But warily tent when ye come to court
me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-
jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naeboddy
see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad;
Though father and mither and a' should
gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet
me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na
a fle;e;

But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black
e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for
me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a
wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye
be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae
me.

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad;
Though father and mither and a' should
gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my
lad.



I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

[Both the saucy chorus and the sprightly air of the following song were very old, but with them Burns associated new words, which, slightly modified to adapt them to ears polite, obtained, two generations back, a wild popularity.]

Tune—"I'm owre young to marry yet."

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;
And lying in [anither's] bed,
I'm fleyed 't wad mak' me eerie, Sir.
[I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young to marry yet;
I'm owre young—'t wad be a sin
To tak' me from my mammy
yet.]

My mammy coft me a new gown,
 The kirk maun ha'e the gracing o't ;
 Were I to [wait awhile] wi' you,
 I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
 [I'm owre young, &c.]

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir ;
 An' you and I [were lang alane]—
 In trowth I dare na venture, Sir.
 [I'm owre young, &c.]

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir ;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir ;
 [I'm owre young to marry yet ;
 I'm owre young to marry yet ;
 I'm owre young—'t wad be a sin
 To tak' me frae my mammy
 yet.]

—o—

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

[During his Highland tour in the September of 1787, Burns, while passing near Moness, in Perthshire, paused by the Birks of Aberfeldy and composed these lovely verses, the choral refrain of which is but the echo of an old ditty in celebration of the Birks of Abergeldy.]

Tune—"The Birks of Abergeldy."

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays ;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go ;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go ;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

—o—

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

[A namesake of Ossian's popularizer, James Macpherson, was the hero of this roystering death song. He was a freebooter, half of gipsy, half of patrician lineage, who gamely died the death at the hands of the public hangman at Banff, on the 16th of November, 1700. But little more than a week after the date of his conviction, before being swung from the beam, he performed on his favourite violin the melody with which his memory has ever since been associated ; and then, after dancing a Highland fling round the gallows, broke the instrument on which he had been playing over the head of his executioner ! Here, as in the instances of many



other songs of Burns, the chorus and the melody were alone ancient, the rest of the words being the Poet's own composition.]

Tune—"M'Pherson's Rant."

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,

The wretch's destinie !

Macpherson's time will not be long

On yonder gallows-tree.

[Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,

Sae dauntingly gaed he ;

He played a spring, and danced it round

Below the gallows-tree.]

Oh ! what is death but parting breath ?

On mony a bloody plain

I've dared his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again !

[Sae rantingly, &c.]

Untie these bands from off my hands,

And bring to me my sword !

And there's no a man in all Scotland

But I'll brave him at a word.

[Sae rantingly, &c.]

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;

I die by treacherie ;

It burns my heart I must depart,

And not avenged be.

[Sae rantingly, &c.]

Now farewell light — thou sunshine bright,

And all beneath the sky !

May coward shame disdain his name,

The wretch that dares not die !

[Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,

Sae dauntingly gaed he ;

He played a spring, and danced it round

Below the gallows-tree.]

BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER.

[Both air and chorus, here also, were of great antiquity. Burns, however, made them his own by the following adaptation.]

Tune—"Gala Water."

SAE fair her hair, sae brent her brow,

Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie ;

Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',

The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

[Braw, braw lads of Gala Water !

O braw lads of Gala Water !

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,

And follow my love through the water.]

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,

O'er yon moss among the heather,

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,

And follow my love through the water.

[Braw, braw lads, &c.]

Down among the broom, the broom,

Down among the broom, my dearie,

The lassie lost a silken snood,

That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

[Braw, braw lads of Gala Water ;

O braw lads of Gala Water !

I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,

And follow my love through the water.]

BRAW, BRAW LADS OF YARROW BRAES.

[A later version of this lovely ditty was, in the January of 1793, produced by the Poet for Thomson's collection. Haydn marked the melody, among the old Scotch airs which had come within his knowledge, as his one especial favourite; while, under its immediate inspiration, Moore penned his charming lyric, "Mary, I believed thee true."]

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow Braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow Braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I ha'e na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or
pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O, that's the chiefest warld's treasure!"

—o—

THE DISCREET HINT.

[This is a fragment which has been confidently attributed to Burns, and included in several editions of his Poems, but for all that the statement that it is his appears to be of exceedingly doubtful authenticity.]

Tune unknown.

["LASS, when your rather is frae hame,
May I but be sae 'baw'd
As come to your bower window,
And creep in frae the cauld?

As come to your bower window,
And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy fair bosom,—
Sweet lass, may I do that?"

"Young man, gin ye should be sae
kind,

When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower window,
Whare I am laid my lane:
To warm thee in my bosom,—
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk,—
Young man, do ye hear that?"]

—o—

STAY, MY CHARMER.

[During his Highland tour in the autumn of 1787, Burns's attention was caught by an ancient Gaelic melody, the title of which signifies The Black-Haired Lad, and it is to this that he is reputed to have adapted the following verses.]

Tune—"An Gille dubh ciar dhubh."

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel, to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve
me!
Cruel charmer, can you go?
Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
By the faith you fondly plighted;
By the pangs of lovers slighted;
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!

—o—

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

[This is a Jacobite song, the music of which was composed by Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh, and the words by his friend, the Ayrshire Ploughman. James Drummond, the son of Viscount Strathallan, who fell while leading a charge of cavalry at the fatal field of Culloden, is supposed to be the one whose voice gives utterance to this lamentation.]

Tune—"Strathallan's Lament."

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engagèd,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
But the heavens denied success.

Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
'Tween Misfortune and Folly shared!
Farewell Peace, and farewell Pleasure!
Farewell flattering man's regard!

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er me;
Nor dare my fate a hope attend;
The wide world is all before me—
But a world without a friend!

—o—

MY HOGGIE.

[Stephen Clarke, with the aid of his flute, caught up and musically noted down this beautiful old melody, which an old woman, now more than a hundred years ago, was heard crooning to herself as she sat spinning one day near her cottage door, at the little village of

Mossplatt, in Liddesdale. That the following lines, adapted to the quaint old air, were really from the hand of Burns, we have the distinct assurance of Stenhouse.]

Tune—"What will I do gin my hoggie die?"

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And vow but I was voggie!

The lee-lang night we watched the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie:
We heard nought but the roaring linn
Amang the braes sae scroggie;

But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod replied upon the hill:
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
The morning it was foggy;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my hoggie.

—o—

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[The two stanzas alone are by Burns, the choral refrain appended to each being very ancient. As for the melody, which dates also from a remote past, it was an especial favourite of "England's Goneril," Mary, the Queen Consort of William of Orange. Purcell, in 1692, ingeniously employed it as a bass accompaniment to his Birthday Ode, "May her bright example chase."]

Tune—"Up in the morning early."

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

[Up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are covered wi'
 snaw,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.]

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely ;
And lang 's the night frae e'en to morn,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.
[Up in the morning 's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are covered wi'
 snaw,
I 'm sure it 's winter fairly.]

—o—

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

[Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Chevalier, is the Highland Rover here celebrated. As for the exquisite old Gaelic air of Morag or Marion, it so bewitched Burns and haunted his imagination, that he afterwards adapted to it one of his sweetest love ditties, "O wha is she that lo'es me?" His ear was first caught by the melody in 1787, during his northern tour in September.]

Tune—"Morag."

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaw the mountains cover ;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden ;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey
And bonnie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth 's returned to fair Strathspey
And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

—o—

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

[Another ancient ballad Burns here took to himself, and made his own, by many subtle modifications and emendations.]

Tune—"The Dusty Miller."

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat ;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
I got frae the miller,

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack ;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck.
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller ;
I wad gi'e my coatie
For the dusty miller.

—c—

THERE WAS A LASS.

[This is distinctly asserted by Stenhouse to be not simply the alteration of an old ballad by Burns, but to be, really, one of his own productions.]

Tune—"Duncan Davison."

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that followed her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was
skeigh,

Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between;
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen;
Sae blithe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY.

[These verses were written in the autumn of 1787, during Burns's northern tour, in the course of which, it is particularly worthy of note, that, on the 30th of August, he passed close by Castle Menzies. There is no clue anywhere discoverable leading us to the identification of either Charlie Gregor or Theniel, which latter name is the diminutive or abbreviation of Nathaniel.]

Tune—"The Ruffian's Rant," or "Roy's Wife."

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawning in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
We lap and danced the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae an' weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary;
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

[Gavin Hamilton's sister, Charlotte, is the one whose praises Burns has here tenderly celebrated. Several years before he saw her at Harveiston, during his second tour in the Highlands, she had migrated from the banks of the Ayr to those of the Devon in Clackmanan-shire.]

Tune—"Bhannerach dhon na chri."

How pleasant the banks of the clear-
winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes and
flowers blooming fair !
But the bonniest flower on the banks of
the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of
the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing
flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in
the dew !
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal
shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to
renew.
O spare the dear blossoms, ye orient
breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the
dawn !
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that
seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden
and lawn !
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded
lilies,
And England triumphant, display her
proud rose,
A fairer than either adorns the green
valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, mean-
dering flows.

—o—

DUNCAN GRAY.

[This is the modification by Burns of the words of a very old song, which he at first slightly sketched and afterwards perfected as one of his most humorous masterpieces in Thomson's collection. As for the melody, it is traditionally said to have been composed by a Glasgow carman, from whose whistling of it, it was first taken down in musical notation.]

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
On blithe yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin' ;
Spak' o' lowpin' o'er a linn ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee ?
She may gang—to France for me !
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O, her een, they spak sic things !
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.



Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
 Now they 're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

—0—

THE PLOUGHMAN.

[This is no more than the adaptation by Burns
 of an old song in Herd's collection.]

Tune—"Up wi' the ploughman."

THE ploughman he 's a bonnie lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo ;
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jc.
 Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He 's aften wat and weary :
 Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie !
 Then up wi' my ploughman lad, &c.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
 I ha'e been at Saint Johnston ;
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
 Then up wi' my ploughman lad, &c.

Snaw-white stockin's on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin' ;
 A guid blue bonnet on his head—
 And O, but he was handsome !
 Then up wi' my ploughman lad, &c.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
 And the corn-mou, man ;
 I never gat my coggie fou
 Till I met wi' the ploughman.
 Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

—0—

LANDLADY, COUNT THE
LAWIN.

[The first two stanzas, less the refrain, are
 Burns's composition, the concluding stanza being
 preserved by him intact from an old political
 bacchanalian.]

Tune—"Hey tutti, taiti."

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawin ;
 Ye 're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I 'm but jolly fou.
 [Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha 's fou now ?]

Cog, an' ye were aye fou,
 Cog, an' ye were aye fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were aye fou.

 [Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha 's fou now ?]

Weel may ye a' be !
 Ill may we never see !
 God bless the king, boys,
 And the companie !

 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha 's fou now ?]

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

[These two stanzas were composed by Burns in honour of Miss Isabella M'Leod, of Ramsay, with especial reference to her double load of grief; first, on the premature death of her sister, and, secondly, on the yet more deplorable death of her sister's husband, the Earl of Loudoun, who destroyed himself in a paroxysm of anguish resulting from his overwhelming pecuniary embarrassments.]

Tune—"Macgregor of Ruara's Lament."

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella strayed deploring:—
"Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure!
Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

—3—

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

[This was written by Burns in 1787 to a genuine Gaelic melody, but was afterwards adapted chorally, in the October of 1794, by an error of judgment to the air of "Cauld Kail." By an exceedingly subtle and refined touch of punctuation, Mr. Scott Douglass, in his edition of 1876, enhanced in a marvellous way the

beauty of the third and fifth line of the last stanza of this tender love song, by simply introducing a comma after "sae." The importance of a mere comma was never more strikingly instanced.]

Tune—A Gaelic or true Highland air.

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie;
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary;
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er so weary.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was nae sae, ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie;
It was nae sae, ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

—C—

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

[This was written in a complimentary sense for Mrs. M'Lachlan, whose husband was an officer in the East India Company's service.]

Tune—"Druimion dubh."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven, in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow,
Yielding late to Nature's law ;
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that 's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me !
Downy sleep, the curtain draw !
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa' !



BLITHE WAS SHE.

[These stanzas were composed, as Burns himself informs us, in celebration of the charms of Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, deservedly well known through all the countryside as the Flower of Strathmore. She was married in 1794 to David Smith of Methuen, Esquire, a Judge of the Court of Session, and as such entitled Lord Methuen, by whom she became the mother of a numerous family.]

Tune—"Andrew and his cutty gun."

By Auchtertyre grows the aik ;
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben ;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
She trippèd by the banks of Ern,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blithe, blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wandered wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I ha'e been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben ;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.



THE BLUDE-RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

[Though never distinctly claimed as his own, this was unquestionably one of Burns's productions.]

Tune—"To daunton me."

The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea ;
But an auld man shall never daunton
me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flattering
tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
For an auld man shall never daunton
me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 An auld man shall never daunt me.
 To daunt me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunt me.
 To daunt me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld
 pow,
 And the rain dreeps down frae his red
 bleered e'e—
 That auld man shall never daunt me.
 To daunt me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flattering
 tongue,
 That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
 For an auld man shall never daunt me.



COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

[Here was an old Jacobite song, to which Burns contributed the second and third stanzas.]

Tune—"O'er the water to Charlie."

[COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
 I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather
 and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.]

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him ;
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him !
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.
 [We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather
 and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.]



A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

[During his stay in Edinburgh, Burns resided for several weeks together in the house of William Cruikshank, Head Master of the High School, and it was in honour of his daughter, Miss Cruikshank, that the following song was written. It is interesting to add that the melody to which it was set was composed by David Sillar, already honourably sung of by Burns as his brother Poet Davie.]

Tune—"The Rosebud."

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest;
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedewed,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair!
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watched thy early morning.



RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

[This was an old world Scottish song, which was touched up here and there all through by Burns, but in regard to which he only claimed the authorship of the concluding stanza. It was thus refurbished by him in honour of one of the worthiest fellows in the world, as the Poet dubs him, William Dunbar, Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan Corps, a club of wits and boon companions, who facetiously assumed that title at the period of the raising of the fencible regiments of volunteers.]

Tune—"Rattlin', roarin' Willie."

[O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle,
An' buy some other ware;

But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I ha'e had.]

As I cam' by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en';
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie;
[Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!]



BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

[This was written in honour of Margaret Chalmers, who, two years afterwards, married Lewis Hays, a partner in the banking firm of Forbes and Company at Edinburgh.]

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny."

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes;
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonished, doubly marks its beam
With art's most polished blaze.

Blest be the wild sequestered shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first surveyed,
 When first I felt their power !
 The tyrant Death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath ;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

—0—

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

[A favourite melody, called after its composer, John M'Gill, of Girvan, in Ayrshire, was going a-begging for suitable words. Burns thereupon penned the two following stanzas, the popularity of which was nevertheless eclipsed soon afterwards by that accorded to a ballad, also written expressly for the music by Hector McNeil, a song still to this day well remembered as "Come under my Plaidie."]

Tune—"Johnny M'Gill."

O, WILT thou go wi' me,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?
 O, wilt thou go wi' me,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse,
 Or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side,
 O sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?

I care na thy daddie,
 His lands and his money,
 I care na thy kin
 Sae high and sae lordly ;
 But say thou wilt ha'e me
 For better for waur—
 And come in thy coatie,
 Sweet Tibbie Dunbar !

BONNIE CASTLE-GORDON.

[The following stanzas were written by Burns, early in the October of 1787, in grateful acknowledgment of the hospitality shown to him by the noble owners of Castle-Gordon during the preceding month, when, on the strength of his introduction to the Duchess at Edinburgh, he visited the Ducal domain during his tour in the Highlands.]

STREAMS that glide in Orient plains,
 Never bound by winter's chains !
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commixed with foulest stains
 From tyranny's empurpled bands :
 These, their richly gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave ;
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
 In that sober, pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood :
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods
 wave,
 By bonnie Castle-Gordon.

—2—

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

[Apart from the choral refrain, which includes in it the title of this fine old song rejuvenated, the subjoined is, beyond any doubt, Burns's composition.]

Tune—"Lady Badinscoth's Reel."

I RUE the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O ;
Wha gets her need na say she 's wooed,
But he may say he 's bought her, O !
[My love she 's but a lassie yet,
My love she 's but a lassie yet ;
We 'll let her stand a year or twa,
She 'll no be half sae saucy yet.]

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never missed it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;
The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.
My love she 's but a lassie yet,
My love she 's but a lassie yet ;
We 'll let her stand a year or twa,
She 'll no be half sae saucy yet.

—o—

IF THOU SHOULD ASK MY LOVE.

[The subjoined was contributed by Burns in 1789 to Johnson's Museum.]

Tune—"Jamie, come, try me."

IF thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee ?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come, try me.

Jamie, come, try me,
Jamie, come, try me ;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come, try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Who could espy thee ?

If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come, try me.

Jamie, come, try me,
Jamie, come, try me ;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come, try me.

—o—

MY BONNIE MARY.

[Although Burns endeavoured to mystify both his brother Gilbert and his friend Mrs. Dunlop as to the authorship of this finest lyric ever sung to the quaffing of a stirrup-cup, there can be no reasonable doubt as to its being his own production.]

Tune—"Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine."

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the
ferry ;
The ship lies by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.
The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

THE LAZY MIST.

[In Johnson's Museum, where these lines originally appeared, the name of Burns is affixed to them as that of their author. Among his notes he distinctly claimed them as his own. This double authentication is particularly worthy of note, seeing that George Thomson, for some odd reason best known to himself, but beyond all conjecture to anybody else, announces them in his collection as being from the hand of Dr. Blacklock.]

Tune—"Here's a health to my true love."

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of
the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark wind-
ing rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly,
appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale
year !
The forests are leafless, the meadows are
brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is
flown,
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate
pursues !
How long I have lived—but how much
lived in vain !
How little of life's scanty span may
remain !
What aspects old Time, in his progress,
has worn !
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has
torn !
How foolish, or worse, till our summit
is gained !
And downward, how weakened, how
darkened, how pained !
This life's not worth having, with all it
can give ;
For something beyond it poor man sure
must live.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT
GAY.

[The reminiscence of an ancient ballad lies at the heart of this love song, the chorus of which Burns caught up from the lips of an old crone in Dumblane. Apart from the refrain and the name of Highland Harry, it is entirely his own production. Tradition relates that the hero of the original ballad was Harry Lumsdale, the younger son of a Highland chieftain, whose ill-starred love for Jeanie Gordon, the daughter of the Laird of Knockhaspie, led to his wandering abroad in bitter disappointment.]

Tune—"Highlander's Lament."

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain ;
But now he's banished far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O, for him back again !
O, for him back again !
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen ;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.
O, for him back again ! &c.

O, were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain !
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O, for him back again !
O, for him back again !
I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

THE TAILOR.

[According to Burns, the ancient melody to which these fantastic rhymes are sung was the March of the Corporation of Tailors. He claimed the authorship of no more than the second and fourth stanzas, the others having been produced traditionally by a humorous songwriter, whose name has long been forgotten.]

Tune—"The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'."

[THE tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a';
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma'—
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'.]

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill;
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still—
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

[Gi'e me the groat again, canny young man;
Gi'e me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang—
The dearest siller that ever I wan !]

There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There 's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

[Ritson regarded the air to which these verses are sung as one of the most antique of all the Scottish melodies. It is an old, old song, which has, however, become rejuvenescent under the master-hand of Burns. The opening stanza is entirely his, but he gave the rest of the ditty, as well, the completest revision.]

Tune—"Aye waukin O."

SIMMER 's a pleasant time;
Flowers of every colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.
Aye waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I 'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie,
Aye waukin O, &c.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my bonnie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin'.
Aye waukin O,
Waukin still and wearie;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

—o—

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

[The bonnie Ann here sung of was Ann Masterton, daughter of Allan Masterton, a school-master at Edinburgh. Later on she married a Mr Derbishire, and as recently as in the year 1840 was living in London.]

Tune—"Ye gallants bright."

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face, sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.

Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan ;
 Sae jimpli laced her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van :
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man ;
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann !

—o—

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

[The ancient melody to which these words of Burns are sung, must have had a peculiar claim of its own upon the Poet's regard, seeing that it was, time out of mind, the March of the Gardeners. All but the antique refrain, which gives the title to the air, was his own production.]

Tune—"The gardener wi' his paidie."

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
 Then busy, busy are his hours—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa' ;
 The merry birds are lovers a' ;
 The scented breezes round him blaw—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews he maun repair—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
 He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—
 The gardener wi' his paidle.

[In the foregoing shape, this song was anonymously contributed by Burns to Johnson's Museum, but afterwards, with a view to fit the words in with the charming melody of "Dainty Davie," he remodelled it, as follows, for Thomson's collection.]

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green-spreading
 bowers ;
 And now comes in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.
 Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scenty breezes round us blaw,
 A-wandering wi my Davie.
 Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.
 Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
 Bonnie Davie, dainty Davie ;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

—o—

BLOOMING NELLY.

[Lewis Theobald, in 1727, wrote in *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany* a song, which Burns undertook to reconstruct, and in reconstructing completely transformed.]

Tune—"On a bank of flowers."

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest ;
When Willie, wandering through the
wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he
blushed,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,
Were sealed in soft repose ;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breathed,
It richer dyed the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild—wanton, kissed her rival breast ;
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he
blushed—
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace !
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace !
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he
blushed—
And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs ;

But Willie followed—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood ;
He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
Forgiving all and good.

—0—

THE DAY RETURNS.

[This was written by Burns in honour of Robert Riddel of Glenriddel and his wife, the melody to which it is sung being one of Mr. Riddel's own composition, entitled by him, in memory of his wedding-day, the Seventh of November.]

Tune—"Seventh of November."

THE day returns, my bosom burns—
The blissful day we twa did meet ;
Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and
globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee
mine !

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give,
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone I live.
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my
heart.

—0—

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

[Here is another old song, ground young again by Burns, to the tune of its own melody. In its present form it was contributed by him to Johnson's Museum.]

Tune—"O, mount and go."

WHEN the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.
O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the Captain's lady.

When the vanquished foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.
O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O, mount and go,
And be the Captain's lady.

—0—

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND
CAN BLAW.

[The following was written during the spring of 1788, in tender tribute to Jean Armour, when the Poet was preparing to take her to their future home, the farmhouse, then building, at Ellisland. At the time when this exquisite love song was penned he resided in a miserable hovel near the half-constructed farmhouse, at a period, often fondly alluded to by him, as that of his honeymoon. The beautiful melody to which these charming words were set was composed by Mr. Marshall, then butler to the Duke of Gordon.]

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:

There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

[William Reid, of the firm of Brash and Reid, booksellers, of Glasgow, later on wrote the two following stanzas, which have been deemed not unworthy of being appended to the foregoing.]

[Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they ha'e put on,
My Jeannie dings them a:
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town;
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Though dressed in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut (if sic ye ca't),
Except her love for me.
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining een;
In shape and air nane can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.]

[Besides these, there are, even yet, two other stanzas which may be here subjoined, harmonizing so completely as they do with the tender sentiment animating every syllable of Burns's matchless original. These concluding verses are reputed to be from the hand of John Hamilton, some time a music-seller at Edinburgh.]

[O blaw, ye weslin winds, blaw saft
 Amang the leafy trees,
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.]

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
 Ha'e passed atween us twa !
 How fond to meet, how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa !
 The Powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean !]

—0—

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

[The purifying influence of Burns's verse was here again, as upon so many similar occasions, strikingly illustrated. The obscene words previously attached to the ancient melody were swept away for ever, to give place to others at once animated and wholesome.]

Tune—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;
 Now we're married—spier nae mair—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was Nature's child :
 Wiser men than me's beguiled—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see ;

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dished up in her winding-sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see 't—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

YOUR ROSY CHEEKS ARE
TURNED SAE WAN.

[These three stanzas, with a worthless refrain, "Ye ha'e lien a' wrang, lassie," have been included in so many editions of Burns, that the former, at any rate, are here repeated. Beyond all further question, however, they are not his production.]

[Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan,
 Ye're greener than the grass, lassie !
 Your coatie's shorter by a span,
 Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.]

O, lassie, ye ha'e played the fool,
 And ye will feel the scorn, lassie ;
 For aye the brose ye sup at e'en
 Ye bock them e'er the morn, lassie.]

O, ance ye danced upon the knowes,
 And through the wood ye sang, lassie,
 But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
 I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.]

—0—

O, WERE I 'ON PARNASSUS'
HILL.

[This, perhaps the tenderest and sweetest tribute of all to his bonnie Jean, was written by Burns shortly after he had brought her home as his wife to Ellisland. As Lockhart says, "these tributes to domestic affection are among the last of his performances one would wish to lose." Akin to this, long years afterwards, was Thomas Hood's "I love thee, I love thee, 't is all that I can say."]

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill
 To sing how dear I love thee !

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;
On Corsincon I'll glower and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Though I were doomed to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run ;
Till then—and then I'd love thee !

—o—

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

[Neil Gow is reputed to have composed the ancient melody to which this is sung, in lamentation for his brother. The earlier half of the first stanza is the one only remnant of the old ditty that has been retained, all the rest being from the hand of Burns himself.]

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament."

[THERE'S a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander
awa' ;
For he's bonnie and braw,
Weel-favoured witha',
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.]
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue ;

His fecket is white as the new-driven
snaw ;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle
us a'.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin' ;
Weel-featured, weel-tochered, weel-
mounted, and braw ;
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen,
That fain wad a haen him ;
And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the
ha' ;
There's lang-tochered Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy—
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest
of a'.

—o—

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[The first half-stanza of the subjoined is alone preserved from the old song to which it belonged, all the rest being original. Here again, upon snatching up the merest fragment of an antique ditty, Burns may be said quite truly, in developing it and re-animating it, to have done far more than merely create a soul under the ribs of death. His achievements in this way as a song-writer are, strictly speaking, akin rather to that work of wonder accomplished by Professor Owen as an ornithological anatomist, when from a single bone he theoretically sketched out his scheme as to the structure of the extinct *Dinornis*. Only Burns has given these airy nothings of his, besides this, a flight and a vitality that have proved perennial. They are still, to this day, strongly upon the wing, and making the



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

tour of the world among the English-speaking race in both hemispheres.]

Tune—"Failte na Miosg."

[My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here ;

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
the deer ;]

Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe—

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to
the North !

The birthplace of valour, the country of
worth ;

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I
love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered
with snow !

Farewell to the straths and green valleys
below !

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
woods !

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pour-
ing floods !

[My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here ;

My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing
the deer ;]

Chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe—

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I
go.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

[A lovelier or purer lyric than this was never penned by song-writer. Yet the old ditty for which it is the substitute, if it was flavoured with wit, was tainted also with licentiousness. In cases like this, the foul original, placed in the crucible and passed into the furnace, came out at last, under the hand of Burns, pure as thrice-refined gold, and stamped authentically, as such, for ever in its new form with the hall-mark of his genius. The melody retained from the old song thus newly applied is stated to have been a piece of sacred music in the old Catholic times. John Anderson in the flesh was traditionally the Town Piper of Kelso.]

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent ;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hills thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go ;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND FAIR.

[An old Jacobite song has been here greatly improved by Burns, who interpolated the second, and added the fourth, stanza. The ancient melody to which the words are adapted was in its earliest germ entitled, "O, silly soul, alace." The name of "Whig" was first heard towards the close of the seventeenth century, as a term of scorn applied by the Jacobites to their arch-foes the Scottish Covenanters.]

Tune—"Awa', Whigs, awa'."

[OUR thrissles flourished fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloomed our roses ;
But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,
And withered a' our posies.

Awa', Whigs, awa' !

Awa', Whigs, awa' !

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'.]

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
De'il blin' them wi' the stoure o't !
And write their names in his black beuk
Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't !
[Awa', Whigs, awa' ! &c.]

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing ;
The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,
And we ha'e done wi' thriving.
[Awa', Whigs, awa' ! &c.]

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken ;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin !
[Awa', Whigs, awa' !
Awa', Whigs, awa' !
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae guid at a'.]

—o—

COME, REDE ME, DAME.

[Though the following verses have been published in edition after edition of Burns, they are evidently spurious.]

[COME, rede me, dame, come, tell me,
dame,

And none can tell mair truly,
What colour maun the man be of
To love a woman duly ?

The carlin cew baith up and down,
And leugh, and answered ready,—
I learned a song in Annandale,
A dark man for my lady.

But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaxen ne'er grows youden ;
There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
And glory in the gowden.]

—o—

MERRY HA'E I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

[This is a gipsy tinker's song, written by Burns to the old air popularly known in the Lowlands as The Bob of Dunblane.]

Tune—"Boddich na 'mbrigis," or "Lord Breadalbane's March."

O, MERRY ha'e I been teethin' a heckle,
And merry ha'e I been shapin' a
spoon ;
And merry ha'e I been cloutin' a kettle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was
done.



O, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
 A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
 An' a' the lang night am as happy 's a
 king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
 O' marrying Bess, to gi'e her a slave:
 Blest be the hour she cooled in her lin-
 nens,
 And blithe be the bird that sings on
 her grave!
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 An' come to my arms and kiss me
 again!
 Drunken or sober, here 's to thee, Katie!
 And blest be the day I did it again.

—o—

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

[The heroine of this song was Maria (after-
 wards Mrs. Cranston), eldest daughter of Sir
 John Whitefoord, of Ballochmyle. The melody
 was the production of Allan Masterton of Edin-
 burgh.]

Tune—"Braes o' Ballochmyle."

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decayed on Catrine lea,
 Nae laverock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sickened on the e'e.
 Through faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birds dumb, in withering bowers,
 Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.

But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr!
 Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Balloch-
 myle!

—c—

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[This impassioned effusion was composed on
 the 20th of October, 1789, at Ellisland, being the
 anniversary of the day upon which Burns first
 heard of the death of Mary Campbell. Although
 he was suffering at the time from a severe cold,
 he toiled throughout that day in the harvest
 field, to all appearance in no way dejected.
 When the evening twilight had closed in he
 sauntered out into the barn-yard, whither his
 wife followed him, begging him urgently, more
 than once, on account of the frost, that he
 should go indoors to the fireside. Remaining
 still in the open air, however, after he had again
 and again promised compliance with her request,
 he was found by Mrs. Burns, upon her going out
 once more in quest of him, stretched upon a heap
 of straw gazing at one of the planets which
 shone resplendently in the heavens. Yielding at
 last to his wife's entreaties, he returned with
 her to the house, and going at once to his desk,
 wrote out, according to Lockhart, "with all the
 ease of one copying from memory, these sublime
 and pathetic verses."]

Tune—"Death of Captain Cook."

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
 breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
 To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past ;

Thy image at our last embrace—

Ah, little thought we 't was our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods' thickening
green ;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twined am'rous round the raptured
scene ;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray—

Till too, too soon the glowing west

Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care !

Time but th' impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast ?

—o—

EPPIE ADAIR.

[According to Peter Buchan, the refrain of the following song was suggested by the Earl of Kilmarnock's Lament for his Wife. The Countess's name, as has been pointed out, however, was not Eppie, she having been the Lady Anne Livingstone, daughter of the Earl of Linlithgow.]

Tune—"My Eppie."

By love, and by beauty,

By law and by duty,

I swear to be true to

My Eppie Adair !

An' oh, my Eppie !

My jewel, my Eppie !

Wha wadna be happy

Wi' Eppie Adair ?

A' pleasure exile me,

Dishonour defile me,

If e'er I beguile thee,

My Eppie Adair !

An' oh, my Eppie !

My jewel, my Eppie !

Wha wadna be happy

Wi' Eppie Adair ?

—o—

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

[This was a paraphrase by Burns of a ballad written by the Rev. John Barclay of Edinburgh, founder of the sect called Bereans. As the ballad stood originally, it was a dialogue in rhyme between Will Lick-ladle and Tom Clean-cogue. As allusions in the subjoined indicate, the battle of Sheriff-Muir was fought out between the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar.]

Tune—"Cameronian Rant."

"OH, cam' ye here the fight to shun,

Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?

Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,

And did the battle see, man ?"

I saw the battle sair and tough,

And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh,

My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds

O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,

Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,

To meet them were na slaw, man ;

They rushed and pushed, and blude out-
gushed,

And mony a bouk did fa', man :

The great Argyle led on his files,

I wat they glanced for twenty miles :

They hacked and hashed, while broad-
swords clashed,
And through they dashed, and hewed
and smashed,
'Till fey men died awa', man.

But had ye seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man ;
When in the teeth they dared our Whigs
And covenant true blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets o'erpowered the targe,
And thousands hastened to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, 'till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

"Oh, how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the North, man ;
I saw mysel' they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling winged their
flight,
But, cursèd lot ! the gates were shut ;
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat
For fear amaisht did swarf, man !"

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frac Perth unto Dundee, man :
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blude to spill ;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man ;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man :

Now, wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;
And mony bade the warld guid-night ;
Say pell, and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew aff in frightened bands, man.



YOUNG JOCKEY.

[Barring a line or two, probably the first and second, this may be regarded as from the hand of Burns.]

Tune—"Young Jockey."

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa' :
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
He roosed my een, sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist, sae genty sma',
And aye my heart cam to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Through wind and weet, through frost
and snaw ;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he tak's me a',
An' aye he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.



O, WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

[The three heroes of this finest drinking song in the world were Robert Burns himself and his two friends William Nicol and Allan Masterton, both schoolmasters in Edinburgh. Their convivial gathering took place at the invitation

of the Dominie of the High School, Nicol, who had purchased a small farm, called Laggan, at Dunscore, in Dumfriesshire. There he was in the habit of spending his autumnal holidays, and thither he invited Rob and Allan to partake of his hospitality. Day is said to have dawned before the congenial cronies, the host and his guests, parted company. Afterwards the two latter, the Poet and the Musician, agreed to give the night some fitting celebration. As the result of their compact, Burns with his verses, Master-ton with his melody, hit off together, at a heat, this perfect bacchanalian.]

Tune—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut."

O, WILLIE brewed a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam' to pree;
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may
daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley
bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, we're na that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may
daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley
bree.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

[With the exception of the choral refrain, which dated back almost to the day of Killiecrankie, this was from the hand of Burns and no mere adaptation.]

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

WHARE ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare ha'e ye been sae bankie, O?
O, whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam' ye by Killiecrankie, O?
[An' ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An' ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.]

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the Devil an' Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
[An' ye had been whare, &c.]

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
[An' ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
An' ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.]



THE BLUE-EYED LASS.

[A beautiful young creature of sweet seventeen was the heroine of this charming lyric. She was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, of Lochmaben, under whose roof-beams Burns slept one night, in the December of 1789. Upon the following morning the Poet handed these

lines to Miss Jeffrey when they met again at breakfast. The lady afterwards married a Mr. Renwick of Liverpool.]

Tune—"The Blue-eyed Lass.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'T was not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips, like roses, wet wi' dew;
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she
wiled;

She charmed my soul—I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

—o—

THE BANKS OF NITH.

[It is a native of Nithsdale, who is resident against his will upon the banks of the Thames, presumably of course in London, who is supposed to ease his heart through this song in an access of home-sickness.]

Tune—"Robie donna Gorach."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:

When shall I see that honoured land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily
bloom!

How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the
broom!

Though wandering now must be my
doom,

Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days!

—o—

TAM GLEN.

[In listening to this, when sung in any way befittingly, no one can fail to recognize one of Burns's most humorous productions.]

Tune—"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maun marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
"Guid-day to you, brute!" he comes
ben:

He brags and he blaws o' his siller,—
But when will he dance like Tam
Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,—
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten :
 But if it's ordained I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I lay waukin—
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin,
 An' the very grey breeks o' Tam
 Glen !

Come, counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry—
 I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

—o—

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

[The following is not partially, but wholly, the
 Poet's production.]

Tune—"Carron Side."

FRAE the friends and land I love,
 Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
 Frae my best beloved I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight ;
 Never mair maun hope to find,
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care :
 When remembrance wracks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;

Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head,
 Bring our banished hame again ;
 And ilka loyal bonnie lad
 Cross the seas an' win his ain.

—o—

CRAIGIE-BURN.

[The following stanzas were written by Burns to further the suit of his friend, Mr. Gillespie, then trying to gain the hand of Jean Lorrimer (daughter of a substantial farmer of Kemmis Hall), who had been born at Craigie-burn. The heroine of this, and of eight other of the Poet's most exquisite lyrics, was one of the fairest of fair blondes—the Chloris of his songs—the one about whom he wrote "Sae flaxen were her ringlets," and "Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks." Her after-history was marked by many sad vicissitudes. Estranged from Mr. Gillespie before he had made much advance in his courtship, she married an Englishman named Whelpdale, whose prodigal expenditure led at last to their separation—the fair-haired Jean Lorrimer, that had been, dying at length, in the September of 1831, after having struggled through years of broken health and the bitterest impoverishment.]

Tune—"Craigie-burn-wood."

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-
 burn-wood,
 And blithely awaukens the morrow :
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-
 burn-wood
 Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
 Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee,
 dearie,
 And oh, to be lying beyond thee !
 Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he
 sleep
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee !

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But pleasure they ha'e nane for me
 While care my heart is wringing.
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.

I canna tell, I mauna tell,
 I darena for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart
 If I conceal it langer.
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonnie ;
 But oh, what will my torments be
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie !
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'T wad be my dead, that will be seen—
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.

But, Jeannie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou lo'es nane before me ;
 And a' my days o' life to come
 I'll gratefully adore thee.
 Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee,
 dearie,
 And oh, to be lying beyond thee !
 Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he
 sleep
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee !

—o—

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

[This is an old song so thoroughly furbished up
 in its later half, that the second stanza may
 be regarded as belonging entirely to Burns.]

Tune—"Cock up your beaver."

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
 Came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet
 That wanted the crown ;

But now he has gotten
 A hat and a feather,—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
 And cock it fu' sprush,
 We'll over the border
 And gi'e them a brush ;
 There's somebody there
 We'll teach better behaviour,—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

—o—

BONNIE PEG.

[These lines were first published, in 1818, as
 from the hand of Burns, in the *Edinburg's*
Magazine.]

As I came in by our gate end,
 As day was waxin' weary,
 O wha came tripping down the street
 But bonnie Peg, my dearie !

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
 Wi' nae proportion wanting,
 The Queen of Love did never move
 Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands, we took the sands
 Adown yon winding river ;
 And oh ! that hour and broomy bower,
 Can I forget it ever ?

—o—

LAMENT.

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS
ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.

[The following verses were published originally in the *Dumfries Journal*.]

Tune—"The Banks of the Devon."

O'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of their
lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying

The storm's gloomy path on the breast
of the wave !

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,

Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore ;

Where the flower which bloomed sweetest
in Coila's green vale,

The pride of my bosom, my Mary's
no more !

No more by the banks of the streamlet
we'll wander,

And smile at the moon's rimpled face
in the wave ;

No more shall my arms cling with fondness
around her,

For the dewdrops of morning fall cold
on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm
my breast ;

I haste with the storm to a far-distant
shore ;

Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes
shall rest,

And joy shall revisit my bosom no
more.

—o—

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

[The subjoined first appeared as by Burns in the volume of his works edited by Allan Cunningham.]

Here around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free ;
Though the northern wind blows freezing,
Frien'ship warms baith you and me.

Happy we are a' thegither,
Happy we'll be yin an' a' ;
Time shall see us a' the blither,
Ere we rise to gang awa' !

See the miser o'er his treasure
Gloating wi' a greedy e'e !
Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
That around us here we see ?
Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Can the peer in silk and ermine,
Ca' his conscience half his own ?
His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,
Though he stan' afore a throne !
Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Thus then let us a' be tassing
Aff our stoups o' generous flame ;
An while roun' the board 't is passing,
Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.
Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Frien'ship mak's us a' mair happy,
Frien'ship gi'es us a' delight ;
Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
Frien'ship brings us here to-night.
Happy we've been a' thegither,
Happy we've been yin an' a' ;
Time shall find us a' the blither,
When we rise to gang awa' !

—2—

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

[Published first in Johnson's Museum, the following lyric won for itself a marvellous popularity in after years when sung by Templeton.]

Tune—"Lord Elcho's Favourite."

O MEIKLE thinks my luvie o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luvie o' my kin;
But little thinks my luvie I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;

It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;

My laddie's sae meikle in luvie wi' the siller,

He canna ha'e luvie to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvie's an airl-penny,

My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;

But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',

Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,

Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,

Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,

And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

—o—

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

[The refrain alone in this song is ancient, the rest being original.]

Tune—"Guidwife, count the lawin."

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,

For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

[Then, guidwife, count the lawin,

The lawin, the lawin,

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,

And bring a coggie mair !]

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen' ;

But here we're a' in ae accord,

For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

[Then, guidwife, count the lawin, &c.]

My coggie is a haly pool

That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;

And pleasure is a wanton trout,

An ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

[Then, guidwife, count the lawin,

The lawin, the lawin ;

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,

And bring a coggie mair !]

—o—

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE
TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

[These stanzas were adapted by Burns to a fine old Jacobite air, and despatched with evident gusto in a letter to Alexander Cunningham on the 12th March, 1791, from Ellisland.]

Tune—"There are few guid fellows when Willie's awa'."

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,

I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey ;

And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—

There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,

Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars :

We dare na weel say't, but we ken
wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes
hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew
sword,
And now I greet round their green beds
in the yird :
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu'
auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes
hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his
crown ;
But till my last moment my words are
the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes
hame.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA'.

[This was a tender lament put by Burns into the mouth of his bonnie Jean, when, at the time of their estrangement, she was constrained by her father to hide her miseries for a while under a relation's roof-beams at Paisley. The root idea of the song the Poet caught from an old ditty in Herd's collection.]

Tune—"Over the hills and far away."

O HOW can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;

But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa' ;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they ha'e disowned me a',
But I ha'e ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa' ;
But I ha'e ane will tak' my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,
And silken snoods he ga'e me twa ;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa' ;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

O, weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw ;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa' ;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa'.

—o—

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

[An old love song was here for once scarcely improved in any way by the touch of Burns. It was rather marred than otherwise, indeed, by him, here and there, as any one may admit on comparing the ditty as it now stands with the quaint and dainty original penned by Sir Robert Aytoun, Private Secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland; *ex. gr.* the following :—

I do confess thee sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets ;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth everything it meets ;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose untouch'd that stands,
 Arm'd with her briers, and sweetly smells ;
 Once pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
 No more that sweetness with her dwells ;
 Her leaves fall from her one by one,
 And scent and beauty both are gone.]

Tune—"I do confess thou art sae fair."

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luve,
 Had I no found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak thy heart could
 muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind,
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
 Among its native briers sae coy ;
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy !
 Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
 Though thou may gaily bloom awhile ;
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 Like ony common weed and vile.

—o—

AH, CHLORIS !

[Chloris was the lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, or the fair one with the flaxen ringlets, already sung of by the Poet in Craigieburn. She was the ill-starred Jean Lorrimer, beloved by Mr. Gillespie but married to Mr. Whelpdale, by whom she was afterwards deserted, to end her days in poverty and affliction.]

Tune—"Major Graham."

AH, Chloris ! since it may na be
 That thou of love wilt hear ;
 If from the lover thou maun flee,
 Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris mair
 Than ever tongue could tell,
 My passion I will ne'er declare,—
 I'll say, I wish thee well.

Though a' my daily care thou art,
 And a' my nightly dream,
 I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
 And say it is esteem.

—o—

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

[There exists great doubt as to who was really the heroine of the following stanzas, which, according to Burns's own assurance, bore allusion to an incident in his private history.]

Tune—"Yon wild mossy mountains."

YON wild mossy mountains, sae lofty and
 wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o'
 the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys
 through the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he
 pipes on his reed.
 Where the grouse lead their coveys
 through the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he
 pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's
 sunny shores,
 To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild mossy
 moors,
 For there, by a lanely, sequestered clear
 stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and
 my dream.
 For there, by a lanely, sequestered clear
 stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and
 my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be
 my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green
 narrow strath;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I
 rove,
 While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift
 hours o' love.
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I
 rove,
 While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift
 hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is
 fair,
 O' nice education but sma' is her share;
 Her parentage humble as humble can
 be,
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es
 me.
 Her parentage humble as humble can
 be,
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es
 me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him
 a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes,
 and sighs?
 And when wit and refinement ha'e
 polished her darts,
 They dazzle our een as they flee to our
 hearts.
 And when wit and refinement ha'e
 polished her darts,
 They dazzle our een as they flee to our
 hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond
 sparkling e'e,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
 And the heart-beating love, as I'm
 clasped in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering
 charms!

And the heart-beating love, as I'm
 clasped in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering
 charms!

—o—

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

[This was an English love song which Burns,
 according to his own acknowledgment, merely
 Scotticized.]

Tune—"The Maid's Complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
 Nor shape, that I admire,
 Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find;
 But, dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I ha'e,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee:
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

—o—

O, SAW YE MY DEARIE?

[An old song has here, in passing through
 the hands of Burns, been sweetened and puri-
 fied.]

Tune—"Eppie M'Nab."

O, SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?

She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the
laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock
Rab.

O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie
M'Nab!

O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie
M'Nab!

Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it
soon,

Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock
Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie
M'Nab?

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie
M'Nab?

She lets thee to wit that she has thee
forgot,

And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock
Rab.

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie
M'Nab!

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie
M'Nab!

As light as the air, as fause as thou's
fair,

Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock
Rab.

—o—

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?

[This was suggested by an antique rhyme in
Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.]

Tune—"Lass, an I come near thee."

WHA is that at my bower door?—

O, wha is, but Findlay?

Then gae your gate, ye'se no be here!—

Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.

Wha mak' ye sae like a thief?—

O, come and see, quo' Findlay;

Before the morn ye'll work mischief—

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in?—

Let me in, quo' Findlay;

Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din—

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if ye should stay?—

Let me stay, quo' Findlay;

I fear ye'll bide till break o' day,—

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,—

I'll remain, quo' Findlay;

I dread ye'll ken the gate again,—

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

What may pass within this bower,—

Let it pass, quo' Findlay;

Ye maun conceal till your last hour,—

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

—o—

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

[Mingling an atom of the alloy caught from
"Auld Rob Morris" (to be found in *Ramsay's
Tea-Table Miscellany*) with his own pure metal,
Burns rang out these now long famous verses
like so many golden doubloons.]

Tune—"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld
man?"

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a
young lassie,

What can a young lassie do wi' an
auld man?

Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my
minnie

To sell her poor Jenny for siller an'
lan'!

Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to
e'enin',

He hosts and he hirples the weary day
lang;

He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it
is frozen,—

O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld
man!

He's doyl't and he's dozin', &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and
he cankers,

I never can please him, do a' that I
can;

He's peevish and jealous of a' the young
fellows:

O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld
man!

He's peevish and jealous, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her
plan;

I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I
heartbreak him,

And then his auld brass will buy me a
new pan.

I'll cross him, &c.

—o—

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

[At Friar's Carse, Burns was introduced, by his friend Captain Riddel, to that "Charming, lovely Davies," in whose honour he wrote this delicious morsel of a lyric. His "little idol," as he called her—for she was as small as she was beautiful—died prematurely, having pined away with chagrin on recognizing the unworthiness of one Captain Delany, who jilted her as deliberately as he had won her affections.]

Tune—"Bonnie wee thing."

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish,
In that bonnie face o' thine;

And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,

I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

—o—

THE TITHER MORN.

[Here was another adaptation of pure and sprightly words to an old Gaelic melody, which, until Burns had taken it in hand, had a taint upon it.]

Tune—A Highland air.

THE tither morn,
When I, forlorn,

Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow

I'd see my jo,

Beside me, gin the gloaming.

But he sae trig

Lap o'er the rig,

And dawtlingly did cheer me,

When I, what reek,

Did least expec'

To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,

A thought ajee,

Cocked sprush when first he clasped me;

And I, I wat,

Wi' fainness grat,

While in his grips he pressed me.

De'il tak' the war !
 I late and air
 Ha'e wished since Jock departed ;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad
 As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blithe and merry,
 I cared na by,
 Sae sad was I
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest,
 My mind 's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny ;
 At kirk and fair,
 I'se aye be there,
 And be as canty's ony.

—o—

Æ FOND KISS.

[This most exquisite love song was penned by Burns towards the close of 1791, in his character as Sylvander, and was enclosed by him in a letter from Dumfries, dated the 27th December, to Clarinda. The stanzas celebrated their last interview three weeks previously at Edinburgh (on the 6th December), Mrs. McLehose having just before then written to the Poet announcing her intention to obey the summons of her husband to rejoin him in Jamaica. Clarinda and Sylvander never met again. In February, 1792, Mrs. McLehose sailed from Leith on board the *Roselle*. She outlived the Poet the better part of half a century—fully forty-five years—dying in 1841, in her eighty-third year. Fully ten years prior to that, when she was already in her seventy-third year, she penned a memorandum, dated 6th December, 1831, which, after her death, was found among her manuscripts, and in which she said, "This day I can never forget. Parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in heaven!" Both Scott and Byron evidenced the highest admiration—and small wonder can there be that they did so—for

one particular stanza in this matchless love song, to wit, the fourth. Lord Byron prefixed it as a motto to his "*Bride of Abydos*," while Sir Walter Scott wrote of it, at page 34 of the first volume of the *Quarterly*, that that one stanza contained the essence of a thousand love tales !]

Tune—"Rory Doll's Port."

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Æ fareweel, and then, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
 thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy :
 But to see her was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou first and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Æ fareweel, alas ! for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage
 thee !

—o—

LOVELY DAVIES.

[Burns here celebrated the charms of the miniature Diva, already referred to in the note prefixed to his song in her honour, entitled "The Bonnie wee Thing."]

Tune—"Miss Muir."

O HOW shall I, unskillfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whispers inspiration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun
part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That mak's us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse, to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,—
The deed too daring brave is:
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

[The air and refrain, here, are both of great antiquity in Scotland; but Burns made them his own by his adaptation to them of words coloured throughout by the manner of the old ballad-monger.]

'Tune—"The weary pund o' tow."

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae poor pund o' tow.
[The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.]

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyond the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow.
[The weary pund, &c.]

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.
[The weary pund, &c.]

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
[The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow!
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.]

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

[Who this Anna was remains to this day an insoluble mystery. Though numbered by Burns among his love songs, the verses breathe rather the character of an epigram or mere *jeu d'esprit*.]

Tune—"Bonnie Mary."

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And 'press my soul with care ;
But, ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven ;
For sure 't were impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heaven.

—o—

I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

[Burns always exulted over his own selection of Jean Armour in marriage, "though God knows," quoth he, on one occasion, "my choice was as random as blind-man's-buff."]

Tune—"Naeboddy."

I HA'E a wife o' my ain—
I'll partake wi' naeboddy ;
I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
I'll gi'e cuckold to naeboddy.
I ha'e a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naeboddy ;
I ha'e naething to lend—
I'll borrow frae naeboddy.

I am naeboddy's lord—
I'll be a slave to naeboddy ;
I ha'e a guid braid sword,
I'll tak' dunts frae naeboddy.
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naeboddy ;
If naeboddy care for me,
I'll care for naeboddy.

O, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY,
TAM !

[In a song like this the chords of the lyre of Burns found their echo at once among the heart-strings of his fellow-countrymen, the words and the melody together being thenceforth treasured up in all the homes of Scotland.]

Tune—"The Moudiewort."

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam ;
But three short years will soon wheel
roun'—

And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam !
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty,
Tam !

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A glieb o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
At kith or kin I needna spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam ;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my
loof—

I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam ;
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty,
Tam !

I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

—o—

O, KENMURE 'S ON AND AWA'.

[This is the modification by Burns of an old Jacobite song in celebration of William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, who, as having been out in the Fifteen, was, in the following year, decapitated on Tower Hill. During the July of 1793, in company with his friend Mr. Syme, the Poet was for three days hospitably entertained at Kenmure Castle, near Galloway, by the grandson of that ill-fated patrician.]

Tune—"O, Kenmure 's on and awa', Willie."

O, KENMURE 's on and awa', Willie !
 O, Kenmure 's on and awa' !
 And Kenmure's lord 's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
 Success to Kenmure's band !
 There 's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here 's Kenmure's health in wine,
 Willie !
 Here 's Kenmure's health in wine !
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's
 blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !
 O, Kenmure's lads are men !
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—
 And that their faes shall ken.

They 'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !
 They 'll live or die wi' fame ;
 But soon, wi' sounding victory,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame !

Here 's him that 's far awa', Willie !
 Here 's him that 's far awa',
 And here 's the flower that I lo'e best—
 The rose that 's like the snaw !

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

[The following is no more than the emended edition of an old song, the heroine of which was a lassie near Kelso, by name Jane Cochran, whose father was the Laird of Bohill. As for the laddie, he was one Mr. Presley, a neighbouring colliery proprietor.]

Tune—"The Collier Laddie."

O, WHERE live ye, my bonnie lass ?
 An' tell me what they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie—
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.

O, see you not yon hills and dales
 The sun shines on sae brawlie ?
 They a' are mine, and they shall be
 thine,
 Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie—
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy ;
 And ane to wait at every hand,
 Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie—
 And ane to wait at every hand,
 Gin ye 'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly ;
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier Laddie—
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a day,
 And spen't at night fu' brawlie ;
 And mak' my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie—
 And mak' my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
 Though the wee cot-house should haud
 me ;
 And the warld before me to win my
 bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie—
 And the warld before me to win my
 bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie !

—o—

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

[The subjoined was written as a poetical greeting to the Lady Winifred Maxwell, on her returning to Scotland and rebuilding the old family seat, the ruined castle of Terreagles, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, she being the last surviving descendant from the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale. It was Lady Winifred who presented to Burns the snuff-box he ever afterwards so highly prized, on the lid of which was a miniature, said to be an authentic original (that is, painted from the life) of Mary Queen of Scots.]

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the border,
 And they'll gae big Terreagle's towers,
 An' set them a' in order.
 And they declare Terreagle's fair,
 For their abode they choose it ;
 There's na a heart in a' the land
 But's lighter at the news o' it.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather,
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather :
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May ha'e a joyfu' morrow ;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Farewell our night o' sorrow !

AS I WAS A-WAND'RING.

[An ancient Gaelic song having been literally translated for Burns by a lady of Inverness-shire, the Poet adapted its meaning thus rhythmically to the old Highland melody, the title of which, done into English, signifies, "My love deceived me."]

Tune—"Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh,"—a
 Gaelic air.

As I was a-wand'ring ae midsummer
 e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were makin'
 their game ;
 Among them I spied my faithless fause
 lover,
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour
 again.
 Weel, since he has left me, may
 pleasure gae wi' him !
 I may be distressed, but I winna
 complain ;
 I'll flatter my fancy I may get
 anither,—
 My heart it shall never be broken
 for ane.

I couldna get sleepin' till dawin for
 greetin' ;
 The tears trickled down like the hail
 and the rain :
 Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a
 broken,
 For, oh ! luve forsaken's a tormenting
 pain !
 Weel, since he has left me, &c.

Although he has left me for greed o' the
 siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can
 win ;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my
 sorrow,
 Than ever ha'e acted sae faithless to
 him.

Weel, since he has left me, may
 pleasure gae wi' him !
 I may be distressed, but I winna
 complain ;
 I'll flatter my fancy I may get
 anither,—
 My heart it shall never be broken
 for ane.

—o—

BESS AND HER SPINNING- WHEEL.

[This is a song of rustic toil and rural scenery
 that sets itself to its own music.]

Tune—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

O, LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
 And leeze me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 O, leeze me on my spinning-wheel !

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the burdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest :
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :
 The craik amang the clover hay,
 The pairrick whirrin' o'er the lea,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O, wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel ?

—o—

THE POSIE.

[The notion of this delicious ditty was caught
 up by Burns from hearing his darling Jean sing
 to herself at times the old, old ballad, famous,
 time out of mind, all over the three kingdoms,
 "Where are you going to, my pretty maid ?"
 The dear, sparkling posie here gathered is full
 of the daintiest anachronisms—primrose, wood-
 bine, hawthorn, and lily blooming contempo-
 raneously in the same nosegay.]

Tune—"There was a pretty May, and a-milkin'
 she went."

O, LUVE will venture in where it daurna
 weel be seen,
 O, luve will venture in where wisdom
 ance has been ;
 But I will down yon river rove, amang
 the wood sae green,—
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear
 May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o'
 the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o'
 my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and
 blooms without a peer ;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
 May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus
peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet
bonnie mou' ;

The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its un-
changing blue ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the
lily there ;

The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected
air ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o'
siller grey,

Where, like an agèd man, it stands at
break o' day ;

But the songster's nest within the bush I
winna take away ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'en-
ing star is near,

And the diamond-draps o' dew shall be
her een sae clear ;

The violet's for modesty, which weel
she fa's to wear ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear
May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken
band o' luvè,

And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll
swear by a' above,

That to my latest draught o' life the band
shall ne'er remove :

And this will be a posie to my ain
dear May.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

[The following stanzas were published origi-
nally in Johnson's Museum.]

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
Blithe Bessie, in the milking shiel,
Says, " I'll be wed, come o't what
will : "

Out spak' a dame, in wrinkled eild,—
" O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

" It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie but, a routhie ben.
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luvè's fire."

" For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen
I dinna care a single flie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luvè to spare for me :
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
Ae blink o' him I wad na gi'e
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

" O, thoughtless lassie, life's a faught ;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
A hungry care's an unco care :
But some will spend, and some will
spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will ;
Synè as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the
yill."

"O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o' leesome luvie,
 The gowd and siller canna buy.
 We may be poor—Robie and I;
 Light is the burden luvie lays on;
 Content and luvie bring peace and joy,—
 What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?"



FAIR ELIZA.

[Robina stood originally on Burns's manuscript of this lovely song, instead of Eliza—Robina being the name of some one described to the Poet by his friend the publisher of the Museum, Johnson.]

Tune—A Gaelic air.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rew on thy despairing lover!
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!
 Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended?
 The offence is loving thee:
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine would gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.
 Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gi'es to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

[The original manuscript of this song passed into the hands of David Dunbar of Dumfries.]

Tune—"Ye Jacobites by name."

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give
 an ear;
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
 Ye Jacobites by name,
 Your fautes I will proclaim,
 Your doctrines I maun blame—
 You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the
 law, by the law;
 What is right, and what is wrang, by
 the law?
 What is right, and what is wrang?
 A short sword, and a lang,
 A weak arm, and a strang
 For to draw.
 What makes heroic strife famed afar,
 famed afar?
 What makes heroic strife famed afar?
 What makes heroic strife?
 To whet th' assassin's knife,
 Or hunt a parent's life
 Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone in the state,
 in the state;
 Then let your schemes alone in the
 state;
 Then let your schemes alone,
 Adore the rising sun,
 And leave a man undone
 To his fate.



YE BANKS AND BRAES O'
DOON.

[The subjoined is as renowned and popular as any of the glorious songs of Burns. Its lovely air was composed by James Miller, an amateur musician of Edinburgh, who was aided in the harmonizing of the accompaniment by Stephen Clarke the organist. Peggy Kennedy of Dalgarrack who is here supposed to give utterance to her lamentations, was, at seventeen years of age, cruelly deceived by her "fause lover," McDouall of Logan, according to the account given of her and her deceiver by Allan Cunningham. She was the daughter and heiress of a considerable landed proprietor in Carrick, and was the niece of a baronet. Ruined in reputation, and basely deserted, she died prematurely of that most wasting malady, the diagnosis of which is alone to be defined by its title, a broken heart.]

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling
bird,
That wantons through the flowering
thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!
Aft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

—o—

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

[It is consoling to believe that the wife of Willie Wastle was a creature born alone of Burns's imagination, and not, as some have supposed, the spare rib (that, if really in the flesh, might well have been spared) of some unnamed farmer near Ellisland.]

Tune—"The eight men of Moidart."

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie;
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' ony body:
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten
ither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

She's bow-houghed, she's hein-shinned;
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin c' that upon her shouther—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels;
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

LADY MARY ANN.

This is the modification by Burns of an ancient ballad.]

Tune—"Craigston's growing."

O, LADY MARY ANN

Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys
Playing at the ba';
The youngest he was
The flower among them a',—
My bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

O father, O father!

An' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year
To the college yet:
We'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann

Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
And bonnie was its hue;
And the langer it blossomed
The sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane

Was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin'
And straight was its make:
The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane

When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa'
That we ha'e seen;

But far better days

I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

—o—

FAREWHEEL TO A' OUR SCOT-
TISH FAME.

[The following is a lamentation by Robert Burns over the Union of Scotland with England, akin in its patriotic spirit to Daniel O'Connell's cry for the Repeal of the Union between Ireland and England.]

Tune—"Such a parcel of rogues in a nation."

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame!

Fareweel our ancient glory!
Fareweel ev'n to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province
stands—

Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But, pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak' this declaration:
We're bought and sold for English
gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

KELLYBURN BRAES.

[The subjoined is an adaptation by Burns of an antique country ballad known in England as "The Farmer's Old Wife:" *vide* No. 62 of the Percy Society's Publications.]

THERE lived a carl on Kellyburn braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

And he had a wife was the plague o' his
days :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

He met wi' the devil ; says, "How do
ye fen?"

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

"I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my
complaint ;"

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

"For, saving your presence, to her ye're
a saint :"

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I
shall crave ;"

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

"But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I
must have ;"

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

"O welcome, most kindly !" the blithe
carl said,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

"But if ye can match her, ye're waur
than ye're ca'd :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

The devil has got the auld wife on his
back,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his
pack :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-
door ;

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

Syne bade her gae in, for a b—— and a
w—— :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

Then straight he makes fifty, tho' pick o'
his band,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

Turn out on her guard, in the clap o' a
hand :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony
wud bear,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

Whae'er she gat hands on cam' near her
nae mair :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa' ;

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

"O, help ! master, help ! or she 'll ruin
us a' :"

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the edge o' his
knife,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

He pitied the man that was tied to a
wife :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the kirk and the
bell,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven,
but in hell :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his
pack,

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

And to her auld husband he's carried
her back :

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

"I ha'e been a devil the feck o' my life ;"

(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
thyme,)

"But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a
wife :"

(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue
is in prime.)

—0—

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

[The following was contributed by Burns to Johnson's Museum, but was not published in that collection until after Currie's edition of the Poet's works, containing these two most felicitous stanzas, had made its appearance.]

Tune—"Bonnie lassie, tak' a man."

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane ;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luvie, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain !
Spare my luvie, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be !
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he 'll repeat her name ;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

—0—

LADY ONLIE.

[Burns had ringing in his memory Neil Gow's haunting air of Roy's Wife, or, to give it its older name, the Ruffian's Rant, when, one day sauntering by the shore o' Bucky, he stepped in himself to "tak' a pint wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky." Under this twofold inspiration of melody and locality did the old song, in passing through the Poet's mind, suffer a land change into that something quaint and strange, known now the wide world over to the tune of "A' the lads o' Thornie bank."]

Tune—"Ruffian's Rant," or "Roy's Wife."

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,

They'll step in an' tak' a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky.
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky ;
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky ;
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky !
 Lady Onlie, honest Luckie,
 Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky :
 I wish her sale for her guid ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

—o—

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

[Riding on the 30th March, 1788, in solitary meditation, across the moorland connecting Galloway and Ayrshire, Burns set to the fine old melody of Captain O'Kean the beautiful words of this noble Jacobite lamentation, supposed to be sung by Prince Charles Edward Stuart after the fatal field of Culloden. It forms a lovely companion ditty to the Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.]

Tune—"Captain O'Kean."

THE small birds rejoice in the green
 leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear
 through the vale ;
 The-hawthorn trees blow in the dews of
 the morning,
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck
 the green dale :
 But what can give pleasure, or what can
 seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are num-
 bered by care ?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds
 sweetly singing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless
 despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit
 their malice,
 A king and a father to place on his
 throne ?

His right are these hills, and his right are
 these valleys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but
 I can find none.

But 't is not my sufferings, thus wretched,
 forlorn,

My brave gallant friends, 't is your ruin
 I mourn :

Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody
 trial,—

Alas ! can I make you no sweeter re-
 turn !

—o—

SONG OF DEATH.

[The following was composed by Burns in the dead winter time of 1791, just before he removed his Lares and Penates from Ellisland. The idea which possessed him when pouring forth this lyric of patriotism he thus indicated by a sort of stage direction, when writing about it to Mrs. Dunlop, on the 17th December in the year just named : "Scene—A Field of Battle. Time—Evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song." The Gaelic air to which the Poet beat out its rhythm as he wrote, signifies literally the Song of Death.]

Tune—"Oran an Aoig."

FAREWELL thou fair day, thou green
 earth, and ye skies,

Now gay with the broad setting sun ;
 Farewell loves and friendships—ye dear,
 tender ties—

Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's
gloomy foe,

Go frighten the coward and slave ;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant !
but know,

No terrors hast thou to the brave !

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks
in the dark,

Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name ;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious
mark !

He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords
in our hands,

Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing
sands—

O ! who would not die with the brave ?

—o—

AFTON WATER.

[Glen Afton, near Tarbolton, is for ever associated, through this exquisite lyric, with the memory of the Poet's Highland Mary. A melody not unworthy of the words was composed for them, in the tenderest spirit of sympathy, by Alexander Hume of Edinburgh.]

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
praise ;

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,—

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not
her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds
through the glen,

Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon
thorny den,

Thou green-crested lapwing thy scream-
ing forbear,—

I charge you disturb not my slumbering
fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring
hills,

Far marked with the courses of clear-
winding rills !

There daily I wander as noon rises
high,

My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in
my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green
valleys below,

Where wild in the woodlands the prim-
roses blow ;

There oft, as mild evening weeps over the
lea,

The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it
glides,

And winds by the cot where my Mary
resides ;

How wanton thy waters her snowy feet
lave,

As gath'ring sweet flowerets she stems
thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes,

Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of
my lays ;

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring
stream,—

Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her
dream.

—o—

THE SMILING SPRING.

[Both the hours of the day and the seasons of the year are in this lively song made to weave their magic circle together round the Poet's Bonnie Bell.]

Tune—"Bonnie Bell."

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The evening gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

—o—

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

[This is an old, old song, with an entirely new setting. The title of it and the refrain have alone been preserved by Burns. Apart from these mere shreds and atoms from the antique, the Poet has given us here the Fisherman's Ditty, Redivivus.]

Tune—"Hey, ca' through."

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we ha'e mickle ado;
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we ha'e mickle ado.

We ha'e tales to tell,
And we ha'e sangs to sing;
We ha'e pennies to spend,
And we ha'e pints to bring.
Hey, ca' through, &c.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we ha'e mickle ado;
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we ha'e mickle ado.

—o—

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

[The following was written in good-humoured derision of one Robert Wilson, a weaver, who vainly strove to pay his addresses to Jean Armour, when she was under a cloud, and separated from Burns, and residing for a while in her relative Purdie's house in Paisley.]

Tune—"The Weaver's March."

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

O, I had woovers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was feared my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie signed my tocher-band,
To gi'e the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gi'e it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in simmer
showers,

I'll love my gallant weaver.

—o—

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O!

[A grotesque old song beginning "The nine-pint bicker's fair aff the bink," has been here metamorphosed by Burns into one of his most racily humorous ditties.]

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddie."

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fient ma care, quo' the feirie auld
wife,

He was but a paidlin' body, O!
He paidles out, an' he paidles in,
An' he paidles late an' early, O!
Thae seven lang years I ha'e lien by his
side,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O, haud your tongue, my feirie auld
wife,

O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
I've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye buttered my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O!
But downa do's come o'er me now,—
And, oh, I feel it sairly, O!

—o—

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

[The lassies, with this song and "Green grow the Rashes, O," placed side by side, have sweet and bitter before them, bane and antidote. What follows was written in scorn of a young lady who, for worldly reasons, had, in 1790, jilted Burns's friend Alexander Cunningham, a Writer to the Signet at Edinburgh.]

SHE's fair and fause that causes my
smart,—

I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my
heart,

And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam' in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I ha'e tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 't is though fickle she prove,
A woman has 't by kind:
O woman lovely, woman fair!
An angel form's faun to thy share;
'T wad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee
mair—
I mean an angel mind.

—o—

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

[The following was composed under great irritation, and upon the spur of the moment, on the 28th of February, 1792. Burns, on this occasion, had been kept loitering for hours upon the shores of the Solway, watching, in his capacity as an exciseman, a suspicious-looking craft (a smuggling brig as it soon proved to be), which had been sighted overnight, and deemed worthy of observation. Left there with only two or three men, to the end that they might be on the alert

as to the vessel's movements, he chafed and fretted at the delay of his brother officer Lewars, who, a weary while before, had gone to Dumfries to obtain the help of a party of dragoons. Hearing Burns in his impatience give utterance to some expletive on his friend, one of his fellows responded by wishing aloud that the devil had him for his pains, hinting that the Poet would do well if he strung the dilatory Lewars up in a line or two, *en revanche*. According to Lockhart's account of the incident, Burns said nothing in reply, but, striding apart for a few minutes among the reeds and shingle, soon afterwards rejoined his party, whom he convulsed with laughter by chanting to them this literally devil-may-care ditty on their sluggish comrade. Very shortly after this, Lewars arriving with the dragoons, Burns, sword in hand, was among the first to leap on board the brig among the smugglers.]

Tune—"The de'il cam' fiddling through the town."

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,

And danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' th' Excise-
man!

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,

We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice,
man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle
black de'il

That danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
The de'il's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, there's four-
some reels,

There's hornpipes and strathspeys,
man;

But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the
land

Was—the de'il's awa' wi' th' Excise-
man.

The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' th' Excise-
man!

—o—

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVER- NESS.

[The subjoined verses were written by Burns immediately after his Highland tour with Nicol, in the September of 1787, when the Poet visited the fatal field of Culloden, where, on the 16th of April, 1746, the Young Chevalier, at the head of his five thousand Highlanders, had to succumb to the eight thousand Hanoverian troops led by the Duke of Cumberland.]

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

—o—

A RED, RED ROSE.

[Lieutenant Hincks has been absurdly credited with writing the latter portion of this lovely song, as a farewell to his sweetheart. It is in every particle, however, wholly and solely from the hand and heart of Burns. Another melody which fits the words more exactly if possible than the one here named, is popularly known as "Low down he's in the broom."]

Tune—"Graham's Strathspey."

O, MY luvè's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June :
O, my luvè's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luvè am I ;
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè !
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my luvè,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

—o—

JEANIE'S BOSOM.

[A world of meaning lies in this atom of a song, but with that also a wondrous dearth of rhyme.]

Tune—"Louis, what reck I by thee?"

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean ?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me ;
Kings and nations, swith awa' !
Reif randies, I disown ye !

—o—

HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME.

[Much grossness was shredded off the vile old song which began like this, with an almost "damnable iteration," when Burns did his best to render it in some degree presentable. He might probably have done better than his best had he altogether saved himself the trouble of emendation.]

Tune—"Had I the wyte she bade me."

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bade me ;
She watched me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shawed me :
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me !
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftily she took me ben,
And bade me mak' nae clatter ;
"For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water."
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Synce say I was the fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refused her ?
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly used her ?
He clawed her wi' the ripplin'-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruised her :
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excused her ?

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
 And banned the cruel randy ;
 And weel I wat her willing mou'
 Was e'en like sugar-candy.
 A gloaming-shot it was, I trow,
 I lighted on the Monday ;
 But I cam' through the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

—o—

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

[Here again is an old song, which, until Burns took it in hand, was like the merest diamond in the rough. Cut in perfect facets by his inimitable skill, it has been recognizable ever since as a gem of the purest water—one of those "Jewels five words long, that on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle for ever." The greatest songstresses—instance, to-day, Adelina Patti—seem to be at their very best when singing it.]

Tune—"Coming through the rye."

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie
 Coming through the rye.
 O, Jenny's a' wat, poor body ;
 Jenny's seldom dry ;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need a body cry ?
 O, Jenny's a' wat, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need the warld ken ?

O, Jenny's a' wat, poor body ;
 Jenny's seldom dry ;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie
 Coming through the rye.

—o—

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A'
THE PLAIN.

[This was contributed to Johnson's Museum, and is presumed to have been penned by Burns, though, in point of fact, there is no recognizable clue as to the authorship.]

Tune—"The carlin o' the glen."

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain ;
 Through a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reigned, resistless, king of love :
 But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays among the woods and briers ;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 His sad complaining dowie raves.

I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And changed with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sae dear :
 The slighted maids my torments see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair !

—2—

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

[The following was acknowledged to be his, in a letter addressed by Burns, on the 12th of March, 1791, to Alexander Cunningham.]

Tune—"Charlie Gordon's welcome hame."

OUT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its High-
lands to me?

The south nor the east gi'e ease to my
breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild-roll-
ing sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to
rest,
That happy my dreams and my
slumbers may be;

For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and
me.

—o—

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

[Ecclefechan, which was the birthplace of Carlyle, on the 4th December, 1795, was ten months previously, on the 7th February in that same year, the halting-place, in the midst of snow ten feet deep, of Robert Burns—*vide* the latter's epistle of that date to George Thomson. As Supervisor of Excise, Burns, in the latter portion of his brief life, not infrequently found there a halting-place, in Annandale. Challenged one day by his brother officer in the excise, Lewars, to find a rhyme for the oddly named town—that "unfortunate, wicked little village," as Burns called it—the ready song-writer at once improvised, as they loitered through the main street—

Then up we gat and took the road,
And in by Ecclefechan,
Whare the brandy stoup we gart it clink,
And strong ale ream the quech in:

a far better rhyme surely than the one more deliberately given in the subjoined.]

Tune—"Jacky Latin."

O, GAT ye me, O, gat ye me,
O, gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin'-wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A hiech house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonnie sel',
The lass of Ecclefechan.

O, haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
O, haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

—o—

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

[This was another ditty with a tainted atmosphere about it which Burns did his best to dis-infect, if not to dissipate.]

Tune—"Bab at the Bowster."

THE cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa';
He ca'd the girs out owre us a'—
And our guidwife has gotten a ca'
That angered the silly guidman, O.
We'll hide the cooper behind the
door,
Behind the door, behind the door,
We'll hide the cooper behind the
door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' de'il ha'e her! and de'il ha'e him!
But the body was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.
We'll hide the cooper, &c.

They coopered at e'en, they coopered at
morn,

Till our guidman has gotten the scorn ;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan',
O.

We'll hide the cooper behind the
door,

Behind the door, behind the door ;
We'll hide the cooper behind the
door,

And cover him under a mawn, O.

—o—

SOMEBODY.

[This is a delicious song, the dainty words and charming air of which have ensured to it a perennial popularity.]

Tune—"For the sake of somebody."

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody ;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon ! for somebody !
Oh-hey ! for somebody !
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye Powers, that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody !
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh-hon ! for somebody !
Oh-hey ! for somebody !
I wad do—what wad I not ?
For the sake o' somebody !

—o—

THE CARDIN' O'T.

[The haslock wool is notable among fleeces as the softest and most delicate, being shorn for coolness from the throat of the sheep in summer-time. There is something of the tenderness of "John Anderson, my Jo," in the subjoined.]

Tune—"Salt fish and dumplings."

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
To make a coat to Johnny o't ;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the linin' o't.

For though his locks be lyart grey,
And though his brow be beld aboon,
Yet I ha'e seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the linin' o't.

—o—

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

[According to Burns, this ballad was composed by him with historical reference to an amour of Charles the First when hiding in the North near Aberdeen, during the earlier days of the Commonwealth, the bonnie lass in question being traditionally a daughter of the house of Port-Letham. The Poet's own wooing of Jean Armour, however, was so entirely akin to the incident thus sung of by him, that in a work published by the Messrs. Longmans and Co., fifteen years ago (*Dreamland*, p. 75), the Editor of the present volume referred as pointedly as possible to her as the one here really indicated. His intense affection for her from first to last

influenced his life and coloured his imagination. Here again, as in the Rigs of Barley, he sings of what threatened ruin to her, but for which, in her regard, his whole career afterwards, until his last sigh was heaved, was one continuous act of reparation.]

Tune—"The lass that made the bed to me."

WHEN Januar' wind was blawin' cauld,
As to the North I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na' where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care ;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bowed fu' low unto this maid,
And thanked her for her courtesy ;
I bowed fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak' a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it
down,

She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep
ye sound."

She snatched the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed ;
But I called her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And servèd me wi' due respect ;
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud aff your hands, young man," she
says,

"And dinna sae uncivil be ;
Gif ye ha'e onie love for me,
O, wrang na my virginie !"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivory ;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;
Her limbs the polished marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kissed her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say ;
I laid her 'tween me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we rase,
I thanked her for her courtesy ;
But aye she blushed, and aye she sighed,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruined me."

I clasped her waist, and kissed her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her
e'e ;

I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak' the bed to me."

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me :
Blithe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me !

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me ;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me !

—o—

SAE FAR AWA'.

[Another melody to which the following words would seem naturally to set themselves is "O'er the hills and far awa'."]

Tune—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

O, SAE and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa' ;

Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land sae far awa'.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That formed this Fair sae far awa',
 Gi'e body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her, sae far awa':
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh! she is sae far awa'.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but hers, sae far awa';
 But fairer never touched a heart
 Than hers, the Fair sae far awa'.

—o—

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

[His bonnie Jean is here again the Poet's inspirer. The melody was old, but on being allied to these charming words it was at once rejuvenated. When George the Fourth visited Scotland, in 1822, it was remarked that immediately the orchestra at the Edinburgh Theatre began playing the air, which was one of his especial favourites, the King beat out the time to it on the front of the royal box.]

Tune—"I'll gae nae mair to yon town."

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.
 There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall
 guess,
 What brings me back the gate again;
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin'-time draws near again;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

—o—

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

[The heroine of this beautiful song was Lucy, daughter of Wynne Johnston of Hilton, and wife of Mr. Oswald of Auchincruive, in Ayrshire. Within less than five years after her happy marriage she was stricken down by consumption, dying at an early age, in the January of 1798.]

Tune—"I'll gae nae mair to yon town"

O, WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree:
 How blest ye flowers that round her
 blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year;
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air ;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin' sun 's gane down upon ;
 A fairer than 's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doomed to bear ;
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me—spare me Lucy dear !

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart ;
 And she—as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

—o—

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER.

[This is yet another celebration of Sylvander's last interview with Clarinda, on the 6th of December, 1791, at Edinburgh.]

Tune—"O May, thy morn."

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
 As the mirk night o' December ;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber ;
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will aye remember.
 And dear, &c.

And here 's to them that, like oursel',
 Can push about the jorum ;
 And here 's to them that wish us weel—
 May a' that 's guid watch o'er them !
 And here 's to them we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.
 And here 's to, &c.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

[The lassie here sung of was the daughter of William Stewart, a factor at Closeburn. Burns became acquainted with them both when he lived at Ellisland, and used occasionally to drop in at Brownhill Tavern, near Thornhill, the landlady of which hostelry, one Mrs. Bacon, was Stewart's sister, and therefore aunt to Lovely Polly. The latter, having twice married, fell at last into such terrible straits that at one time she had to earn her bread by going out washing. Greater calamities than poverty appear to have befallen her, however, and she is understood to have died under a cloud as recently as in 1847, at Florence.]

Tune—"Ye 're welcome, Charlie Stuart."

THE flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it ;
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will gi'e to Polly Stewart.
 O lovely Polly Stewart !
 O charming Polly Stewart !
 There 's ne'er a flower that blooms
 in May
 That 's half sae fair as thou art.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy
 charms,
 Possess a leal and true heart ;
 To him be given to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart !
 O lovely Polly Stewart !
 O charming Polly Stewart !
 There 's ne'er a flower that blooms
 in May
 That 's half sae sweet as thou art.

—o—

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[An old song, hight "The Highland Lad and the Lowland Lassie," Burns here both modified in form and reduced to more reasonable proportions.]

Tune—"If thou'lt play me fair play."

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
His loyal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go! for yoursell' procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie!

—o—

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

[These verses, included in numerous editions as from the hand of Burns, were really composed by Richard Gall, who died in 1801, at twenty-five years of age, in Edinburgh.]

[Now bank an' brae are claited in
green,
An' scattered cowslips sweetly spring;

By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' bank, when e'ening fa's,
There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance of love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chiel wha boasts o' world's wealth,
Is often laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain—
Ah! Fortune canna gi'e me mair!
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!]

—o—

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

To thee, loved Nith, thy gladsome
plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I
ranged,
Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchanged.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Though memory there my bosom tear;
For there he roved, that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

—o—

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

[This is the merest Jacobite snatch fromt he hand of Burns, yet it is one that contrived to win for itself a wide popularity.]

Tune—"The Killogie."

BANNOCKS o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;

Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley !

Wha in a brulzie
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley !

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley ;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley !
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley?

—o—

HEE BALOU.

[The following is an anglicized version by the great song-writer of an old Gaelic ditty, which was first sung to the Poet and then literally translated for him by a lady in the Highlands.]

Tune—"The Highland Balou."

HEE balou ! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald ;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie !
An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie :
Travel the country through and through,
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lowlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur !
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

—o—

WAE IS MY HEART.

[The subjoined was composed, at Clarke's request, in honour of Phillis M'Murdo of Drumlanrig.]

Tune—"Wae is my heart."

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my
e'e ;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to
me :
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I
bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds
in my car.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep ha'e
I loved ;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair ha'e I
proved ;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in
my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be
at rest.

O, if I were where happy I ha'e been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie
castle-green ;
For there he is wandering, and musing
on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his
Phillis's e'e.

—o—

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

[The following lines were written upon a hint caught from the refrain of an old song, the memory of which Burns has thus perpetuated.]

Tune—"The Job of Journeywork."

ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',
And though he be the fautor ;

Although my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water!
 O! wae gae by his wanton sides,
 Sae brawlie's he could flatter;
 Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
 And dree the kintra clatter.
 But though my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fautor;
 But though my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water!

—o—

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

[The heroine of this song was Margaret Chalmers, afterwards married to Lewis Hay, of Messrs. Forbes and Company's bank in Edinburgh.]

Tune—"My Peggy's face."

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of humankind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
 Her native grace, so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye;
 Who but owns their magic sway!
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarm—
 These are all immortal charms.

—o—

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

[These verses were composed—if we may judge by a letter from Burns to Clarinda's friend, Mary Peacock—on the 6th of December, 1792. They commemorate "ance mair" his sorrowful parting from Mrs. McLehose, when they bade each other an eternal farewell.]

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy
 December!

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and
 care;

Sad was the parting thou makes me
 remember,

Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet
 mair!

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful
 pleasure,

Hope beaming mild on the soft part-
 ing hour;

But the dire feeling, oh, farewell for
 ever!

Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the
 forest,

Till the last leaf o' the summer is
 flown;

Such is the tempest has shaken my
 bosom,

Since my last hope and last comfort is
 gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy Decem-
 ber,

Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and
 care;

For sad was the parting thou makes me
 remember,—

Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet
 mair!

—o—

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON 'T.

[Here is another flower of song called to life by Burns out of the seemingly dead seed-germ of the burthen of an old, old ditty then almost forgotten. The melody was composed by James Gregg, a musician of Ayrshire.]

Tune—"Gregg's Pipes."

My lord a-hunting he has gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassilis' blude;
But her ten-pound lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks through the heather
pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O, that's the lass to mak' him blest.

My lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

AMANG THE TREES, WHERE HUMMING BEES.

[This was written with all a Scotchman's scorn for the trills and flourishes, the "yell o' foreign squeels," and all the rest of it, abhorred by the lovers of pibroch, reel, and strathspey, in the more fantastic flights of Italian singers and Italian composers. The fiddler in the North, alluded to in the second stanza as having caught something of inspiration from the national predilection for Highland song, evidenced by James the Sixth of Scotland, was Neil Gow, who for eighteen years suffered imprisonment in England.]

Tune—"The King of France, he rode a race."

AMANG the trees, where humming bees

At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'T was pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha, ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
'Till we were wae and weary, O;
But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cased,
A prisoner aughteen years awa',
He fired a fiddler in the North
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

—o—

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

[According to his own opinion, this was incomparably the finest love song Burns ever produced. It was composed in the spring of 1791, and was placed by him two years afterwards in the hands of Thomson for adaptation to the old Irish melody with which the words, in truth, harmonize to perfection. Thomson, aghast, however, at the intensely impassioned character of the effusion as it originally stood, abstained from including it in his collection; and, to the end that it might not be excluded from the present

edition, a very slight modification has been adventured upon in the second stanza and the post-script.]

Tune—"Banks of Banna."

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na ;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak' the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah !
Gi'e me within my fond embrace
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While, locked within her lovely arms,
I linger with my Anna !

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day !
Awa', thou pale Diana !
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night !
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a' ;
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna !

POSTSCRIPT.

The Kirk and State may join, and tell
To yield me thus I maunna !
The Kirk and State may to the de'il,
And I'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my e'e,—
To live but her I canna ;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

—o—

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

[Contributed to Johnson's Museum, this charming song, except in its profound and dominant sadness, is distinctly akin in the tender affection it expresses to that more famous ditty—the finest love song that ever was written for old age—"John Anderson, my Jo."]

Tune—"Gil Morice."

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day ;
Through gentle showers the laughing
flowers

In double pride were gay ;
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa' ;
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thow
Shall melt the snaws of age ;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
O, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain !
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again ?

—o—

TO MARY.

[Here is another of those minor ditties long erroneously supposed to have been written by Burns in honour of his Highland Mary. All that the Poet did in their regard was to copy these verses out, as he did also those others beginning "Powers celestial, whose protection," and to get them enshrined in Johnson's collection. There they appeared in association with his name merely from the circumstance of their being in his handwriting. They had already been contributed, however, in 1774, by some unknown lyrical contributor to the *Edinburgh Magazine*.]

Tune—"Could aught of song."

[COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,

The Muse should tell, in laboured strains,

O Mary, how I love thee !
They who but feign a wounded heart
May teach the lyre to languish ;
But what avails the pride of art
When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover ;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
O, read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
Disdains art's gay disguising ;
Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
The voice of Nature prizing.]

—o—

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

[According to the Poet's sister Isabel, afterwards Mrs. Begg, this was an old country song perfectly well known in Ayrshire when the offspring of William and Agnes Burness were children. The sentiments expressed in it, however, are entirely in harmony with those of Burns himself in his moments of despondency, and, until they appeared in Johnson's Museum as his, there is no record of their ever before having been printed elsewhere.]

Tune—"Laggan Burn."

HERE'S to thy health, my bonnie lass !
Guid night, and joy be wi' thee !
I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O, dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee ;
I vow and swear, I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry ;
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time ha'e I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee ;
Depending on some higher chance—
But Fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me ;
But I'm as free as any he,—
Sma' siller will relieve me.
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I enjoy it ;
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls ha'e feathers fair,
And aye until ye try them ;
Though they seem fair, still have a
care,
They may prove waur than I am.
But at twal at night, when the moon
shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee ;
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel
Nae travel makes him weary.

—o—

THE FAREWELL.

[Doubt has been expressed as to whether Burns was really the author of this noble Jacobite song, the Ettrick Shepherd going the length even of asserting, upon no other authority than his own, that it was written by Captain Ogilvie, who fought at the battle of the Boyne, and in 1695 died the death of a soldier in Rhineland. There can be little question, however, but that in this instance, as in so many others, the transformation associated with the idea of fairy gold was reversed. An old dead leaf, or a mere fragment of one, was caught up in the hand of Burns

and then changed into purest gold by the magic of his genius. Sir Walter Scott, in the third canto of his *Rokeby* (xxvii.), did the refrain of the third stanza the honour of adopting it all but word for word. Yet, even there, by an infinitesimal touch under his master hand, the charm of the original was distinctly marred—the words of Burns chiming far more tenderly upon the ear “With adieu for evermore, my dear! with adieu for evermore!”]

Tune—“It was a’ for our rightfu’ king.”

It was a’ for our rightfu’ king
We left fair Scotland’s strand;
It was a’ for our rightfu’ king
We e’er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e’er saw Irish land.

Now a’ is done that men can do,
And a’ is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell!
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore;
And ga’e his bride-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear!
With adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I ha’e parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a’ folks bound to sleep,
I’ll think on him that’s far awa’
The lee-lang night, and weep, my
dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

—o—

O, STEER HER UP.

[With the exception of the opening quatrain, which was taken from a song in *Ramsay’s Tea-Table Miscellany*, these stanzas are from the hand of Burns.]

Tune—“O, steer her up, and haud her gaun.”

[O, STEER her up, and haud her gaun—
Her mither’s at the mill, jo;
An’ gin she winna tak’ a man,
E’en let her tak’ her will, jo;]
First shore her wi’ a kindly kiss,
And ca’ anither gill, jo;
And gin she tak’ the thing amiss,
E’en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O, steer her up, and be na blate,
An’ gin she tak’ it ill, jo,
Then lea’e the lassie till her fate,
And the time nae langer spill, jo:
Ne’er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo;
That, gin the lassie winna do’t,
Ye’ll fin’ anither will, jo.

—o—

O, AYE MY WIFE SHIE DANG ME.

Tune—“My wife she dang me.”

O, AYE my wife she dang me,
An’ aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gi’e a woman a’ her will,
Gude faith! she’ll soon o’ergang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man’s intent
As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
 When a' their days are done, man ;
 My pains o' hell on earth are past—
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 O, aye my wife she dang me,
 And aft my wife did bang me ;
 If ye gi'e a woman a' her will,
 Gude faith ! she'll soon o'ergang ye.

—o—

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

[These lines were addressed, according to one conjecture, to Mrs. Riddel of Woodlee Park, and according to another to Jessie Lewars, who so tenderly waited upon the Poet when he lay upon his deathbed. It matters little, however, to whom they are supposed to have been sung. They are, in themselves, worthy of all admiration, and, in evidence of this, they are known to have so caught the fancy of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, that he embalmed them in a melody of his own composition—the words for all that being better fitted, according to our insular taste, to the fine old Scottish air to which they have long been attached.]

Tune—"The Lass o' Livingstone."

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee ;
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.
 Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and
 bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there :
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

O, WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

[There is still some uncertainty as to whom this lovely song was addressed by Burns, among whose manuscripts it is touching to remember that the original was found when he had breathed his last. The old Gaelic air it is set to was one to which the Poet was passionately attached.]

Tune—"Morag."

O, WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping ?
 O, sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rosebuds steeping !
 O, that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 O, that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming ;
 O, that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted ;
 O, that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;
 O, that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 O, that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

—o—

CALEDONIA.

[The history of Scotland is here packed into a song, in the flowing stanzas of which Burns shows himself to be alike the poet and the patriot. The Roman eagle, the Viking of the North, the Dane, the Pict, one by one, flit by in the panoramic survey taken of the annals of his native land by the great song-writer, who here puts the crowning touch to what is throughout a lyrical *tour de force* by demonstrating mathematically in his closing lines the indestructibility of Caledonia.]

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's delight."

THERE was once a day, but old Time
then was young,

That brave Caledonia, the chief of her
line,

From some of your northern deities
sprung,

(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's
divine?)

From Tweed to the Orcades was her
domain,

To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she
would :

Her heavenly relations there fixed her
reign,

And pledged her their godheads to
warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine
grew ;

Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly
swore—

"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' en-
counter shall rue !"

With tillage or pasture at times she would
sport,

To feed her fair flocks by her green
rustling corn ;

But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite
resort,

Her darling amusement the hounds and
the horn.

Long quiet she reigned ; till thitherward
steers

A flight of bold eagles from Adria's
strand !

Repeated, successive, for many long
years

They darkened the air and they
plundered the land ;

Their pounces were murder, and terror
their cry,

They'd conquered and ruined a world
beside :

She took to her hills, and her arrows let
fly,—

The daring invaders they fled or they
died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the
north,

The scourge of the seas, and the dread
of the shore ;

The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wandon in carnage and wallow in
gore :

O'er countries and kingdoms their fury
prevailed ;

No arts could appease them, no arms
could repel ;

But brave Caledonia in vain they assailed,
As Largs well can witness, and Lon-
cartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturbed her
repose,

With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and
strife ;

Provoked beyond bearing, at last she
arose,

And robbed him at once of his hopes
and his life :

The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguined the Tweed's
silver flood ;

But, taught by the bright Caledonian
lance,
He learn'd to fear in his own native
wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquered,
and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever
shall run :

For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as
the sun :—

Rectangle-triangle the figure we'll
choose ;

The upright is Chance, and old Time
is the base ;

But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;
Then, ergo, she'll match them, and
match them always.



O, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

[Elsewhere the Poet has supplied wonderfully suitable words to the March of the Gardeners, of the Tailors, and of the Weavers. He here does the like in a most felicitous manner by the March of the Shoemakers, which, in the old Catholic times used always to martial through the streets of the Three Kingdoms, on St. Crispin's day, the guild of the Cordwainers.]

Tune—"Cordwainers' March."

O, LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best ;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass ;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.



THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

[This was written in commemoration of a magnificent *al fresco* entertainment given, in 1788, by Mr. Cunningham, the son-in-law of the Poet's friend, Mrs. Stewart of Stair, upon the occasion of his putting in order his two fine mansions of Enterkin and Anbank, near Tarbolton. The biographer of Dr. Johnson is pointedly referred to at the close of the first stanza as "him who led o'er Scotland a' the meikle Ursa-Major," rumour having suggested, at the time, that James Boswell, or the giver of this fête, or, possibly, Sir John Whitefoord of Cloncaird, might appear as a candidate for the suffrages of the electors to a seat in the Parliament at Westminster.]

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

O, WHA will to Saint Stephen's House,
To do our errands there, man ?
O, wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man ?
Or will we send a man o' law ?
Or will we send a sodger ?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major ?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man ?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.
Ane gi'es them coin, ane gi'es them
wine,
Anither gi'es them clatter ;
Anbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,
He gi'es a fête champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
 The gay green-woods amang, man,
 Where, gathering flowers and busking
 bowers,
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;
 A vow, they sealed it with a kiss,
 Sir Politics to fetter,
 As theirs alone, the patent bliss,
 To hold a fête champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome
 wing ;
 O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;
 Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
 Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :
 She summoned every social sprite,
 That sports by wood or water,
 On the bonnie banks of Ayr to meet,
 And keep this fête champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
 Clamb up the starry sky, man :
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter ;
 The western breeze steals through the
 trees
 To view this fête champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats !
 What sparkling jewels glance, man,
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,
 As moves the mazy dance, man !
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,
 Like Paradise did glitter,
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,
 To hold their fête champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
 And make his ether-stane, man !
 He circled round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he nane, man :

He blushed for shame, he quat his name,
 Forswore it every letter,
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive fête champêtre.

— o —

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

[In this form a modified snatch of an old Jacobite song *redivivus*, was contributed by Burns to Johnson's Museum. It appeared in that collection as a chorus with one stanza, here prefixed to the song in its complete form, as first published posthumously, in the January of 1818, in the pages of the *Scots Magazine*, from the Poet's own manuscript.]

Tune—"Here's a health to them that's awa'!"

HERE'S a health to them that's awa' !
 Here's a health to them that's awa' !
 Here's a health to them that were here
 short syne,

But canna be here the day !
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true ;
 It's guid to be aff wi' the auld love
 Before ye be on wi' the new.

Here's a health to them that's awa' !
 Here's a health to them that's awa' !
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our
 cause,

May never guid luck be their fa' !
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa' !
 Here's a health to them that's awa' !
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o'
 the clan,
 Although that his band be but sma' !

May Liberty meet wi' success !
 May prudence protect her frae evil !
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil !

Here 's a health to them that 's awa' !
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa' !
 Here 's a health to Tammie, the Norland
 laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law !
 Here 's freedom to him that wad read !
 Here 's freedom to him that wad
 write !
 There 's nane ever feared that the truth
 should be heard
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa' !
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa' !
 Here 's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain
 worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o'
 snaw !
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa' !
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa' !
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our
 cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa' !

—o—

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LA- MENT.

[This is a Jacobite ballad, so translated by Burns from the Gaelic that it has become the Poet's own by right of conquest.]

OH ! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Without a penny in my purse
 To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Feeding on yon hills so high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,—
 Sair, sair may I repine ;
 For Donald was the bravest man,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last,
 Sae far to set us free ;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell ?
 Right to the wrang did yield :
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden-field.

Och-on, O Donald, O !
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

—o—

MEG O' THE MILL.

[Under this title Burns contributed, first of all to Johnson's Museum, a rough-and-ready version by himself of an old song, descriptive, coarsely enough in the original, of a drunken wedding. Afterwards, in the April of 1793, he elaborated those more careless touches of his in the way of emendation into what he regarded as one of his happiest ditties, transmitting it in its new shape to Thomson for his collection.

Tune—"Jockie Hume's Lament," or "O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack?"

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?

An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?

She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller.

And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy,

A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:

The laird was a widdiefu' bleerit knurl;
She's left the good fellow and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;

The laird did address her wi' matter more moving,—

A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chainèd bridle,

A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!

A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parole;

But gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl'!

TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

[When General Dumourier, on the 5th of April, 1793, after gaining more than one signal victory over the foes of France, suddenly deserted the Republic to join the allied forces under the Duke of Brunswick, the news of his desertion, spreading like wildfire over Europe, excited in all directions a phrenzy of mingled applause and indignation. Startled by hearing the traitor vindicated one day by a stranger in the King's Arms Inn at Dumfries, Burns was overheard a few minutes afterwards muttering to himself the following improvised parody on Robin Adair.]

Tune—"Robin Adair."

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier;

You're welcome to despots, Dumourier.

How does Dampiere do?

Ay, and Bournonville too?

Why did they not come along with you,
Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;

I will fight France with you,

I will take my chance with you;

By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you,
Dumourier!

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;

Then let us fight about,

Till freedom's spark is out,

Then we'll be damned, no doubt—
Dumourier!

BONNIE PEG-A-RAMSAY.

[The chrysalis of an old song has here again broken and taken wings to itself under the glance of Burns. All that is remembered of the ancient ditty now is a solitary couplet telling how "Bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay, as any man may see, has a bonnie sweet face and a gleg wanton e'e."]

Tune—"Cauld is the e'enin' blast."

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin' it is dreary
When birks are bare at Yule.

O, cauld blows the e'enin' blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

—o—

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

[This is a mere snatch of song adapted by Burns to the music of a slow march, and sounding in its adaptation very effectively.]

THERE was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear ;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear ;
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

O, MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

[This was the last contribution by Burns to the Musical Museum of Johnson. Mally is traditionally said to have been a beautiful rustic maiden, who attracted the Poet's attention one day as she tripped along the High Street of Dumfries, barefooted, carrying in her hands her huddled up shoes and stockings.]

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet ;
But O, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
O, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 't were more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.
O, Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white
neck ;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
O, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

—o—

MY LOVELY NANCY.

[These verses were composed in the October of 1793, and form one of Burns's few songs in pure English, adapted to an old melody.]

Tune—"The Quaker's wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy ;

Every pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish :
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure :
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?
Night without a morning :
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

—o—

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

[Invasion from France being threatened in 1795, Burns, together with his friends Syme, Staig, and Maxwell, was enrolled in the Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries. Upon returning home, on the very day of his enrolment, he wrote the following stanzas, which, helped into popularity by a stirring air, spread at once, like wild fire, all over the kingdom.]

Tune—"Push about the jorum."

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the louns beware, sir !
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
The Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

O, let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided ;
Till, slap ! comes in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it.

Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursel's united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted !
For never, &c.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in 't ;
But de'il a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in 't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it ?
By heavens ! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it !
By heavens ! &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn Brother,
Wha would set the mob aboon the
throne,
May they be damned together !
Wha will not sing "God save the
King !"
Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
But while we sing "God save the
King !"
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing "God save the
King !"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

—o—

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

[This little atom of verse was published first of all, in its present shape, in the January number for 1818 of the *Edinburgh Magazine*.]

Tune—"The tither morn, as I forlorn."

YON wandering rill, that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Slides by a bower where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay with Sylvia gay,
 To love they thought nae crime, sir ;
 The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
 While Damon's heart beat time, sir.

—o—

O, WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

[The two earlier stanzas of the following song are alone by Burns, the two later ones being of some antiquity, and counted among his own particular favourites.]

Tune—"Hughie Graham."

O, WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing ;

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude !
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom re-
 newed.

[O, gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' ;

O, there, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on Beauty a' the night ;
 Sealed on her silk-soft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light !]

—o—

SHELAH O'NEIL.

[Although published in many editions of Burns as from his hand, the following verses are understood to have been written, in point of fact, by Sir Alexander Boswell.]

[When first I began for to sigh and to
 woo her,
 Of many fine things I did say a great
 deal,
 But, above all the rest, that which pleased
 her the best,
 Was, oh ! will you marry me, Shelah
 O'Neil ?
 My point I soon carried, for straight we
 were married,
 Then the weight o' my burden I soon
 'gan to feel,—
 For she scolded, she fisted—O then I
 enlisted,
 Left Ireland, and whiskey, and Shelah
 O'Neil.

Then tired and dull-hearted, O then I
 deserted,
 And fled into regions far distant from
 home,
 To Frederick's army, where none e'er
 could harm me,
 Save Shelah herself in the shape of a
 bomb.
 I fought every battle, where cannons did
 rattle,
 Felt sharp shot, alas ! and the sharp-
 pointed steel ;
 But, in all my wars round, thank my
 stars, I ne'er found
 Ought so sharp as the tongue of cursed
 Shelah O'Neil.]

—o—



MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

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MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

[This is especially interesting as being Burns's first contribution to Thomson's collection.]

Tune—"The Lea-rig."

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf and weary, O!
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O!
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gi'e me the hour o' gloaming grey,—
It makes my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

—O—

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES,
MY MARY.

[The subjoined was the second song transmitted by Burns to Thomson.]

Tune—"Will ye go to the Ewe-Bughts, Marion."

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the Heavens to my
Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the Heavens to be
true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part
us!—

The hour and the moment o' time!

—O—

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE
THING.

[The very title of the air to which this charming song was adapted will indicate at a glance, as closely as anything well could, the wholesome and sweetening influence, as a rule, upon the licentious old ditties of Scotland exercised by Robert Burns as a lyrical improver, elevator, and transformer.]

Tune—"My wife's a wanton wee thing."

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't ;
 Wi' her I 'll blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

—0—

BONNIE LESLEY.

[The heroine of this song was Lesley, daughter of Mr. Baillie of Mayfield, a lady who afterwards became Mrs. Cumming of Logie, and who died in 1843 at Edinburgh.]

O, SAW ye bonnie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the border ?
 She 's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever ;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee :
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The De'il he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He 'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, " I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
 Thou 'rt like themselves, sae lovely,
 That ill they 'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag we ha'e a lass
 There 's nane again sae bonnie.

—0—

HIGHLAND MARY.

[The following was contributed on the 14th of November, 1792, to Thomson's collection.]

Tune—"Katharine Ogie."

YE banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your
 flowers,

Your waters never drumlie !
 There Simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green
 birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom !
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasped her to my bosom !

The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursel's asunder ;
 But O ! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green 's the sod and cauld's the
 clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
 I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

—o—

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in
 yon glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows and wale
 of auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen
 and kine,
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and
 mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in
 May;
 She's sweet as the evening among the
 new hay;
 As blithe and as artless as the lambs on
 the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my
 e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a
 laird,
 And my daddie has naught but a cot-
 house and yard;
 And wooer like me maunna hope to
 come speed,—
 The wounds I must hide that will soon
 be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings
 me nane;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is
 gane

I wander my lane like a night-troubled
 ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in
 my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might ha'e hoped she'd ha'e smiled
 upon me!

O, how past describing had then been
 my bliss,

As now my distraction no words can
 express!

—o—

O, POORTITH CAULD AND
RESTLESS LOVE.

[This was composed in January, 1793, and
 was originally designed by the Poet to have been
 set to Cauld Kail in Aberdeen. In that, how-
 ever, he was overruled by Thomson.]

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

O, POORTITH cauld and restless love!
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An't were na for my Jeanie.
 O, why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 O why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward mad,
 That he should be the slave o't.
 O, why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O, why, &c.

O, wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?

O, wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?

O, why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!

He woos his simple dearie;

The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

O, why should Fate sic pleasure have,

Life's dearest bands untwining?

Or why so sweet a flower as love

Depend on Fortune's shining?

—o—

LORD GREGORY.

[The following was written in the January of 1793, as a rendering in the Scottish dialect of an old, old Gaelic ditty about the Maid of Lochryan. Peter Pindar had already given an English version of it. But Burns was so satisfied with his own, that he was known more than once, when called upon to give either a song or a recitation, to rise and declaim this rendering by him of the ballad of Lord Gregory.]

O, MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,

And loud the tempest's roar;

A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,

Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',

And a' for loving thee;

At least some pity on me shaw,

If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the
grove

By bonnie Irwine side,

Where first I owned that virgin-love

I lang, lang had denied?

How often didst thou pledge and vow

Thou wad for aye be mine;

And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,

It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,

And flinty is thy breast:

Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,

O, wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,

Your willing victim see!

But spare and pardon my fause love,

His wrangs to Heaven and me!

—o—

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

O MARY, at thy window be,

It is the wished, the trysted hour!

Those smiles and glances let me see,

That makes the miser's treasure poor!

How blithely wad I bide the stoure,

A weary slave frae sun to sun,

Could I the rich reward secure—

The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when, to the trembling string,

The dance gaed through the lighted
ha',

To thee my fancy took its wing—

I sat, but neither heard nor saw,

Though this was fair, and that was braw,

And you the toast of a' the town,

I sighed, and said amang them a',

"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,

Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?

Or canst thou break that heart of his,

Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gi'e,
 At least be pity to me shown ;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

—0—

WANDERING WILLIE.

[Composed in March, 1793, this transformation by Burns of an old song into a genuine production of his own, was improved by modifications, some of which were suggested by the Hon. Henry Erskine.]

HERE awa', there awa', wandering
 Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa'
 hame ;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the
 same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our
 parting ;
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in
 my e'e :
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my
 Willie ;
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to
 me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your
 slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover
 alarms !
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye bil-
 lows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to
 my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na
 his Nannie,
 O flow still between us, thou wide-
 roaring main ;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's
 my ain.

—0—

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O !

WITH ALTERATIONS.

[This was an old song so purified and generally transformed by Burns, that, at the very time when it was apparently dying out of popular recollection, its title and the sentiment at the heart of it were snatched from the risk of oblivion and thus perpetuated.]

Tune—"Open the door to me, O !"

O, OPEN the door, some pity to show,
 O, open the door to me, O !
 Though thou hast been fause, I'll ever
 prove true,
 O, open the door to me, O !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, O !
 The frost that freezes the life at my
 heart
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, O !

The wan moon is setting behind the
 white wave,
 And time is setting with me, O !
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for
 mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, O !

She has opened the door, she has opened
 it wide ;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, O !
 My true love ! she cried, and sank down
 by his side,
 Never to rise again, O !

YOUNG JESSIE.

[Young Jessie was the daughter of Provost Staig of Dumfries. Married to Major Miller, of Dalswinton, she died in 1801, at the early age of six-and-twenty. In the April of 1793 the following verses were written, when Jessie Staig was barely eighteen.]

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain
o' the Yarrow,

And fair are the maids on the banks o'
the Ayr,

But by the sweet side of the Nith's wind-
ing river

Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as
fair;

To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all
over;

To equal young Jessie you seek it in
vain;

Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her
lover,

And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay dewy
morning,

And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young
Jessie,

Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnar-
ing,

Enthroned in her een, he delivers his
law:

And still to her charms she alone is a
stranger!—

Her modest demeanour's the jewel
of a'.

—o—

THE POOR AND HONEST
SODGER.

[The following was contributed in the April of 1793 to Thomson's collection. Martial thoughts throbbed in the veins of Burns all his life. Hannibal's history was the first book he ever read. The second was the history of Wallace, whose name, to him, was like the blast of a trumpet. As an urchin he strutted up and down, as he tells us in his autobiography, after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, wishing himself, then, already tall enough to be a soldier. When overwhelmed by dejection in his hale young manhood, at three-and-twenty, he braced himself to new efforts, and raised himself to the full height of his five feet nine inches, when trolling forth his defiant song, "O, why the deuce should I repine, I'll go and be a sodger." Finally, in this noble ballad, which is, in itself, a very romance in miniature, he sang of life, and love, and patriotism, as he had realized them himself, in their full intensity. Love of country and love of kind never beat more strongly in any human breast than in that of the manly lyrist who has bequeathed this, with so many other treasures of song, to his fellow-mortals and to his beloved Caledonia.]

Tune—"The mill, mill, O!"

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was
blawn,

And gentle Peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;

I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonnie glen
 Where early life I sported ;
 I passed the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted ;
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling !
 And turned me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O ! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom !
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain would be thy lodger ;
 I've served my king and country lang,—
 Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
 And lovelier was than ever ;
 Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never :
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it ;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed—she reddened like a rose,
 Syne pale like ony lily ;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 "Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
 "By Him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man ; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted ;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
 Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenished fairly ;
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !"

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour.
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger ;
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

—o—

THERE'S NAETHING LIKE THE HONEST NAPPY.

[The subjoined stanzas were pencilled by Burns in the Common Place Book he wrote from day to day while in Edinburgh, and were intended by him to have formed a portion of the epistle addressed, in the August of 1785, to John Goudie, according to a very distinct statement by Allan Cunningham.]

THERE'S naething like the honest nappy !
 Whare'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
 Or women sonsie, saft, an' sappy,
 'Tween morn an' morn,
 As them wha like to tash the drappy
 In glass or horn ?

I've seen me daez't upon a time,
 I scarce could wink or see a styme,
 Just ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime—
 Ought else is little—
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
 As gleg's a whittle.

—o—

LET ME IN, THIS AE NIGHT.

[Here again was another purification by Burns of a vile old ditty, the melody attached to which he has thus sweetened and preserved.]

Tune—"O, let me in, this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For love has bound me, hand and fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

—o—

HER ANSWER.

O, TELL na me o' wind and rain!
Upbraid na me wi' could disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That 's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that decked the
mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed:
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charmed his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey:
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate 's the same, jo.
I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

—o—

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO
COMFORT NEAR.

[The song here subjoined was written in June, 1795, for Thomson's collection, and was intended by Burns immediately to follow the foregoing.]

Tune—"Let me in, this ae night."

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.
O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in these arms of thine, love.

O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet !
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me ;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

—o—

WILL YE GO TO THE HIE- LANDS, LEEZIE LINDSAY.

[Unhappily Burns wrote no more than a single stanza to the bewitching old melody which that one, however, has helped to perpetuate. Eked out by the sorry stanzas appended to it, and which, duly bracketed, are given below, the song has for years past enjoyed a wide popularity.]

Tune—"Leezie Lindsay."

WILL ye go to the Hielands, Leezie
Lindsay?

Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie
Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

[To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be ;
For I ken na the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae that ye dinna ken me ;
My name is Lord Ronald M'Donald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee ;
And she's aff wi' Lord Roland M'Donald,
His bride and his darling to be.]

—o—

BLITHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Tune—"Liggeram Cosh."

BLITHE ha'e I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me ;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me ;
Now nae longer sport and play,
Mirth or sang, can please me ;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love declaring ;
Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,
Sighing, dumb, despairing !
If she winna ease the thraws
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

—o—

LOGAN BRAES.

[These verses were enclosed by Burns, on the 25th of June, 1793, to Thomson for the latter's musical collection. Five years previously a kindred lyric by John Mayne had made its appearance.]

Tune—"Logan Water."

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride ;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing
flowers :

Blithe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Evening's tears are tears of joy :
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's fair frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes !

BONNIE JEAN.

[The heroine of this lovely ballad was the daughter of Mr. McMurdo of Drumlanrig. It was written by Burns in the summer of 1793. As princesses have masqueraded before now as shepherdesses, the lady here portrayed figures in the Poet's verse in the guise of a cottager.]

Tune—"Bonnie Jean."

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's
wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie ;
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was
stoun.

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whispered thus his tale o' love :—

“ Oh, Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 Oh, canst thou think to fancy me ?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

“ At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee ;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.”

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
 She had nae will to say him na :
 At length she blushed a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

—o—

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

[This exquisite song was despatched, in the August of 1793, to Thomson. The heroine of it was Phillis, the sister of bonnie Jean McMurdo.]

Tune—“ Thé mucking o' Geordie's byre.”

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they
 spring ;

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
 Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare ;
 Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.
 Awa', &c.

The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 't is prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.
 Awa', &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie ;
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
 Awa', &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading
 grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
 Awa', &c.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
 Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare ;
 Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

—o—

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

[The subjoined stanzas were forwarded to Thomson at the same time with the foregoing. Phillis McMurdo, Phillis the Fair, instead of marrying the Poet's friend, Clarke, in whose interests he wrote these two songs, eventually espoused Norman Lockhart of Carnwath.]

Tune—"Robin Adair."

WHILE larks, with little wing,
Fanned the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare ;
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peeped o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share ;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there :
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were ;
I marked the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare :
So kind may Fortune be—
Such make his destiny—
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.

—o—

HAD I A CAVE.

[These lines were written in the August of 1793 purely to chime in with the delicious old melody.]

Tune—"Robin Adair."

HAD I a cave on some wild distant
shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dash-
ing roar ;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou de-
clare,
All thy fond-plighted vows—fleeting as
air ?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there !

—o—

BY ALLAN STREAM.

[The following verses were written, like the foregoing, in the autumn of 1793—a season, according to Burns, always propitious to his Muse, the fall of the leaf being the time when songs fluttered from his hand in larger abundance than at any other time in the twelvemonth.]

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi ;
The winds were whispering through the
grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready :
I listened to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures
mony ;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
O, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

O, happy be the woodbine bower !
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for
 ever !"

While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should
 sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
 The Simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery through her shortening day
 Is Autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless plea-
 sure,
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

—o—

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

[This was no more than a skilful transformation by Burns into pure English of a rapid copy of verses in *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany*. These lines were sent by him to Thomson for his collection in the November of 1794.]

Tune—"Dainty Davie."

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and
 gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe,
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feathered people you might see
 Perched all around on every tree ;
 In notes of sweetest melody,
 They hail the charming Chloe ;
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivalled by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

—o—

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

[The subjoined was addressed to the same lady whom Burns had apostrophized in "O Poorthie Cauld," but whose identity it seems difficult to determine.]

Tune—"Cauld Kail."

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur :
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her ?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure ;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share
 Than sic a moment's pleasure :
 And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever !
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never.

BRUCE AT BANNOCKBURN.

[The following was written in the September of 1793, and was at once enclosed to Thomson for his collection. Traditionally, the air to which this glorious ode is sung was the very march to which the warriors of Robert Bruce advanced, when, with the king in their midst, they gathered about the royal standard his hand had planted upon the field of Bannockburn. The old melody had so powerful an effect upon the Poet, that, on his merely hearing it played upon a hautboy, his eyes were brimmed with tears. Burns had, in 1787, himself visited the scene of the victory he has thus grandly and heroically celebrated. Braham, and Sinclair, and Wilson, each in his day, roused vast audiences to the wildest enthusiasm by the impassioned delivery of words not unworthy of having fallen from the lips of the Bruce before leading his men on to do or die at Bannockburn.]

Tune—"Hey, tuttie taitie."

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious vicerie !

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do, or die !

—o—

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

[This is stated by Burns himself to have been despatched, "glowing from the mint," to Thomson, in the September of 1793.]

Tune—"Oran-gaoil."

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive,
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart ;
 Severed from thee, can I survive ?—
 But Fate has willed, and we must part.
 I 'll often greet this surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 "E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 There latest marked her vanished sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I 'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I 'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While through thy sweets she loves to
 stray,
 O, tell me, does she muse on me ?

—o—

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

[What follows is but the modification by Burns of two stanzas penned, very many years before, by Robert Crawford.]

As down the burn they took their way,
 And thro' the flowery dale,
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was aye the tale.

With "Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew?"
 Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
 And aye shall follow you."

—0—

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

[As played by Fraser upon his hautboy, the air to which these pathetic words were written, in the September of 1793, according to Burns, breathed the very language of despair.]

Tune—"Fee him, father."

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast
 left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast
 left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vowed that death only
 should us sever,
 Now thou 'st left thy lass for aye—I maun
 see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast
 me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast
 me forsaken;
 Thou canst love anither jo, while my
 heart is breaking:
 Soon my weary een I'll close, never
 mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken.

—0—

AULD LANG SYNE.

[An exceedingly old song going by this name, both the words and the melody of which were, however, entirely different from those the genius of Burns has rendered immortal, was familiar generations before his birth all over Scotland.]

Tune—"Can ye labour, lea?"

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne!

We twa ha'e run about the braes,

And pu't the gowans fine;

But we've wandered mony a weary foot

Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,

Frae mornin' sun till dine;

But seas between us braid ha'e roared

Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trustie fiere,

And gi'e's a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak' a right guid willie
 waught,

For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,

And surely I'll be mine;

And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne!

THERE'S THREE GUDE FELLOWS.

[If we may judge from a letter of the Poet's, dated 4th May, 1789, promising that he would celebrate them thus in song, the "three gude fellows" were, Alexander Cunninghame, William Cruikshank, and the Colonel of the Crockallan Fencibles. The old words of the old song have dropped into oblivion beyond recovery. Burns wrote the four middle lines as a solo to oblige Johnson, who wanted to include the melody in his collection.]

Tune—"There's three Gude Fellows."

[There's three gude fellows,
There's three gude fellows,
There's three gude fellows,
Down ayont yon glen.]

It's now the day is daw'ing,
But or night do fa' in,
Whase cock's best at crawin',
Willie, thou shalt ken.

[There's three gude fellows,
There's three gude fellows,
There's three gude fellows,
Down ayont yon glen.]

—o—

FAIR JENNY.

[The following was contributed by Burns in the September of 1793 to Thomson's collection.]

Tune—"Saw ye my father."

WHERE are the joys I have met in the
morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my
wandering
At evening the wilds woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon
river,

And marking sweet flowerets so fair :
No more I trace the light footsteps of
pleasure,
By sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay
roses

Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to dis-
cover,

Yet long, long too well have I known,
All that has caused this wreck in my
bosom,

Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me—my griefs are im-
mortal—

Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come, then, enamoured and fond of my
anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

—o—

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

[This was spoken of by Burns in his letter to Thomson, when enclosing it in the September of 1793, as an old bacchanalian, but, from its never having been met with elsewhere since then, it is generally regarded, in spite of that phrase, as his own production.]

Tune—"The Collier's Bonnie Lassie."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of women.

O! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.

—o—

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

[What follows was contributed by Burns to Thomson's collection in the December of 1793.]

Tune—"My jo, Janet."

"HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

"If 't is still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so good-bye, allegiance!"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it."

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear—
My spouse Nancy."

—o—

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

[According to Allan Cunningham, the lassie celebrated in this charming song was Janet Miller of Dalswinton. Burns always regarded it as one of his happiest productions.]

Tune—"The Sutor's Dochter."

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O, wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
And that 's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie;
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou 'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,

Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me ;
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

—o—

HERE IS THE GLEN.

[The following was written by Burns in the May of 1794, for adaptation to the beautiful melody of "The Banks of Cree," composed by the Lady Elizabeth Heron. Thomson, however, preferred uniting the Poet's words to the air with which they have ever since been associated.]

Tune—"The Flowers of Edinburgh."

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village bell has tolled the hour,—
 O, what can stay my lovely maid ?

'T is not Maria's whispering call ;
 'T is but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 't is music—and 't is love.

And art thou come ! and art thou true !
 O, welcome dear to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

[The opening stanzas stood originally as sub-joined—the closing stanza in each version of the song being identical.]

The last time I came o'er the moor,
 And left Maria's dwelling,
 What throes, what tortures passing ever
 Were in my bosom swelling !

Condemned to see my rivals reign,
 While I in secret languish ;
 To feel a fire in every vein,
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
 Fain, fain my crime would cover ;
 The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
 Betray the guilty lover.

I know my doom must be despair,
 Thou wilt, nor canst believe me ;
 But, O Maria, hear my prayer—
 For pity's sake, forgive me !

—o—

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

[This was contributed by Burns on the 30th August, 1794, to Thomson's collection.]

Tune—"O'er the hills and far away."

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe ?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that 's far away.

On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are aye with him that 's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 I haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thundering at his gun :
 Bullets, spare my only joy !
 Bullets, spare my darling boy !
 Fate, do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that 's far away !
 On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power;
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that 's far away.
 On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild War his ravage end;
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may Heaven, with prosperous gales,
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails;
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that 's far away,
 Over the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are aye with him that 's far away!

—o—

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

[Stephen Clarke preserved the melody, while Robert Burns remodelled and adorned the words of this exquisite old song, which, but for them, must have perished outright and long since have been utterly forgotten. The rivulet called the Clouden is a tributary to the Nith; and the towers hard by the former streamlet marked one of the spots in which the Poet loved to loiter in meditation.]

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang!
 Then a-faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.

We 'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Through the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.
 Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.
 Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
 Thou 'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.

—o—

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

[Jean Lorimer was the heroine of the following stanzas, which were composed by Burns, not only to celebrate her charms, but to furnish words to the lovely Irish melody which was among the Poet's especial favourites. The concluding quatrain he scratched with his diamond on a window-pane in the Globe Tavern at Dumfries, where for many years it was most carefully preserved.]

Tune—"Onagh's Waterfall."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows, of a darker hue,

Bewitchingly o'er-arching

Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.

Her smiling, sae wyling,

Wad mak' a wretch forget his woe ;

What pleasure, what treasure,

Unto these rosy lips to grow !

Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,

When first her bonnie face I saw,

And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,

She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;

Her pretty ankle is a spy,

Betraying fair proportion,

Wad mak' a saint forget the sky.

Sae warming, sae charming,

Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;

Ilka feature—auld Nature

Declared that she could do nae mair :

Hers are the willing chains o' love,

By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;

And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,

She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,

And gaudy show at sunny noon ;

Gi'e me the lonely valley,

The dewy eve, and rising moon ;

Fair beaming, and streaming,

Her silver light the boughs amang ;

While falling, recalling,

The am'rous thrush concludes his
sang :

There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove

By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,

And hear my vows o' truth and love,

And say thou lo'est me best of a'.

—o—

SAW YE MY PHELY?

[This was a re-adaptation by the Poet of his ditty in honour of Eppie McNab. Willie was here the pseudonym for Stephen Clarke, and Phely the diminutive for Phillis McMurdo.]

QUASI DICAT PHILLIS.

Tune—"When she cam' ben she bobbit."

O, SAW ye my dear, my Phely?

O, saw ye my dear, my Phely?

She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new
love,

She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?

She lets thee to wot that she has thee
forgot,

And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !

O, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !

As light as the air, and fause as thou's
fair,

Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

—o—

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

[Burns contributed to Johnson's Museum this quaint lullaby to a delicious old melody, which the singing of Urbani at once made wonderfully popular. Out of the chime of it there can be little doubt came, later on, Sir Walter Scott's "O, hush thee, my baby," so exquisitely crooned by the late Charlotte Cushman in her impersonation of Meg Merrilies. The second stanza not being from the hand of Burns, is here duly bracketed.]

Tune—"Hee, O ! wee, O !"

O CAN ye sew cushions? and can ye sew
sheets?

And can ye sing bal-lu-loo when the
bairn greets?

And hee and baw birdie, and hee and
baw lamb!

And hee and baw birdie, my bonnie
wee lamb!

Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do
wi' you?

Black's the life that I lead wi'
you:

Mony o' you, little for to gi'e you;

Hee O! wee, O! what would I
do wi' you?

[I'll set baby's cradle on yon holly-top,
And aye as the wind blows the cradle
will rock:

And hee and ba-birdie, and ba-lily-loo,
And hee and ba-birdie, my bonnie wee
doo!]

Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do
wi' you?

Black's the life that I lead wi'
you:

Mony o' you, little for to gi'e you;

Hee, O! wee, O! what would I
do wi' you?

—o—

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COM- PLAIN.

[The following was contributed by Burns to
Thomson's collection in the October of 1794.]

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
LET not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove.

Look abroad through Nature's range,—
Nature's mighty law is change:
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should, then, a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why, then, ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can,—
You can be no more, you know.

—o—

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALU- TATION TO HIS MISTRESS.

[This was written on the 19th of October, 1794,
in celebration of the charms of the lassie Burns
loved to sing of as Chloris.]

Tune—"De'il tak' the wars."

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest
creature?

Rosy morn now lifts its eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:

Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly
stray;

The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The laverock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the
day.

Phoebus, gilding the brow o' morning
Banishes ilk darksome shade
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen
sky;

But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravished sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart—
 'T is then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

—o—

CHLORIS.

[The following fragment was produced by Burns in the July of 1795.]

Tune—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

WHY, why tell thy lover
 Bliss he never must enjoy?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie?
 O, why, while Fancy, raptured, slum-
 bers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme,
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

—o—

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE
LOCKS.

[This song was composed by Burns in the November of 1794, and was again in honour of Chloris. The Poet claimed for the following verses the merit at least of being a regular pastoral, in which, as he says, "the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded." The air, he added, in sending it to Thomson, always threw him into raptures.]

Tune—"Rothemurche's Rant."

NOW Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;
 O, wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie!
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome simmer shower
 Has cheered ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Through yellow waving fields we'll
 stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie!
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

—o—

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM!

[Burns having sent an earlier version of this song to Thomson, in the April of 1793, entitled "The last time I came o'er the moor," in the December of 1794 enclosed to him this revised rendering, in which 'Eliza's' name was substituted for that of Maria. His reason was simply that within the interim he had quarrelled with Mrs. Riddel of Woodely Park, in whose honour the original verses had been composed.]

Tune—"Nancy's to the greenwood gane."

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding
 flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling!

O Mem'ry ! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling :
 Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish ;
 To feel a fire in every vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover :
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;
 But oh ! Eliza, hear one prayer,—
 For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslaved me ;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
 Till fears no more had saved me :
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

—o—

PHILLY AND WILLY.

[This was a pastoral in dialogue which Burns composed in the November of 1794, and in that same month sent to Thomson for his collection.]

Tune—"The sow's tail to Geordie."

HE.

O PHILLY ! happy be that day,
 When, roving through the gathered hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly !

SHE.

O Willy ! aye I bless the grove
 Where first I owned my maiden love,
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers
 above
 To be my ain dear Willy

HE.

As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
 So ilka day to me mair dear
 And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
 Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
 So in my tender bosom grows
 The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
 That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
 Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
 As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
 Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
 Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
 As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that through the sunny hour
 Sips nectar in the opening flower,
 Compared wi' my delight, is poor,
 Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weat,
 When evening shades in silence meet,
 Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
 As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
 And fools may tine, and knaves may
 win ;
 My thoughts are a' bound up in aye,
 And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What 's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e !
 I care na wealth a single flie ;
 The lad I love 's the lad for me,
 And that 's my ain dear Willy.

—o—

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

[This animated ditty, set to a most inspiring tune, Burns regarded as in every sense so typical of his own character, that he comically besought Thomson, when enclosing it to him in the May of 1795, to have a vignette of his, the writer's, head prefixed to it by way of illustration, so that, as he said, the portrait of his face and the picture of his mind might go down the stream of time together.]

Tune—"Lumps o' pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi'
 mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and
 care,
 I gi'e them a skelp, as they're creeping
 alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld
 Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome
 thought ;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a
 faught :
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in
 my pouch,
 And my Freedom's my lairdship nae
 monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be
 my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship southers
 it a' :

When at the blithe end o' our journey at
 last,
 Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he
 has past ?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte
 on her way ;
 Be 't to me, be 't frae me, e'en let the
 jade gae ;
 Come ease, or come travail ; come plea-
 sure or pain,
 My warst word is—"Welcome, and
 welcome again !"

—o—

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS,
MY KATIE?

[The following was a contribution by Burns of English words to Mrs. Grant of Carron's famous Scotch melody. They were sent by the Poet to Thomson on the 19th of November, 1794.]

Tune—"Roy's wife."

CHORUS.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katie?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart—
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katie?
 Canst thou leave me thus, &c.

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katie !
 Thou may'st find those will love thee
 dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katie.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart—
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

—o—

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

[This lovely song was transmitted to Thomson in the December of 1794, and is supposed to have had reference to the long-lost Clarinda of Sylvander.]

Tune—"There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

Now in her green mantle blithe Nature
 arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er
 the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green
 shaw;
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's
 awa'.

The snawdrap and primrose our wood-
 lands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the
 morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly
 they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's
 awa'.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews
 o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-break-
 ing dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the
 night fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow
 and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's
 decay;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving
 snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's
 awa'.

—o—

IS THERE, FOR HONEST
POVERTY.

[Among the most glorious productions of the National Poet of Scotland is very certainly the following, prefixed to which in perpetuity ought to be one of the finest sentences ever penned by Professor Wilson—the one in which, capping the climax of his panegyrics upon the genius and character of the Bard of Caledonia, he says, "The poor man, as he speaks of Robert Burns, always holds up his head and regards you with an elated look." It cannot but be interesting to add here, that when the late Norman MacLeod (as may be found mentioned in his *Life*) was reading aloud one day at Balmoral snatches from Burns to Her Majesty, the Queen selected from among them all this particular poem as her own especial favourite.]

Tune—"For a' that, and a' that."

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that;
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their
 wine,
 A man's a man for a' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that !

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that !

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that !

—o—

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

[Composed by Burns in the springtime of 1794,
 these words go exquisitely to the melody of the
 "Lass o' Gowrie.]

Tune—"Loch Erroch side."

O, STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
 Nor quit me for the trembling spray ;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art ;
 For surely that wad touch her heart
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?
 O, nocht but love and sorrow joined,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
 Or my poor heart is broken !

—o—

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

[The subjoined was composed in the May of
 1795, and harmonizes tenderly with the pathetic
 melody to which it is allied.]

Tune—"Aye wakin', O."

CAN I cease to care ?
 Can I cease to languish,
 While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish ?
 Long, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

Every hope is fled,
 Every fear is terror ;
 Slumber ev'n I dread,
 Every dream is horror.
 Long, &c.

Hear me, Powers divine !
 O, in pity hear me !
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my Chloris spare me !

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

—o—

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

[Written shortly after the foregoing, either in the late spring or the early summer of 1795, these tender and patriotic lines have, with little doubt, especial reference to the Poet's wife, though some, with small show of reason, conceive them to have allusion not to Jean Armour but to Jean Lorimer.]

Tune—"Humours of Glen."

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign
lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt
the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green
breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang
yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom
bowers,
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk
lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the
wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my
Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay
sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the
wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt
the proud palace,
What are they?—The haunt of the
tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-
bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' dis-
dain;
He wanders as free as the winds o' his
mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains
o' his Jean.

—o—

'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

[In one manuscript of this song, in Burns's handwriting, the name leading off the last stanza is Mary, and in another it is Chloris.]

Tune—"Laddie, lie near me."

'T WAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my
ruin;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my
undoing:
'T was the dear smile when naeboddy did
mind us,—
'T was the bewitching, sweet stown
glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied
me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide
me!
But though fell fortune should fate us to
sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for
ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the
dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can
alter,—
Sooner the sun in his motion would
falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

[The following, which was written by Burns in May, 1795, for Thomson's collection, is no more than an old English song modified in the wording of it, and adapted to the old Scottish melody.]

Tune—"John Anderson, my jo."

How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice.
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet.

—o—

MARK YONDER POMP.

[Here is another song written in the May of 1795 in honour of Chloris.]

Tune—"De'il tak' the wars."

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy titled bride;
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?

The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art?
The polished jewel's blaze
May draw the wondering gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the
heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day?
O, then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains
the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,—
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipped deity,
And feel through every vein Love's
raptures roll.

—o—

MY AIN LASSIE.

[This charming love song, penned in the August of 1795, was yet another tribute from Burns to his bonnie Jean's unnumbered graces and endearments.]

Tune—"This is no my ain house."

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O, weel ken I my ain lassie,—
Kind love is in her e'e.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and
tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O, this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O, this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O, weel ken I my ain lassie,—
Kind love is in her e'e.

—o—

THE HOPELESS LOVER.

[The subjoined stanzas were written by Burns, in the August of 1795, as "a sort of poetic medicine" (so he expressed it) for the heart of his love-lorn friend, Alexander Cunningham, of Edinburgh, for whom he had at other times, as in "Had I a cave," sighed thus vicariously.]

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strewed the lea wi' flowers;
The furrowed waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O, why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe?

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:

My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The wakened laverock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye:
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour
Made me the thrall o' care.

O, had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "Hope nae
mair,"

What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

—o—

YON ROSY BRIER.

[This, among the loveliest of the love songs of Burns, was composed in the August of 1795, and was one of his last tributes to the charms of Chloris.]

O, BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o'
man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and
 fair!

But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

—o—

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

[This delightful song, which is one of Burns's most humorous productions, was, in the July of 1795, contributed by him to Thomson's collection.]

Tune—"The Lothian lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the
 lang glen,

And sair wi' his love he did deave
 me;

I said there was naething I hated like
 men,—

The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me,
 believe me!

The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak' o' the darts in my bonnie black
 een,

And vowed for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he likèd, for
 Jean,—

The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for
 lying!

The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel-stockèd mailen, himsel' for the
 laird,

And marriage aff-hand, were his
 proffers:

I never loot on that I kenned it, or
 cared,

But thought I might ha'e waur offers,
 waur offers,

But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight
 or less—

The de'il tak' his taste to gae near
 her!

He up the lang loan to my black cousin
 Bess,—

Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear
 her, could bear her,

Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear
 her.

But a' the niest week, as I fretted wi'
 care,

I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was
 there!—

I glow'red as I'd seen a warlock, a
 warlock,

I glow'red as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a
 blink,

Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
 My wooer he capered as he'd been in
 drink,

And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear
 lassie,

And vowed I was his dear lassie.

I spiered for my cousin fu' couthy and
 sweet,

Gin she had recovered her hearin',

And how my auld shoon suited her
shachl't feet,—

Gude save us ! how he fell a-swearin',
a-swearin',

Gude save us ! how he fell a-swearin' !

He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his
wife,

Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
So, e'en to preserve the poor body in
life,

I think I maun wed him to-morrow,
to-morrow,

I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

—0—

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER !

[A poignant sense of pathos will be recognized as thrilling through the blithe humour of this song, which was written on the 1st of February, 1796, when it is remarked that during the previous autumn death had robbed Burns of his darling daughter, and, that after many weeks of acute suffering from a sharp attack of rheumatic fever, he was only just beginning with difficulty to move about his humble bedchamber.]

Tune—"Balinamona ora."

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's
alarms,

The slender bit beauty you grasp in your
arms !

O, gi'e me the lass that has acres o'
charms,

O, gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit
farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ! then
hey for a lass wi' a tocher !

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ! the
nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning
that blows,

And withers the faster the faster it grows ;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie
green knowes,

Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie
white yowes.

Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom
has blest,

The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when
possest ;

But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie
imprest,

The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're
carest.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ! then
hey for a lass wi' a tocher !

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ! the
nice yellow guineas for me.

—C—

JESSY.

[The following was written in the May of 1796, and was at once forwarded to Thomson for his collection. Jessy was the sister of Lewars, the Poet's brother officer in the excise. She tenderly smoothed for Burns the pillow of suffering during his last illness, she was the friend of his devoted wife, and the comfort of the whole household. A softening and chastening light is thrown by these verses upon many of the most impassioned strains of the great song-writer. He had but the purest sentiments of grateful affection towards Jessy Lewars, yet, according to his wont; he addresses her here as her devoted lover.]

ALTHOUGH thou maun never be mine,

Although even hope is denied ;

'T is sweeter for thee despairing,

Than aught in the world beside—

Jessy !

Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when
 fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms ;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slum-
 ber,
 For then I am locked in thy arms—
 Jessy !
 Here 's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—
 Jessy !
 Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here 's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when
 fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy !

—0—

CHLORIS.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair ;
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The laverock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings ;
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha' ;
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo ;
 The courtier tells a finer tale,—
 But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to
 deck
 That spotless breast o' thine :
 The courtier's gems may witness love—
 But 't is na love like mine.

—0—

THE REEL O' STUMPIE.

[Subjoined is the merest fragment written by
 Burns to a popular dance tune.]

Tune—Like "I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

WAP and rowe, wap and rowe,
 Wap and rowe the feetie o't ;
 I thought I was a maiden fair,
 Till I heard the greetie o't.

My daddie was a fiddler fine,
 My minnie she made mantie, O,
 And I mysel' a thumpin' quine,
 And danced the Reel o' Stumpie, O.

—0—

O, GUID ALE COMES.

[The refrain alone, here, is old, the rest being modernized by the hand of Burns.]

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh,
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.
[O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.]

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I ha'e done ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.
[O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.]

—o—

WHEREFORE SIGHING ART
THOU, PHILLIS?

WHEREFORE sighing art thou, Phillis?
Has thy prime unheeded past?
Hast thou found that beauty's lilies
Were not made for aye to last?
Know, thy form was once a treasure—
Then it was thy hour of scorn :
Since thou then denied the pleasure,
Now 't is fit that thou should'st mourn.

—o—

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY
MOUNT.

[With the exception of the first two lines the subjoined was written by Burns, under whose chastening hand a vile old ditty came out, thus, agreeably sweetened and purified.]

[As I came o'er the Cairney mount,
And down among the blooming
heather ;]
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather.
O my bonnie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland
laddie !
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie ?

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were
bleating ;
But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the neist meeting.
O my bonnie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland
laddie !
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie ?

—o—

THE TAILOR.

[This was the merest bagatelle penned by Burns to give articulation to an old melody he was anxious to preserve and popularize.]

Tune—"The Drummer."

THE taylor he cam' here to sew,
And weel he ken't the way to woo,
For aye he pried the lassie's mou',
As he gaed but and ben, O.
For weel he ken't the way, O,
The way, O, the way, O ;
For weel he ken't the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O.

The taylor rase and sheuk his duds,
 The flaes they flew awa' in cluds,
 And them that stayed gat fearfu' thuds ;
 The taylor proved a man, O.
 For weel he ken't the way, O,
 The way, O, the way, O,
 For weel he ken't the way, O,
 The lassie's heart to win, O.

—o—

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

[The following was an African song written by Burns for the Scots Musical Museum of Johnson.]

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did
 me enthal,
 For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O ;
 Torn from that lovely shore, and must
 never see it more,
 And, alas ! I am weary, weary, O !

All on that charming coast is no bitter
 snow and frost,
 Like the lands of Virginia-ginia, O ;
 There streams for ever flow, and there
 flowers for ever blow,
 And alas ! I am weary, weary, O !

The burden I must bear, while the cruel
 scourge I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia-ginia, O ;
 And I think on friends most dear, with
 the bitter, bitter tear,
 And, alas ! I am weary, weary, O !

—o—

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

[These were just so many nonsense verses jotted down by Burns to the end that he might render a merry old air articulate.]

Tune—"Wee Totum Fogg."

WEE Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet,
 Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and
 jacket ;
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse
 and doublet,
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse
 and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet,
 Twice a lily flower will be him sark and
 gravat ;
 Feathers of a flie wad feather up his
 bonnet,
 Feathers of a flie wad feather up his
 bonnet.

—o—

WANTONNESS FOR EVER MAIR.

[Here follows the fragment of an old song, which was thus remodelled and emended by Burns for the preservation, through the Museum, of the noble old air with which its title has been so long associated.]

WANTONNESS for ever mair,
 Wantonness has been my ruin ;
 Yet, for a' my dool and care,
 It's wantonness for ever.
 I ha'e lo'ed the Black, the Brown ;
 I ha'e lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden :
 A' the colours in the town,
 I ha'e won their wanton favour.

—o—

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

[Subjoined is as famous a Jacobite song as ever was written, and it is one of which Burns has the sole glory of the authorship. It was contributed by him to Johnson's Museum, and was never heard of until it there made its appearance. It was to Sir Walter Scott what "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre" was to Napoleon the Great, his one especial musical favourite. Readers of Lockhart's *Life* of the great Scotch novelist will remember well how fond he was to the last of murmuring snatches of this beloved song: as readers of the *Life* of our great English novelist, Charles Dickens, will recall to mind also the peerless tribute offered to him on his first visit to Edinburgh, when, upon his entering the theatre, the orchestra upon the instant struck up "Charlie is my Darling" in the midst of rapturous cheering.]

'T WAS on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie came to our town—
 The young Chevalier.
 Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling;
 Charlie is my darling—
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view;
 O there he spied a bonnie lass
 The window looking thro'.
 Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jimpèd up the stair,
 And tirlèd at the pin:
 And wha sae ready as hersel'
 To let the laddie in?
 Charlie, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland dress,
 For brawly weel he ken't the way,
 To please a Highland lass.
 Charlie, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
 And down yon scroggy glen,
 We daurna gang a-milking
 For Charlie and his men!
 Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling;
 Charlie is my darling—
 The young Chevalier.

—o—

WOMEN'S MINDS.

Tune—"For a' that."

THOUGH women's minds, like winter
 winds,
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that,
 The bonnie lass that I lo'e best,
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that,
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
 For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave
 Has wit, and sense, and a' that;
 A bonnie lass, I like her best,
 And wha a crime dare ca' that?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that,
 The bonnie lass that I lo'e best,
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

—o—

TO A BLACKBIRD.

[The following was jointly written by Burns and Mrs. McLehose, that is, by Clarinda and Sylvander.]

Tune—"Scots Queen."

Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair;
Thy plaintive warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly thro' my aching heart.
Now choose thy mate, and fondly love,
And all the charming transport prove;
While I a lovelorn exile live,
Nor transport or receive or give.

For thee is laughing nature gay;
For thee she pours the vernal day:
For me in vain is nature drest,
While joy's a stranger to my breast!
These sweet emotions all enjoy;
Let Love and Song thy hours employ!
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair.

—o—

TALK NOT OF LOVE, IT GIVES
ME PAIN.

[Like the foregoing, the subjoined verses were written by Sylvander and Clarinda in collaboration.]

TALK not of love, it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe.

But friendship's pure and lasting joys,
My heart was formed to prove;
There, welcome win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me
blest,

Oh, why that bliss destroy!
Why urge the only, one request
You know I will deny!

Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.

—o—

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

[An otherwise unrepresentable old song was thus purified and revived by Burns for the sake of the lovely melody with which it was allied. The last stanza refers to an old custom among Scotch lovers when they parted, a custom sung of also in "Logie o' Buchan," and the most famous illustration of the observance of which occurred when Burns and his Highland Mary bade one another an eternal farewell.]

MY Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.
My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonnie, bonnie Sandy O;
Tho' the love that I owe, to thee I
daurna show,
Yet I love my love in secret, my
Sandy O.

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,
While down his cheeks the saut tears
row'd;
He took a hauf an' gied it to me,
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.
My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonnie, bonnie Sandy O;
Tho' the love that I owe, to thee I
daurna show,
Yet I love my love in secret, my
Sandy O.

CARL, AN THE KING COME.

[Here is another Jacobite song of which Burns may lay claim to the sole authorship. It appeared in 1788 as his, and was unheard of previously.]

AN somebodie were come again,
Then somebodie maun cross the main,
And every man shall ha'e his ain,

Carl, an the king come.

Carl, an the king come,

Carl, an the king come ;

Thou shalt dance and I will sing,

Carl, an the king come.

I trow we swappèd for the warse,
We gae the boot and better horse ;
And that we 'll tell them at the cross,

Carl, an the king come.

Carl, &c.

Coggie, an the king come,
Coggie, an the king come,
I'se be fou and thou's be toom,

Coggie, an the king come.

Carl, an the king come,

Carl, an the king come,

Thou shalt dance and I will sing,

Carl, an the king come.

—o—

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

[The merest shred of a queer old song in Herd's collection suggested to Burns this whimsical little lyric.]

O SOME will court and compliment,
And ither some will kiss and daut ;
But I will mak' o' my gudeman—
My ain gudeman, it is nae faut.

O John, come kiss me now, now, now ;
O John, my love, come kiss me now ;
O John, come kiss me by-and-by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo.

O some will court and compliment,
And ither some will prie their mou' ;
And some will hause in ither's arms,
And that 's the way I like to do.

O John, come kiss me now, now, now ;
O John, my love, come kiss me now ;
O John, come kiss me by-and-by,
For weel ye ken the way to woo.

—o—

OH, THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN
MARRIED !

[While the chorus of the subjoined is alone ancient, the two affecting stanzas adapted to it are from the hand of Burns, the sentiment conveyed through them being drawn from the mingled bliss and anguish of his own experiences.]

OH, that I had ne'er been married !

I wad never had nae care ;

Now I've gotten wife and bairns,

And they cry crowdie ever mair.

[Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,

Three times crowdie in a day ;

Gin ye crowdie ony mair,

Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.]

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,

Glowrin' by the hallan en' ;

Sair I fecht them at the door,

But aye I'm eerie they come ben.

[Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,

Three times crowdie in a day ;

Gin ye crowdie ony mair,

Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.]

GUDE E'EN TO YOU, KIMMER.

[A capital old air Burns gave new wings to, thus, with his famous words. The fourth and fifth stanzas were alone borrowed, they being taken by him from the "Percy Reliques."]

Tune—"We're a' noddin'."

GUDE e'en to you, kimmer,
And how do ye do?
Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
The better that I'm fou.
We're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
We're a' noddin' at our house at
hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen broo;
De'il tak' Kate,
An she be na noddin' too!
We're a' noddin', &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.
We're a' noddin', &c.

[How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive?
How mony bairns ha'e ye?
Quo' kimmer, I ha'e five.
We're a' noddin', &c.

Are they a' Johnny's?
Eh! atweel na:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was awa'.]
We're a' noddin', &c.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.
We're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
We're a' noddin' at our house at
hame.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES,
NEWS.

[These lines were written for the Museum of Johnson to ensure the preservation of the old melody.]

Tune—"Aitkendrum."

THERE's news, lasses, news,
Gude news I have to tell,
There's a boat fu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.
The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.
The wean, &c.

I ha'e as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun tilled again.
The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

—o—

I MURDER HATE BY FIELD OR
FLOOD.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Though glory's name may screen us;
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood—
Life-giving wars of Venus.
The deities that I adore
Are social Peace and Plenty;
I'm better pleased to make one more
Than be the death of twenty.

I would not die like Socrates,
 For all the fuss of Plato ;
 Nor would I with Leonidas,
 Nor yet would I with Cato :
 The zealots of the Church and State
 Shall ne'er my mortal foes be ;
 But let me have bold Zimri's fate,
 Within the arms of Cozbi.



THE JOLLY GAUGER.

[This is no more than a parody by Burns of the famous song of "The Jolly Beggar," the authorship of which is popularly attributed to one of the kings of Scotland.]

THERE was a jolly gauger,
 And a-gauging he did ride,
 He met a bonnie beggar lass,
 Doun by yon river side :
 And we 'll gang nae mair a-roving
 Wi' ladies to the wine :
 A kintra lass without a plack
 Can play the lady fine,—
 And we 'll gang nae mair a-roving.

Amang the broom they set them doun,
 Amang the broom sae green,
 As he had been a belted knight,
 And she had been a queen.
 And we 'll gang nae mair, &c.

My blessings on thee, gauger lad !—
 I like thy manners weel :
 Wilt thou accept—it 's a' my wealth—
 My pock and pickle meal.
 And we 'll gang nae mair, &c.

Sae blithe the beggar took the bent,
 Like ony bird in spring,
 Sae blithe the beggar took the bent,
 And merrily did sing—
 O we 'll gang nae mair, &c.

My blessings on thee, gauger lad,
 O' gaugers thou 'rt the wale !
 Wi' thee, the beggar's benison
 I trow will never fail.
 And we 'll gang nae mair a-roving
 Wi' ladies to the wine :
 A kintra lass without a plack
 Can play the lady fine,—
 And we 'll gang nae mair a-roving.



HER DADDY FORBADE.

[Burns has here given no more than a quaint touch or two to the fragment of a comical old ballad.]

Tune—"Jumpin' John."

HER daddie forbade, her minnie for-
 bade ;
 Forbidden she wadna be ;
 She wadna trow 't the browst she
 brewed
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty guid shillin's and three ;
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's doch-
 ter,
 The lass with the bonnie black e'e.
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.



THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

[The following verses were found by Cromek in the Poet's handwriting, and were therefore published among his Reliques. They are believed to be the re-modelling, under the hand of Burns, of an old song that must otherwise have dropped long since into oblivion.]

THE winter it is past, and the summer's
come at last,

And the little birds sing on every tree ;
Now everything is glad, while I am very
sad,

Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters
running clear,

May have charms for the linnet or the
bee ;

Their little loves are blest, and their little
hearts at rest,

But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun—in the firma-
ment does run,

For ever is constant and true ;

But his is like the moon, that wanders
up and down,

And is every month changing anew.

All you that are in love, and cannot it
remove,

I pity the pains you endure ;

For experience makes me know that
your hearts are full o' woe,

A woe that no mortal can cure.

WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR
JEANIE'S FACE.

[The subjoined song was addressed by Burns to Jean Jeffrey, the daughter of the minister of Lochmaben. On her becoming afterwards Mrs. Renwick, she crossed the Atlantic with her husband and settled down in New York. There, as recently as in 1846, the following stanzas were printed for the first time in the *New York Mirror* from the Poet's own manuscript. It was in celebration of the fair features and blue eyes of Jeanie Jeffrey that Burns wrote his lovely verses "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen."]]

Tune—"Maggy Lauder."

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face
I couldna tell what ailed me ;

My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My een they almost failed me.

She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
All grace does round her hover,
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, say gay,

She's aye sae blithe and cheerie ;

She's aye sae bonnie, blithe, and
gay,

O, gin I were her dearie !

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in—

Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
Or humbler bays entwining—

I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,

Could I but hope to move her,
And, prouder than a belted knight,

I'd be my Jeanie's lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain

Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour :

If so, may every bliss be hers,

Though I maun never have her !



THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

P. 375.

But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
 She's aye sae blithe and cheerie;
 She's aye sae bonnie, blithe, and
 gay,
 O, gin I were her dearie!

—o—

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

[Caroline, Baroness Nairne, was the writer of this exquisite song, which she published first of all upwards of seventy years ago, anonymously. As no one, however, can hope now to disabuse the public mind of the conviction it has long arrived at, that Robert Burns wrote the words, and that they bear especial reference to his premature death and his tender love for his bonnie Jean, it is only in the fitness of things that they are included here among his own treasured lyrics.]

[I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean;
 I'm wearin' awa']

To the land o' the leal:
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's neither could nor care, Jean,
 The day's aye fair
 I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
 And, oh! we grudg'd her sair
 To the land o' the leal:
 But dry thy tearfu' e'e, Jean,
 Frae sin and sorrow free, Jean,
 We'll meet a' three
 I' the land o' the leal.

Sweet helpmate through my toil, Jean,
 I aft ha'e thocht thy smile, Jean,
 An angel might beguile
 Frae the land o' the leal!

But, fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,
 This world's love is vain, Jean,
 Its loss—eternal gain
 I' the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
 And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean—
 The joy that's aye to last,
 I' the land o' the leal.
 A' our freens are gane, Jean,
 We've lang been left alane, Jean;
 We'll a' meet again
 I' the land o' the leal.]

—o—

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

[The following was written by Burns on the 12th of July, 1796, nine days before his lamented death. The letter enclosing it he dated from Brow, on the Solway Firth, and in it remarked: "I tried my hand on Rothemurche." It is affecting in its simple tenderness as being the very last effusion of the great Song writer.]

Tune—"Rothemurche."

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear!
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
 O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so."
 Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share!
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.
 Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

Epigrams, Epitaphs, and Extempore Verses.

ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

[This noble epitaph is inscribed upon the tombstone which marks the spot, in the churchyard at Alloway, where lies the dust of good William Burness, the true-hearted father of the National Poet of Scotland.]

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity
 stains,
 Draw near with pious rev'rence and
 attend !
Here lie the loving husband's dear
 remains,
 The tender father, and the generous
 friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human
 woe ;
 The dauntless heart that feared no
 human pride ;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
 " For ev'n his failings leaned to vir-
 tue's side."

ON ROBERT AIKEN.

[This was that early appreciator of Burns to whom the Poet inscribed his literary masterpiece, "The Cotter's Saturday Night."]

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much-loved, much-honoured
 name,
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

—o—

ON A FRIEND.

[According to an entry, under date, April, 1784, in Burns's Common Place Book, this friend was William Muir of the Mill in Tarbolton.]

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with His image blest ;
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, and guide of youth :
Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed :
If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of
 this.

ON GAVIN HAMILTON.

[The intimate friend here honoured was the constant adviser of Burns, both as Poet and farmer.]

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin
sleeps,

Whom canting wretches blamed :
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damned !

—o—

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

[The subjoined was a fleering gibe at John Wilson, printer of the Poet's first edition, published in 1786 at Kilmarnock. Johnny survived the Poet, however, a quarter of a century, dying in 1821, after starting a newspaper, realizing a fortune, and attaining the position of magistrate.]

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murdered Johnny !
An' here his body lies fu' low—
For saul—he ne'er had ony.

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER.

[The subject of the following epitaph was Landlord of the Whitefoord Arms at Mauchline, when bonnie Jean was still Miss Armour, and when the Poet was familiarly known as Rob Mossiel.]

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon :
What was his religion ?

Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,

For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane !

Strong ale was ablution,—
Small beer persecution,—

A dram was *memento mori* ;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

—o—

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

[The wicked wag here celebrated was James Smith, the Poet's frequent companion.]

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye ;
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Your wives they ne'er had missed ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O, tread ye lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

—o—

ON A CELEBRATED RULING
ELDER.

[This was one William Hood, a miserly, psalm-singing shoemaker of Tarbolton.]

HERE Souter Hood in death does sleep ;
To Hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gi'e him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

—o—

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

[This was James Humphrey, a jobbing mason, who survived until 1844, when he died at eighty-six years of age, oddly boasting to the last that he was Burns's "bleth'rin b—h"—being thus, in a manner, "damned to everlasting fame" by an oburgation.]

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ;
 O Death ! it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' b—h
 Into thy dark dominion !

EPIGRAM ON MISS JEAN SCOTT,
OF ECCLEFECHAN.

O, HAD each Scot of ancient times
 Been, Jeanny Scott, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground
 Had yielded like a coward.

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY
SQUIRE.

[This backhanded hit was directed, as were the two others by which it is immediately followed, at one Squire Campbell (and his ter-magant wife) of Netherplace.]

As father Adam first was fooled,
 A case that's still too common,
 Here lies a man a woman ruled—
 The Devil ruled the woman.



ON THE SAME.

O DEATH ! hadst thou but spared his
 life

Whom we this day lament,
 We freely wad exchanged the wife,
 An' a' been weel content !

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
 The swap we yet will do't ;
 Tak' thou the carlin's carcase aff,
 Thou'se get the saul to boot.



ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
 When deprived of her husband she loved
 so well,
 In respect for the love and affection he'd
 shown her,
 She reduced him to dust, and she drank
 up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different
 complexion,
 When called on to order the funeral
 direction,
 Would have ate her dead lord, on a
 slender pretence,
 Not to show her respect, but—to save
 the expense !



THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

[The following was an impromptu uttered one day, in the September of 1787, by the Poet when he was being hospitably entertained at a place about eleven miles to the north of Blair Athole called Dalnacardoch.]

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,—
A time that surely shall come,—
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.



ON WILLIAM SMELLIE.

[The subject of these extempore verses was one of the partners of Creech, Burns's Edinburgh publisher. William Smellie, who died in the June of 1795, was at the outset of his career a working printer. By self-culture he attained a certain amount of scholarship, and rose at last to some little distinction in authorship, being known chiefly by an ingenious work of his on "The Philosophy of Natural History."]

SHREW'D Willie Smellie to Crochallan
came,
The old cocked-hat, the grey surtout the
same ;
His bristling beard just rising in its
might,
'T was four long days and nights to shav-
ing-night ;
His uncombed grizzly locks wild-staring,
thatched
A head for thought profound and clear
unmatched ;
Yet though his caustic wit was biting,
rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and
good.



WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF
THE INN AT CARRON.

[The subjoined was an impromptu jotted down on Sunday, the 26th of August, 1787, immediately after Burns, with his friend Nicol, had been refused admittance to the Carron works, the two friends having just journeyed across to see them after passing the night at Falkirk.]

WE cam' na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise ;

But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us !



THE BOOK-WORMS.

[Waiting one day in the library of a nobleman, until it might suit the latter's convenience to see him, Burns caught sight on the bookshelves of a superbly bound Shakspeare. On taking down the volume (evidently long unread) he found it mildewed and worm-eaten ; whereupon he solaced himself by pencilling the subjoined upon the fly-leaf, the words being found there long afterwards, duly authenticated by the Poet's autograph.]

THROUGH and through the inspired
leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings ;
But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.



ON VIEWING STIRLING
PALACE.

[During his northern tour, in 1787, when his name had just sprung into celebrity, Burns treated himself to the unaccustomed luxury of a diamond, directly after which he paid a flying visit to Stirling Castle. Upon returning to his inn at the foot of the Castle Hill, while toying with his newly purchased jewel as a child might with its new plaything, the Poet, influenced by the Jacobite proclivities which had been revived and intensified by a sight of the haunts he had so very recently been traversing, there and then scratched upon a window pane the following wicked impromptu on the reigning dynasty.]

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained ;
But now unroofed their palace stands,
Their sceptre's swayed by other hands :
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost ;
Who know them best, despise them
most.

—o—

THE REPROOF.

[Remonstrated with upon the indecorum of the foregoing verses, Burns defended himself by insisting that they were true. And upon this remark being pronounced at once no better than an aggravation of his original offence, he delivered himself upon the instant of the following.]

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet ! thy
name
Shall no longer appear in the records of
Fame ;
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who
writes like the Bible,
Says, The more 't is a truth, sir, the more
't is a libel ?

—o—

THE REPLY TO A REPROOF.

[A reverend Mr. Hamilton, of Gladsmuir, having produced some miserable doggerel in condemnation of the Stirling Inscription, the Poet thus scornfully retaliated.]

LIKE Æsop's lion, Burns says, sore I
feel

All others' scorn—but damn that ass's
heel !

—o—

ON MISS BURNS.

[Margaret Burns, "Mademoiselle, my poor namesake," as the Poet called her, when writing to his friend Peter Hill, on the 2nd of February, 1790, was unhappily for her only too well known about that time at Edinburgh. Two years after the date just mentioned she died of consumption at Roslin.]

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess :
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less ?

—o—

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF
SESSION.

[During his first visit to Edinburgh, in 1787, Burns, loitering one day into the Parliament House to take a glance at what was going on, thus hit off to a T the two leading barristers of that time, Mr. Ilay Campbell and Sir Harry Erskine.]

THE LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation mist
His argument he tint it ;

He gapèd for 't, he grapèd for 't,
He found it was awa', man ;
But what his common sense cam' short,
He ekèd out wi' law, man.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

Collected Harry stood a wee,
Then opened out his arm, man ;
His lordship sat, wi' ruefu' e'e,
And eyed the gath'ring storm, man :
Like wind-driven hail, it did assail,
Or torrents o'er a linn, man ;
The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
Half-wakened wi' the din, man.

—o—

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch
in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !
Who has no will but by her high per-
mission ;
Who has not sixpence but in her posses-
sion ;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret
tell ;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than
hell !
Were such the wife had fallen to my
part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her
heart ;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the per-
verse —

—o—

WRITTEN AT INVERARY.

[This was written by Burns in the summer of 1787 during his tour in the Highlands, when he was under the irritation of having been treated with great incivility.]

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The lord their god, His Grace.

There's naething here but Highland
pride,
And Highland cauld and hunger ;
If Providence has sent me here,
'T was surely in His anger.

—o—

ON ELPHINSTONE'S MARTIAL.

[The following was written in the January of 1788, on the flyleaf of a copy of Elphinstone, and afterwards repeated by Burns in one of his letters to Clarinda.]

O THOU whom Poesy abhors !
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors !
Heardst thou that groan?—proceed no
further—
'T was laurellèd Martial roaring "Mur-
ther !"

—o—

EPITAPH ON THE POET
ROBERT FERGUSSON.

BORN, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1751—DIED, OCTOBER
16TH, 1774.

[Over the grave of the poet Fergusson, in the churchyard of the Canongate, Burns, at a cost to himself of £5 18s., had a tombstone erected, upon which the following lines were inscribed.]

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous
lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust ;"

This simple stone directs pale Scotia's
way

To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's
dust.

[Alexander Smith's edition of Burns, published in 1868 by Macmillan, gave for the first time, in addition to the foregoing, two other quatrains from a manuscript in Burns's handwriting, which the Poet had given to his friend Mrs. Dunlop. These additional verses are subjoined.]

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy
hapless fate,

Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy
fired,

Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
And thankless starved what they so
much admired.

This humble tribute with a tear now
gives

A brother Bard—he can no more be-
stow :

But dear to fame thy song immortal lives,
A nobler monument than Art can
show.



ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

[This was a commendatory clap on the shoulder of the Dominie of Cleish Parish, in Fifeshire, as staggering of its kind, one may feel certain, as was John Browdie's congratulatory greeting to Mr. Squeers, in regard to which the latter said in acknowledgment, "Thankee. Don't do it again. You mean it kindly, I know, but it hurts rather."]

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes ;

O Satan ! when ye tak' him,
Gi'e him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever de'ils he 'll mak' 'em !



A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

[Mr. Ruskin, in his "Fors Clavigera," has recalled to mind an antique Grace, which may vie in quaintness with the delicate suavity of the subjoined, namely :—

What God gives and what we take
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake.
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
God be thanked for those and these ;
Have we flesh or have we fish,
All are fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the King,
And our Peace here, like a spring,
Make it ever flourishing.]

O THOU, who kindly dost provide .
For every creature's want !
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent :

And, if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent ;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content !
Amen.



ON WALTER ———.

[It is impossible not to shrink from the suggestion which has been thrown out, in the Kilmarnock Edition of 1876, that these terrible lines had reference to the Poet's quondam friend, Walter Riddel. The appalling thought here conveyed has been expressed also in a couplet by Lord Byron, where, in his ghastly domestic sketch beginning "Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred," he exclaims :—

Down, down to hell, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.]

Sic a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damned him
When laid in his grave.

"In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starved reptile cries ;
"An' his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

—o—

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

[Challenged by Captain Grose, at one of their convivial bouts, to make him there and then the theme either of an epigram or an epitaph, Burns is said, after casting a merry glance at the jovial mountain of flesh before him, to have extemporized these lines amid shouts of laughter from his boon companions, foremost among the laughers being the antiquarian himself.]

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-
dying,
So, whip! at the summons old Satan
came flying ;
But when he approached where poor
Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-
groaning,
Astonished, confounded, cried Satan,
"By —— !
I'll want him, ere I take such a damn-
able load !"

—o—

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.

[The following was published first of all, in 1839, in Lockhart's Life of Burns. The epigram is said to have been whispered behind the back of his hand one day by the Poet to Robert Ainslie, while the rest of the congregation were scattering—the two friends having an hour or so previously strolled together, upon that drenching, miserable afternoon, into the church of Lamington in Clydesdale.]

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in 't but few ;
As cauld a Minister's e'er spak'—
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

[This was uttered extempore with some emphasis by Burns in answer to a scoffing remark made in his hearing against the Covenanters.]

THE Solemn League and Covenant

Now brings a smile, now brings a
tear ;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs ;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

—o—

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS

IN THE INN AT MOFFAT, ON BURNS BEING
ASKED WHY GOD HAD MADE THE BEAUTI-
FUL MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE AND THE
FRIEND WHO WAS WITH HER SO TALL.

[The Poet is understood to have uttered this impromptu one afternoon while seated with a friend at the tavern window when the bonnie wee thing, charming lovely Davies, rode by in company with a lady of rather stalwart proportions. Why should one of the two have been so diminutive and one so masculine? was the inquiry of the Poet's companion, who was at once thus answered.]

ASK why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite ?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

—o—

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE
EXCISE.

[Upon receiving the first news of his nomination as an exciseman, Burns is reported to have expressed himself upon the instant to the bystanders in the words of this epigram. The fulfilment of his long cherished wish came to him at the beginning of 1789. Writing to his friend Moore, on the 4th of January, he said: "I have an excise officer's commission," adding soon afterwards, "If I were sanguine, I might hope that some of my great patrons might procure me a Treasury warrant for supervisor, surveyor-general, &c." Writing a month later from Ellisland, on the 3rd of February, he acknowledges "there is a certain stigma affixed to the character of an excise officer, but"—as he adds at once, and, it must be allowed, with sufficient reason—"I do not pretend to borrow honour from my profession; and, though my salary will be comparatively small, it will be luxury to anything that the first twenty-five years of my life taught me to expect."]

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,

Och, hon! the day!

That clarty barm should stain my laurels;

But—what 'll ye say?—

These movin' things ca'd wives and
weans

Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

—o—

ON MRS. KEMBLE.

[The following was jotted down by Burns in a box at the Dumfries Theatre, on Tuesday night, the 21st of October, 1794, upon his witnessing Mrs. Stephen Kemble's first appearance as Yarico in George Colman the Younger's then popular three-act opera of "Inkle and Yarico."]

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flowed.

—o—

TO MR. SYME,

WITH THE PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

[John Syme was Distributor of Stamps in Dumfries. His country house, called Ryedale, was situated in the suburbs, upon the Galloway bank of the Nith—his offices being on the ground floor of the same house in the Vennel in which the Poet and his family resided. The Poet-exciseman and his friend the Stamp Distributor became, towards the close of the former's life, very intimate. In despatching a dozen of porter from the Jerusalem Tavern at Dumfries to his boon companion, Burns sent with it the following epigram.]

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'T were drink for first of humankind—
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit!

—o—

TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER
HAVING BEEN PROMISED THE FIRST OF
COMPANY AND THE FIRST OF COOKERY.

[This was written on the 17th of December, 1795, when the mortal illness to which the Poet eventually succumbed was already heavily upon him.]

No more of your guests, be they titled
or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse
and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

—o—

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

[Upon the last occasion of their foregathering, Burns, immediately before parting from Mr. Syme, scratched these lines with a diamond on a crystal drinking-glass, which he then presented to his companion.]

THERE 's death in the cup—sae beware !
Nay, more—there is danger in touch-
ing ;

But wha can avoid the fell snare ?

The man and his wine 's sae bewitch-
ing !

—o—

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION.

[The following was written in acknowledgment of a card inviting the Poet to a carouse at 'a tavern, the sign of which, as may be presumed from the context, was the " King's Arms."]

THE King's most humble servant, I

Can scarcely spare a minute ;

But I 'll be wi' ye by an' bye,

Or else the de'il 's be in it.

—o—

ANOTHER ANSWER TO AN INVITATION.

[Beginning " Sir " and subscribed " R. B. ", this was another answer to a similar challenge, the time being 1786, and the place from which the answer was despatched, Mossiel.]

YOURS this moment I unseal,

And, faith, I 'm gay and hearty !

To tell the truth an' shame the de'il,

I am as fou as Bartie :

But foorsday, sir, my promise leal,

Expect me o' your party,

If on a beastie I can speel,

Or hurl in a cartie.

—o—

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

[The subjoined was written, according to Ainslie, on the cover of the Memorial of the Board of Excise, reproving Burns for his indulgence in certain political extravagances.]

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,

And mean thy fortunes be,

Bear this in mind,—“ Be deaf and
blind ;

Let great folks hear and see.”

—o—

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

[This was an extempore quatrain pencilled in the midst of the horror awakened by the atrocities of the first French Revolution.]

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven ! that I
may live

To see the miscreants feel the pain they
give ;

Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as
air,

Till slave and despot be but things which
were !

—o—

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

[The Glenriddel Manuscript renders it certain that the subject of this caustic epigram was not, as many had supposed, Dr. Hugh Blair of Edinburgh, but the Rev. Dr. Babington.]

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny ;
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

—o—

THE TOADEATER.

[What follows was scrawled by Burns on a scrap of paper at a table where one of the guests had long monopolized the conversation by bragging of his intimacy with Dukes and Earls—the skit being slyly passed round among the rest of the company, to their no small amusement.]

WHAT of Earls with whom you have
supped,
And of Dukes that you dined with
yestreen !
A louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the curls of a
Queen.

—o—

THE TOAST.

[Having been called upon for a song at the anniversary dinner, given by the Dumfries Volunteers, in honour of Admiral Lord Rodney's victory over the Comte de Grasse, on the 12th of April, 1782, Burns, instead of singing, recited the following impromptu.]

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you
a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the
twelfth that we lost !—

That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heaven,
that we found ;

For their fame it shall last while the
world goes round.

The next in succession, I'll give you—
The King !

Whoe'er would betray him, on high may
he swing !

And here's the grand fabric, Our Free
Constitution,

As built on the base of the great Revo-
lution ;

And longer with politics not to be
crammed,

Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny
damned ;

And who would to Liberty e'er prove
disloyal,

May his son be a hangman, and he his
first trial !

—o—

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED
"THE MARQUIS."

[The person thus designated was the landlord of a public-house in Dumfries, hard by a little court or alley, still called in memory of him the Marquis' Close. This consequential jackanapes having requested Burns to write his epitaph, the Poet thus laconically responded to his challenge.]

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles
were shannmed ;

If ever he rise, it will be to be damned.

—o—

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT
THE "KING'S ARMS," DUM-
FRIES.

[Overhearing some country gentlemen, in the "King's Arms Tavern," talking disparagingly together about excisemen, Burns whipped out his diamond and scratched the following half-dozen lines upon the window-pane.]

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this
sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? Give the
cause a hearing.
What are your landlords' rent-rolls—tax-
ing ledgers;
What Premiers—what?—even monarchs'
mighty gaugers:
Nay, what are priests, those seeming
godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual Ex-
cisemen?

—o—

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF
THE "GLOBE TAVERN,"
DUMFRIES.

[The subjoined conveys Burns's reading of the Horatian axiom, "*Carpe diem quam minime credula postero.*" For nearly half a dozen years—from 1790 until the time when he took to his death-bed—the "Globe Tavern" at Dumfries was the Poet's favourite scene of carousal. The landlady was a Mrs. Hyslop, and it was upon her parlour window that, in one of his merry moods, Burns with his diamond scrawled the following quatrain.]

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast
of his treasures,—
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him calm-blooded, time-settled
pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

[According to Allan Cunningham, Burns delivered himself of this grace before meat at the table of the Earl of Selkirk, in the July of 1793, when, with his friend Mr. Syme, the Stamp Distributor of Dumfries, the Poet was making his holiday tour through Galloway.]

SOME ha'e meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we ha'e meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

—o—

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,

BREWER, DUMFRIES.

[Gabriel Richardson was the father of the eminent naturalist and arctic traveller, Sir John Richardson, who died in 1865. Burns inscribed, with his diamond, the following epigrammatic tribute to his host, the brewer, upon a crystal drinking cup, which he handed back to its owner, thus enhanced in value, and certainly in interest.]

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire 's extinct,
And empty all his barrels;
He 's blest—if, as he brewed, he drink—
In upright honest morals.

—o—

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL
GENTLEMAN

TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY MEET-
ING AT TARBOLTON.

[The following was written to the Poet's brother mason, Mr. Mackenzie, the surgeon of Mauchline, during the June of 1786, as a reminder of the approach of St. John's Day, when it was the wont of the St. James's Lodge to assemble at their customary place of rendezvous, a little back apartment in a small tavern kept by a publican named Manson, in Tarbolton.]

FRIDAY first 's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession;

To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,
I' the way of our profession.

Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you ;
For me, I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.

If Death, then, wi' scaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin',
Inform him, and storm him,
That Saturday ye'll fecht him.

—o—

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED "ECHO."

[During the same memorable excursion through Galloway, in which Burns was inspired to the composition of his immortal Bruce at Bannockburn, he produced, simply because he was challenged to produce it, this exquisitely ingenious little trifle. Staying three days, in the July of 1793, in company with Mr. Syme, his fellow-traveller on the excursion, as a guest in the house of Mr. Gordon, afterwards Viscount Kenmore, the Poet was asked by his hostess to write an epitaph on her favourite lap-dog, as above entitled. Quickly answering the challenge, Burns thus acquitted himself of the obligation.]

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore ;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys ;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

—o—

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

[The Earl of Galloway was the *bête noire* of Burns, and, according to Mr. Syme, the Poet, on catching sight of the residence of this especial object of his abhorrence, through the four following epigrams expectorated his spleen, and in so doing regained a most agreeable temper.]

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair ?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind !

—o—

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,—
The Stewarts all were brave ;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

—o—

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway !
Through many a far-famed sire ;
So ran the far-famed Roman way,—
So ended—in a mire !

—o—

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH
HIS RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,—
In quiet let me live :
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

ON A GALLOWAY LAIRD.

[The only clue to the identity of the unhappy wight thus scarified by the epigrammatist is an entry in the Glenriddel Manuscript, which speaks of him as "John M—r—ne, Laird of Laggan."]

WHEN M—r—ne, deceased, to the
devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but
Satan's own crown ;
Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown
shall wear never,
I grant thou 'rt as wicked, but not quite
so clever.

—o—

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

[This was an electioneering squib, the Laird alluded to in which was Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness.]

BLESS the Redeemer, Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise ;
For had He said, "The soul alone
From death I will deliver ;"
Alas ! alas ! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever !

—o—

ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER IN
DUMFRIES.

[John Bushby, of Tinwald Down, Writer to the Signet in Dumfries, was what is termed a self-made man, having risen to considerable wealth and influence from very small beginnings.]

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man !
Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

[These lines were written by Burns as a back-hander, in retaliation for some calumnious rhymes directed against himself by a club calling themselves the Loyal Natives of Dumfries. Having these scurrilous rhymes handed to him one evening at a merry drinking bout, the madcap Poet turned them over and at once wrote upon the back as follows.]

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my
song ;
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
From envy and hatred your corps is ex-
empt,
But where is your shield from the darts
of contempt ?

—o—

BACCHANALIAN.

My bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool ;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,—
An ye drink it dry, ye 'll find him out.

—o—

ON A SUICIDE.

EARTHED up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble :
Poor silly wretch ! he 's damned himself
To save the Lord the trouble.

—o—

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN.

[William Cobbett first published this epigram, having himself known, when its theme had become an old man, the bagman upon whom it was written. This was one Thomas Kennedy, who, in his younger days, while acting as a traveller for a large mercantile firm in Scotland, had made the Poet's acquaintance, and had thus obtained an odd little passport to posterity.]

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgathered by the way,
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae
famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi'
Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blows up a hearty crack ;
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they could na part :
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death tak' him hame to gi'e him quar-
ters.

—0—

A FAREWELL.

[This was addressed by th Poet, in the August of 1786, to his fast friend, John Kennedy, immediately after the publication of the first Kilmarnock Edition of Burns, and immediately prior to, what then seemed imminent, his departure across the Atlantic. "On Wednesday, the 16th," he wrote, "I hope to have it in my power to call on you and take a kind, very probably a last adieu, before I go to Jamaica." A few days later, however, the West Indies were forgotten, and the Poet's thoughts turned eagerly towards Edinburgh.]

FAREWELL, dear friend ! may Guid-
Luck hit you,
And 'mang her favourites admit you !
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
May nane believe him !
And ony de'il that thinks to get you,
Good Lord deceive him !

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IM-
POUNDED BY THE MAYOR
OF CARLISLE.

[Arriving at Carlisle, on horseback, Burns is said to have turned his steed out to grass for a brief interval, during which it strayed on to a meadow belonging to the Corporation and got impounded. Although the animal was immediately given up to him on his reclaiming it, the Poet thus, by way of avenging himself for its temporary seizure, retaliated upon the Chief Magistrate of the city, whose tenure of the Mayoralty was to expire on the very morrow of the incident.]

Was e'er puir poet sae befitted ?
The maister drunk,—the horse com-
mitted :
Puir harmless beast ! tak' thee nae care,
Thou 'lt be a horse when he's nae mair
(mayor).

—0—

ON ANDREW TURNER.

[An obscure Englishman who was enjoying a night wi' Burns over the whisky toddy, begged a rhyme from him as a memento, whereupon the humourist, having asked him his name and the year of his birth, scrawled off the following impromptu, which made the round of the room in a roar of laughter.]

IN se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine
Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,
And cuist it in a corner ;
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

—0—

ON WILLIAM CRUIKSHANK.

[During the winter of 1787-88, Burns occupied a room in the house of Mr. Cruikshank, in St. James's Square, Edinburgh. His friend was Head Master of the High School, and father of the young lady to whom, in her twelfth year, the Poet wrote his charming verses beginning "Beauteous Rosebud."]

HONEST Will's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him,
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er ken't them.

—o—

TO THE LANDLADY OF THE
INN AT ROSSLYN.

[Rambling across the Pentland Hills one fine spring day in 1787, with Alexander Nasmyth, the artist whose brush has rendered the world familiar with the Poet's features, Burns and his companion put up for a while to satisfy their hunger and thirst at the little inn at Roslin, where they were most agreeably entertained. Before parting company with their hostess, Burns handed her the following lines as a pleasant remembrance.]

My blessings on you, sonsie wife !
I ne'er was here before ;
You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore ;
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door.

—o—

EPITAPH ON A NOTED COX-
COMB.

[Burns pointed his sarcasm, in this epigram, at William Graham of Mossknowe.]

STOP, thief ! Dame Nature cried to
Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath ;
You have my choicest model ta'en,—
How shall I make a fool again ?

—o—

ON MR. BURTON.

[A flashy young Englishman, of the name of Burton—who flourished evidently before the *dictum* of Bob Acres had come true, which declares that "damns have had their day"—challenging Burns to write his epitaph, was thus derisively impaled in an epigram.]

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes !
Who in his life did little good,
And whose last words were "Dem my
blood !"

—o—

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER
INFANT.

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie !
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e
brie !
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger
laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to
me !

—o—

ON A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

[These lines, which were scratched on glass by the Poet's ever ready diamond, when they come to be contrasted with those he wrote on Admiral Lord Rodney's victory, afford conclusive testimony that Burns could hold the brief without a qualm on either side.]

YE hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men, and gi'e God thanks!
For shame! gi'e o'er,—proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murder!

—o—

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE.

[This is a fragment on the defeat of the Austrians by General Dumourier, at Gemappe, on the 6th of November, 1792.]

THE black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe;
But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe:
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

—o—

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please Thee, Power above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

ANOTHER GRACE.

[William Hyslop, here named, was landlord of the "Globe Tavern" at Dumfries.]

LORD, we thank an' Thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more,—
Let William Hyslop give the spirit!

—o—

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.

[These lines have a painful interest of their own, having been written by Burns when he was lying in sorry case upon his deathbed, and were sent, after his demise, to his old crony at Adamhill.]

HE who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock haps his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

—o—

TO JESSY LEWARS.

[The following was scrawled by the Poet, with a piece of red chalk, upon the back of the hand-bill of a menagerie of wild beasts, at that time exhibiting in Dumfries, while, slowly nearing his grave, Burns lay stretched upon his deathbed. Jessie Lewars, who was afterwards married to James Thomson, Writer to the Signet, and who long preserved these lines, died at the age of seventy-seven, in 1855, and was buried close beside the Burns' Mausoleum.]

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun;
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

And Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

THE TOAST.

[Jessie Lewars was a lassie of eighteen at the time when, with the tender care of a daughter, she waited upon the dying Poet, assisted his afflicted wife in her household cares, and tended their brood of young children, during Burns's last illness. The following half-dozen lines were scratched with his diamond upon the glass tumbler just taken from her hand, and in which, to cool his parched lips, she had brought him a draught of wine and water.]

FILL me with the rosy wine ;
Call a toast—a toast divine ;
Give the Poet's darling flame,—
Lovely Jessy be the name ;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

—o—

ON JESSY LEWARS' SICKNESS.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside ?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

—o—

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

[These last four trifles Burns jotted down, each as a genuine impromptu, and all within a very brief interval indeed, before his dissolution. Their seemingly impassioned tone, as addressed to a young girl, towards whom his feelings were those rather of an elder brother than a lover, and his intercourse with whom never for a moment was suggestive of even a breath of suspicion, goes far to lift into a mere evidence of gallantry a fervour in many of his more glowing songs, which, superficially regarded, must have appeared to breathe only a spirit of libertinism.]

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky ;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

TO A PAINTER

WHOM HE FOUND PAINTING A PICTURE OF
JACOB'S DREAM.

[There is no means now of discovering who it was Burns fleeced at in this caustic bit of rhymed personality. The scansion of the first line shows distinctly that Nasmyth's name could not possibly have been implied by the hiatus, as some have imagined. Besides which, writing about that artist to the engraver Beugo, in the September of 1788, the Poet says, "If you see Mr. Nasmyth, remember me to him most respectfully, as he both loves and deserves respect."]

DEAR —, I'll gi'e ye some advice,
You'll tak' it no uncivil ;
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' Auld Nick there's less danger ;
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.

—o—

HOWLET-FACE.

[A comical-looking Lord Justiciary, whose name, fortunately for him, has not transpired, had been dining one day, during circuit, so the story runs, at [Mr. Miller's, in Dalswinton. To Mr. Douglas, in his edition of Burns for 1876, we are indebted for this grotesque anecdote. Entering the drawing-room at twilight after due attention had been paid to the circulation of the decanters, my Lord's attention, we are told, was caught by the reflection of his own visage in a mirror, as he approached a window seat in which Miss Miller was quietly knitting. Rubbing his eyes, quoth the Judge, "What na howlet-faced thing's yon i' the corner?" Hearing of this soon afterwards from the Millers, Burns avenged the fair lady by writing the subjoined.]

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
Ye ugly, glow'ring spectre ?
My face was but the keekin'-glass—
And there ye saw your picture !

ON MR. JAMES GRACIE,

BANKER AND DEAN OF GUILD, DUMFRIES.

[The following was written eight days before the Poet's death to the kind-hearted banker and dean of guild at Dumfries, to whom it is addressed, who, hearing that Burns was showing no signs of improvement from his sojourn at Brow, offered the loan of his carriage to take him home again to the Vennel. This most interesting epigram was first given to the world in 1870, in William M'Dowell's Burns in Dumfriesshire, and six years afterwards was first included among the collected writings of the Poet, in the two comprehensive volumes, edited with extraordinary care, by William Scott Douglas.]

GRACIE, thou art a man of worth,
Oh, be thou Dean for ever!
May he be damned to hell henceforth,
Who faults thy weight or measure!

—0—

IRVINE'S BAIRNS.

[A fragment of a song rather than an epigram, this quatrain was written on the night Burns slept at Dr. Lawrie's house at Loudoun, on the morrow of which he left in his bedchamber the lines beginning "O, Thou Dread Power." Newmilns Castle is the castle here referred to. The title affixed to this fragment is attributable to his intention of celebrating in it the dances, songs, and sports of the children of the household, within sound of the murmuring waters of the Irvine.]

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa';
The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
Around her on the castle wa'.

—0—

ADDRESSED TO A LADY

WHOM THE AUTHOR FEARED HE HAD OFFENDED.

RUSTICITY's ungainly form
May cloud the honest mind;
But when the heart is nobly warm,
The good excuse will find.

Propriety's cold cautious wiles
Warm fervour may o'erlook;
But spare poor sensibility
The ungentle, harsh rebuke.

—0—

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS.

[First printed, in 1868, in the Globe Edition, published by Macmillan, having been then taken from the manuscript copy given by Burns, in 1787, to Mrs. Dunlop.]

He looked
Just as your sign-post lions do,
As fierce, and quite as harmless too.

—

PATIENT STUPIDITY.

So heavy, passive to the tempests' shocks,
Strong on the Sign-posts stands the stupid
Ox.

—

His face with smile eternal drest,
Just like the Landlord to his guest,
High as they hang, with creaking din,
To index out the country Inn.

—

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain and
soul,
The very image of a Barber's Poll;
It shows a human face and wears a wig,
And looks, when well preserved, amaz-
ing big.

AN IMPROMPTU.

[Upon reading in *Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany* this couplet, "Gi'e me love in her I court; Love to love mak's a' the sport," Burns wrote down this quatrain as an impromptu.]

LET love sparkle in her e'e,
Let her lo'e nae man but me;
That's the tocher guid I prize,
There the lover's treasure lies.

—o—

ON JAMES GRIEVE.

[The following was a skit by Burns upon the Laird of Boghead, near Tarbolton.]

HERE lies Boghead amang the dead,
In hopes to get salvation;
But if such as he in Heaven may be,
Then welcome—hail, damnation!

—o—

TO MISS AINSLIE,

WHO WAS LOOKING UP THE TEXT DURING
SERMON.

[On Sunday, the 6th of May, 1787, as we learn from his itinerary, Burns, observing Rachel Ainslie busily engaged in the church at Dunse hunting up the text just given forth, *ore rotundo*, by the preacher, Dr. Bowmaker, scrawled these words with his pencil on a scrap of paper, and slyly handed across to her the delicate compliment.]

FAIR Maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:
'T was guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you!

—o—

TO A POETASTER.

[The following was a douché bath of derision drawn down upon himself, in the May of 1787, by a verse-maker of Dunse, hight Symon Gray, who had the temerity to ask the plain-spoken Ploughman-Poet what he thought of his mediocre productions.]

SYMON GRAY, you're dull to-day,
Dulness, with redoubled sway,
Has seized the wits of Simon Gray,
Dear Symon Gray,

The other day,
When you sent me some rhyme,
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth, for want of time,
But now, to-day, good Mr. Gray,
I've read it o'er and o'er,
Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
Just where I was before.
We auld wives' minions gi'e our opinions,
Solicited or no;
Then of its faults my honest thoughts
I'll give—and here they go.

[What followed this has passed into oblivion, save only the conclusion, which told the unhappy wight, with appalling frankness]—

Such damned bombast,
No age that's past
Can show, nor time to come.

—o—

TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON.

[The following lines were discovered, in the Poet's well-known handwriting, among the papers of Mr. Renton, who, in the May of 1787, had invited Burns, during his Border Tour, to visit him at Mordington House, near Berwick-upon-Tweed.]

YOUR billet, sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you, I'll canter ony gate,
Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
Where burkies march on burning marl:
Then, sir, God-willing, I'll attend ye,
And to his goodness I commend ye.

LINES TO THE EDITOR OF "THE STAR."

[These lines were introduced by Burns in the course of a letter addressed to Peter Stuart, complaining of the irregular transmission of his journal from London to his news-loving correspondent.]

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of metre
Are aften negleckit, ye ken:
For instance, your sheet, man,
(Though glad I'm to see 't, man,)
I get no ae day in ten.

—o—

LINES ON THE WINDOW OF THE "CROSS KEYS INN" AT FALKIRK.

[The subjoined epigram was scratched by the Poet on Saturday the 25th of August, 1787, on the window-pane of the tavern parlour in which Burns and Nicol had stayed the night at Falkirk.]

SOUND be his sleep and blithe his morn,
That never did a lassie wrang,
Wha poverty ne'er held in scorn,—
For misery ever tholed a pang.

—o—

EXTEMPORE

ON A CERTAIN COMMEMORATION OF THE
POET THOMSON.

[This was contributed by Burns to the *Edinburgh Gazette*, in scornful reference to the Earl of Buchan's *al fresco* commemoration of Thomson, on the 27th of August, 1791, the very celebration for which, at the Earl's request, he had himself penned a rather indifferent copy of verses.]

DOST thou not rise, indignant Shade,
And smile wi' spurning scorn,
When they wha wad ha'e starved thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn.

Helpless, alane thou clamb the brae,
Wi' mickle, mickle toil,
And clought th' unfading garland there,
Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.
And wear it there ! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted—
Would thou ha'e nobles' patronage?—
"First learn to live without it !"

To whom ha'e much, shall yet be given,
Is every great man's faith ;
But he, the helpless, needless wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

—o—

INSCRIPTION AT FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE.

[Soon after the death of Robert Riddel, in the April of 1794, Burns scrawled with his diamond this touching tribute to his lost friend on a window-pane of their favourite haunt, in the grounds of Friars Carse, the little grotto-like hermitage.]

To Riddel, much-lamented man !
This ivied cot was dear ;
Wanderer, dost value matchless worth?—
This ivied cot revere.

—o—

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

[This epigram was transcribed by Robert Chambers from the Poet's own manuscript entry of it, on an otherwise blank leaf, in a copy of his Poems belonging to Mrs. Lindsay of Albany Street, Edinburgh.]

LORD, to account who dares thee call,
Or e'en dispute thy pleasure ?
Else why within so thick a wall
Enclose so poor a treasure ?

—o—

ON CAPTAIN WILLIAM ROD-
DICK.

[These lines are preserved in Burns's own handwriting in the Glenriddel Manuscript.]

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender ;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

—o—

EPIGRAM ON BACON.

[The following impromptu riddle was uttered by Burns one day at the Brownhill Inn, where he had been challenged suddenly by a stranger to prove his identity as Burns the Poet, by producing an epigram on the spur of the moment. The landlord, whose name was Bacon, and whom Burns especially liked as a jovial companion, was regarded by some of his customers as too obtrusive, not merely of his attendance, but of his conversation. Hence the piquancy that might almost have turned Bacon rusty, of the Poet's closing inquiries.]

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good
cheer,
And plenty of Bacon, each day in the
year ;
We 've all things quite neat, and mostly
in season :
But why always Bacon?—come, give me
a reason ?

—o—

TO JOHN RANKINE.

[This was a serio-comic remonstrance on the part of Burns with his scapegrace friend John Rankine, in which the latter was rallied upon his violation of one of the clauses of the Decalogue, the Poet having doubtless a remorseful consciousness, all the while he was writing, of having been himself, in regard to this, more than once, a defaulter.]

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, although not a' :
Some people tell me, gin I fa'
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, though sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I ha'e been in for 't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest,
But now a rumour's like to rise—
A whaup's i' the nest.

—o—

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

[What follows was an ill-natured gibe at the Poet's quondam friend of Woodley Park, Maria Riddel, to whom, in spite of their rather fierce feud, he was, however, not long before his death, happily reconciled.]

If you rattle along like your mistress's
tongue,
Your speed will outrival the dart ;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down
on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

—o—

INNOCENCE.

[It seems doubtful, from the duplex manner in which these lines appear in their correspondence, whether we are indebted for them to Clarinda or to Sylvander.]

Innocence

Looks gaily smiling on; while rosy
Pleasure
Hides young Desire amid her flowery
wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant: mantling
high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love
and Bliss!

—o—

WRITTEN ON THE FLYLEAF
OF A WORK BY HANNAH
MORE.

[It has been shrewdly suggested by William Scott Douglas, in his two-volume edition of Burns, published in 1876 at Kilmarnock, that the donor to Burns, on the 3rd of April, 1786, of the volume thus honoured by the Poet's rhymed acknowledgment, and who is there enigmatically mentioned merely as "Mrs. C.," was, probably, the married daughter of Mrs. Stewart of Stair—Mrs. Cunningham of Enterkin.]

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind

The dear, the beauteous donor!
Though sweetly female every part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour.
She showed her taste refined and just
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating, own I must,
For so approving me.

But kind still, I mind still
The giver in the gift;
I'll bless her, and wiss her
A friend above the Lift.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST
FRIEND.

[Between Cromeek, the collector of the Reliques, and Gilbert, the Poet's brother, there seems some doubt as to whether the authorship of the following convivial snatch can really be traced to Burns.]

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad you wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man?
There's nane that's blest of
humankind
But the cheerful and the gay, man.
Fal lal, &c.

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:
Believe me, Happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.
There's nane that's blest of
humankind
But the cheerful and the gay, man.
Fal lal, &c.

—o—

ON A SHEEP'S HEAD.

[These lines were extemporized by Burns as a grace before and thanks after dinner, when feasting one day on sheep's head at his favourite hostelry, the "Globe Tavern," in Dumfries.]

GRACE BEFORE.

O LORD! when hunger pinches sore,
Do Thou stand us in stead,
And send us from Thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head!—Amen.

THANKS AFTER.

O LORD! since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit!—Amen.

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

[The Poet's prayer, here, for his sick child was not rejected, his son being spared to him. He had, however, towards the close of his life, the anguish of losing his only daughter.]

Now health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles ;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak' for thee !
Ye heavens, how great is my despair !
How can I see him die ?

—o—

ON WILLIAM NICOL.

[This was an anticipative epitaph on the Poet's old friend, the Dominie of the High School at Edinburgh, who long survived and long lamented Burns.]

YE maggots, feast on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts ye've gotten ;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For de'il a bit o't's rotten.

—o—

WRITTEN ON A TUMBLER.

[These lines were inscribed by Burns, with his diamond pencil, somewhere about the year 1789, upon a glass tumbler, still preserved at Abbotsford. Thence they were copied and first given to the world, in 1829, by Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law and Burns's biographer, John Gibson Lockhart.]

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart ;
You're welcome, Willie Stewart ;
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
May,
That's half sae welcome's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,—
The bowl we maun renew it ;
The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be
slack,—
Ilk action may he rue it ;
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart !

—o—

MEND YOUR WAYS.

[The following was an impromptu produced by Burns on the road between Stewarton, where his Uncle Robert resided, and Kilmarnock.]

I'M now arrived—thanks to the gods !—
Through pathways rough and muddy ;
A certain sign that making roads
Is no this people's study :
Yet though I'm no wi' Scripture cramm'd,
I'm sure the Bible says,
That heedless sinners shall be damn'd
Wha do not mend their ways.

—o—

ON CAPTAIN LASCELLS.

[This is one of the last entries by Burns in the Glenriddel Manuscript.]

WHEN Lascells thought fit from this
world to depart,
Some friends warmly spoke of embalm-
ing his heart :
A bystander whispers, " Pray don't make
so much o't,
The subject is poison—no reptile will
touch it ! "

REMARKS BY BURNS

ON

Scottish Songs and Ballads.

[An interleaved copy of James Johnson's Scots Musical Museum, presented by Burns to Captain Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, contains, in the Poet's own handwriting, the following Remarks on Scottish Songs and Ballads. Robert Hartley Cromek was the first to give to the public, in 1808, these strictures of the great song-writer among the miscellaneous collection then set forth by him under the title of "The Reliques of Burns."]

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

The "Highland Queen," music and poetry, was composed by Mr. M'Vicar, purser of the *Solebay* man-of-war. This I had from Dr. Blacklock.

[The song here mentioned was published nearly a year before the birth of Burns, namely, in the April of 1758, in *Ruddiman's Edinburgh Magazine*. It ran as follows :—

No more my song shall be, ye swains,
Of gushing streams or flowery plains;
More pleasing beauties now inspire,
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre;
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her sweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty joined;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me;
The brightest nymph that trips the green
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, nor trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy:

Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole:
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All centre in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth whom gentle Fate
Has destined for so fair a mate!
Has all these wondrous gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more;
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.]

—o—

BESS THE GAWKIE.

This song shows that the Scottish Muses did not all leave us when we lost Ramsay and Oswald; as I have good reason to believe that the verses and music are both posterior to the days of these two gentlemen. It is a beautiful song and in the genuine Scots taste.

We have few pastoral compositions—I mean the pastoral of Nature—that are equal to this.

[BLITHE young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,
And sport awhile wi' Jamie?
Ah, na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
For he 's ta'en up wi' Maggie!

For hark, and I will tell you, lass;
Did I no see your Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggie?
I wat he ga'e her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack, pleased her wi' this,—
That Bess was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she 'll scarcely speak:
Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She 'll gi'e us ane without offence;
Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O, Jamie, ye ha'e mony ta'en,
But I will never stand for ane,
Or twa, when we do meet again;
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah, na, lass, that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony that sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But whisht!—nae mair of this we 'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet:
Instead of Meg he kissed sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I cam' by, your gown's sae new
I think you've got it wat wi' dew;
Quo' she, That 's like a gawkie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they went o'er the muir they sang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
The hills and dales wi' echoes rang,—
Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.]

O, OPEN THE DOOR, LORD GREGORY.

It is somewhat singular that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries-shires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c., can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of, these counties. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few; as the ballad, which is a long one, is called, both by tradition and in printed collections, "The Lass of Lochroyan," which I take to be Lochroyan in Galloway.

[O, OPEN the door, Lord Gregory,
O, open and let me in;
The wind blows through my yellow hair,
The dew draps o'er my chin.
If you are the lass that I loved once,
As I trow you are not she,
Come, gi'e me some of the tokens
That passed 'tween you and me

Ah, wae be to you, Gregory!
An ill death may you die!
You will not be the death of ane,
But you 'll be the death of three.
O, don't you mind, Lord Gregory,
'Twas down at yonder burn-side
We changed the ring aff our fingers,
And I put mine on thine?]

—0—

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

This song is one of the many attempts that English composers have made to imitate the Scottish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of "Anglo-Scottish" productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.

[The authorship of the words is undiscoverable, but the composition of the melody has

been traced to James Hook, the father of Theodore Hook, the witty novelist and improvisatore. The song ran as follows, the first stanza being given by way of recitative :—

As on the banks of Tweed I lay reclined,
 Beneath a verdant shade,
 I heard a sound more sweet than pipe or flute,
 Sure more enchanting was not Orpheus' lute,
 While listening and amazed, I turned my eyes—
 The more I heard, the greater my surprise ;
 I rose and followed, guided by my ear,
 And in a thick-set grove I saw my dear.
 Unseen, unheard (she thought), thus sang the
 maid :—

To the soft murmuring stream I will sing of my
 love,
 How delighted am I when abroad I can rove,
 To indulge a fond passion for Jockey, my dear ;
 When he's absent I sigh, but how blithe when
 he's near !
 'Tis these rural amusements delight my sad
 heart ;
 Come away to my arms, love, and never depart ;
 To his pipe I could sing, for he's bonnie and gay :
 Did he know how I loved him, no longer he'd
 stay.

Neither linnet nor nightingale sing half so
 sweet,
 And the soft melting strain did kind echo repeat ;
 It so ravished my heart and delighted my ear,
 Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear ;
 She, surprised and detected, some moments did
 stand,
 Like the rose was her cheek, and the lily her
 hand,
 Which she placed on her breast, and said,
 Jockey, I fear
 I have been too imprudent ; pray, how came
 you here ?

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
 By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did
 stray ;
 But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I
 sighed,
 And have vowed endless love if you would be
 my bride.
 To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
 Where a knot of affection shall tie the fond pair,
 To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance will
 we lead,
 And will bless the dear grove by the banks of
 the Tweed.]

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

This song, as far as I know, for the first time appears here in print. When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air.

[The song thus entitled ran as follows :—

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
 The little birds were singing delightful and gay ;
 The little birds were singing delightful and gay,
 Where I and my true love did often sport and
 play

Down among the beds of sweet roses,
 Where I and my true love did often sport and
 play

Down among the beds of sweet roses.

My daddy and my mammy, I oft have heard
 them say,
 That I was a naughty boy, and did often sport
 and play ;

But I never liked in all my life a maiden that
 was shy,

Down among the beds of sweet roses,
 Where I and my true love did often sport and
 play

Down among the beds of sweet roses.]



ROSLIN CASTLE.

These beautiful verses were the production of a Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr. Blacklock (to whom I am indebted for the anecdote) kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the same tune. Tytler, in his amusing History of Scottish Music, gives the air

to Oswald ; but in Oswald's own collection of Scots tunes, when he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.

[T WAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung ;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse ! the breathing Spring
With rapture warms ; awake and sing !
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song ;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O, bid her taste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn !

O, hark ! my love ; on every spray
Each feathered warbler tunes his lay ;
'T is beauty fires the ravished throng,
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let my raptured notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes ;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

From Roslin Castle's echoing walls,
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls ;
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love display,
I yield—nor longer can refrain,
To own my love and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful-pleasing flame I feel :
My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
And echoes back in love again.
Where lurks my songster ? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love ?
O, bring me to the happy bower
Where mutual love my bliss secure !

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
Repeating as it flies along,
To Colin's ears my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.

Ye zephyrs soft, that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale :
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell I haste his arms to bless !

O ! come, my love ! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O, come away !
Come while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine ;
O, hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring ;
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished breast of mine !]

—0—

SAW YE JOHNNIE CUMMIN?

This song, for genuine humour in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.

[SAW ye Johnnie cummin ? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
O, saw ye Johnnie cummin ? quo' she ;
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin', quo' she ;
And his doggie runnin' ?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she ;
Fee him, father, fee him :
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel-doin' ;
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she :
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy ?
What will I do wi' him ?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.
I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she
Dinna stand wi' him

For weel do I, o'e him, quo' she ;
 Weel do I lo'e him :
 O, fee him, father, fee him, quo' she ;
 Fee him, father, fee him :
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash i' the barn,
 And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she ;
 Lie wi' me at e'en.]

—o—

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

A tradition is mentioned in the *Bee*, that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say that, if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way as to hear "Clout the Caldron" played.

I have met with another tradition, that the whole song to this tune,—

"Ha'e ye ony pots or pans,
 Or any broken chanlers?"

was composed on one of the Kenmure family, in the cavalier times ; and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of

"The blacksmith and his apron,"

which, from the rhythm, seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune.

[Ha'e ye ony pots or pans,
 Or ony broken chanlers ?
 For I'm a tinker to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant o' siller as o' grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad run ;
 Gang, tell the lady o' the place
 I'm come to clout her caldron.

Madam, if ye ha'e wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a single flie
 For ony man's resentment :

For, lady fair, though I appear
 To every ane a tinker,
 Yet to yoursel' I'm bauld to tell
 I am a gentle jinker.

Love, Jupiter into a swan
 Turned for his lovely Leda ;
 He, like a bull, o'er meadows ran
 To carry off Europa.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argus blinker,
 And win your love, like mighty Jove,
 Thus hide me in a tinker ?

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot ye'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine ye'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinker under tack
 That's used to clout my caldron."

—o—

SAW YE NA MY PEGGY?

This charming song is much older, and indeed superior to Ramsay's verses, "The Toast," as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but, though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.

The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows—a song familiar from the cradle to every Scottish ear :—

Saw ye my Maggie,
 Saw ye my Maggie,
 Saw ye my Maggie
 Linkin' o'er the lea ?

High kilted was she,
 High kilted was she,
 High kilted was she,
 Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
 What mark has your Maggie,
 What mark has your Maggie,
 That ane may ken her be? (by).

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song, yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fireside circle of our peasantry ; while that which I take to be the old song is in every shepherd's mouth. Ramsay, I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.

[Saw ye na my Peggy,
Saw ye na my Peggy,
Saw ye na my Peggy
Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was formed by Nature,
So complete each feature,
So divine is she.

O, how Peggy charms me !
Every look still warms me ;
Every thought alarms me,
Lest she loves na me.
Peggy doth discover
Naught but charms all over ;
Nature bids me love her,—
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
Till I happy be !
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her :
Could I but obtain her,
Happy would I be !
I'll lie down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint look implore her,
Till she pity me !]



THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

This song is one of the many effusions of Scots Jacobitism. The title, "Flowers of Edinburgh," has no manner of connection with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains.

By the bye, it is singular enough that the Scottish Muses were all Jacobites. I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps anybody living has done, and I do not recollect one single stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyric reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick, while there are hundreds satirizing them. This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said that my heart ran before my head ; and surely the gallant though unfortunate House of Stuart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than

[The rest of Burns's manuscript is at this point tantalizingly obliterated.

My love was once a bonnie lad ;
He was the flower of a' his kin ;
The absence of his bonnie face
Has rent my tender heart in twain.
I day nor night find no delight—
In silent tears I still complain ;
And exclaim 'gainst those, my rival foes,
That ha'e ta'en frae me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast
Since I have lost my blooming rose ;
I sigh and moan while others rest ;
His absence yields me no repose.
To seek my love I'll range and rove
Through every grove and distant plain ;
Thus I'll never cease, but spend my days
T' hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change,
 Since parents show such cruelty ;
 They caused my love from me to range,
 And know not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain ;
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
 For the absence of my darling swain !]

—C—

JAMIE GAY.

"Jamie Gay" is another and a tolerable Anglo-Scottish piece.

[As Jamie Gay gang'd blithe his way,
 Along the banks of Tweed,
 A bonnie lass as ever was
 Came tripping o'er the mead :
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd ;
 And full of glee, as loud could be,
 Bespake the pretty maid :—

"Dear lassie, tell, why by thinesel'
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here ?"
 "My ewes," she cried, "are straying wide ;
 Canst tell me, laddie, where ?"
 "To town I'll hie," he made reply,
 "Some meikle sport to see ;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee."

She ga'e'm her hand, nor made a stand,
 But liked the youth's intent ;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went :
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around ;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 (The zenith of his pow'r,)
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour ;
 The bonnie lad row'd in his plaid
 The lass who scorn'd to frown ;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.]

MY DEAR JOCKEY.

Another Anglo-Scottish production.

[My laddie is gane far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forced to remain ;
 Though blue-bells and violets the hedges adorn,
 Though trees are in blossom and sweet blows the
 thorn,
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look
 gay ;
 There's nothing can please me now Jockey's
 away :
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,—
 "Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back
 again."

When lads and their lassies are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, and they laugh and
 they chat ;
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see :
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not
 there !
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey returned back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promised he would in a fortnight be here ;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haste ;
 Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain
 sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I ?
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.]

—C—

FYE, GAE RUB HER O'ER WI'
STRAE.

It is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of Nature, and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the

verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scottish airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day, among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard :—

Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae;
And gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

[“Ramsay's spirited imitation,” says Cromek, “of the *Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte*, of Horace, is considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius.”

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There are nae gowfers to be seen;
Nor dousser fowk wysing a-gee
The byass-bouls on Tamson's Green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben,
That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit-hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soen;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his soul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstones thud.

But soon as e'er they cry “Be quiet!”
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Love.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On Pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at Fortune's fickle powers.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 't is May,
Gae, pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

“Haith, ye're ill-bred,” she'll smiling say;
“Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;”
Synae frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you, to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly tuiylie for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.]

THE LASS O' LIVINGSTON.

The old song, in three eight-line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour ; but it is rather unfit for insertion. It begins,—

THE bonnie lass o' Livingston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract,
To lie her lane, to lie her lane.

[The version by Allan Ramsay is as follows :—

Pained with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear ;
The gods descended from above,
Well pleased to hear, well pleased to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung, and thus she sung :

Blessed days, when our ingenuous sex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their loved adorers vex,
But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promised fair,
Would he return, would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cause to mourn, or cause to mourn.

Why loved I the deserving swain,
Yet still thought shame, yet still thought
shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame, to own my flame ?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy, and seem too coy,
Which makes me now, alas ! lament
My slighted joy, my slighted joy ?

Ye Fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire, own your desire,
While Love's young power, with his soft wing,
Fans up the fire, fans up the fire ;
O, do not, with a silly pride
Or low design, or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain, but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner 'wailed her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes ;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time
With sweet surprise, with sweet surprise.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchanged, his mind unchanged ;
Flew to her arms, and cried, My love,
I am revenged, I am revenged.]

—o—

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER
THE MOOR.

Ramsay found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.

[The last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me ;
Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me.
Soon as the ruddy morn displayed
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting ;
We kissed and promised time away,
Till Night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
In rapture I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me ;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where danger may surround me ;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
And feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall centre :
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.]

—C—

JOHNNIE'S GREY BREEKS.

Though this has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well-known tune and song in the North of Ireland called "The Weaver and his Shuttle, O," which, though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune.

[WHEN I was in my se'enteenth year,
 I was baith blithe and bonnie, O ;
 The lads lo'ed me baith far and near,
 But I lo'ed nane but Johnnie, O.
 He gained my heart in twa three weeks,
 He spak' sae blithe and kindly, O ;
 And I made him new grey breeks,
 That fitted him maist finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow ;
 His humour was baith frank and free ;
 His bonnie locks sae yellow,
 Like gowd they glittered in my e'e ;
 His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
 And face sae fair and ruddy, O ;
 And then a-days his grey breeks
 Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are threadbare worn,
 They're wider than they wont to be ;
 They're a' tashed-like, and unco torn,
 And clouted sair on ilka knee.

But gin I had a simmer's day,
 As I ha'e had right mony, O,
 I'd make a web o' new grey,
 To be breeks to my Johnnie, O.

For he's weel worthy o' them,
 And better than I ha'e to gi'e ;
 But I'll take pains upo' them,
 And strive frae fauts to keep them free,
 To cleed him weel shall be my care,
 And please him a' my study, O ;
 But he maun wear the auld pair
 A wee, though they be duddy, O.

For when the lad was in his prime,
 Like him there was na mony, O ;
 He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
 So wha wad no lo'e Johnnie, O !
 So I lo'e Johnnie's grey breeks,
 For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,
 And gin we live anither year,
 We'll keep them hale between us yet.

Now to conclude—his grey breeks,
 I'll sing them up wi' mirth and glee ;
 Here's luck to a' the grey steeks
 That show themselves upo' the knee !
 And if wi' health I'm spared
 A wee while, as I surely may,
 I shall ha'e them prepared
 As weel as ony that's o' grey.]

—O—

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Another, but very pretty, Anglo-Scottish piece.

[Here follows the song which was written by Edward Moore, author of the tragedy of the *Gamster*.

How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessie my own !
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play :
 How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessie and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen,
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green ;
 Though painful my absence, my doubts she be-
 guiles,
 And meets me at night with complaisance and
 smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its
 hue,
 Her wit and her humour bloom all the year
 through :
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her
 youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous
 fair,
 In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam ;
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.]



THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

In Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," this song is localized (a verb I must use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the North of Scotland, and likewise is claimed by Ayrshire. The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, who had it from the last John Earl of Loudon. The then Earl of Loudon, and father to Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine Water, near New Mills, at a place called Patie's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.

[THE Lass of Patie's Mill,
 So bonnie, blithe, and gay,

In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love midst her locks did play,
 And wantoned in her een

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To Age it would give youth
 To press them with his hand
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart
 Whene'er she spoke or smiled.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguiled :
 I wished her for my bride.

O ! had I all that wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insured long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will
 I'd promise and fulfil
 That none but bonnie she,
 The Lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.]



THE TURNIMSPIKE.

[One Dugald Graham, bellman of Glasgow, is reputed to have been the author of this comical celebration of a Highlander's dilemmas in regard to kilts, turnpike men, and toll-bars.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
 And mony alterations seen
 Amang te Lawland whig, man.

First when her to te Lawlands cam',
 Nainsell was driving cows, man ;
 Tere was nae laws about him's nerse,
 About te preeks or trews, man.

Nainseil did wear te philabeg,
 Te plaid prick't on her shouter,
 Te guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
 Te pistol sharged wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursèd preeks,
 Wherewith her nersè be lockit,
 O-hon ! tat e'er she saw te day !
 For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in te Highlands now
 Pe turned to alteration ;
 Te sodger dwell at our door-sheek,
 And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on te cadger ;
 Nainseil wad durk him for his deeds,
 But oh ! she fear te sodger.

Anither law cam' after tat,
 Me never saw te like, man ;
 Tey mak' a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow ! she pe a pouny road,
 Like louden corn-rigs, man ;
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 An' no preak ither's legs, man.

Tey sharge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth she 'll no be sheaper,
 For nought put gaen upo' te crund,
 An' tey gi'e me a paper.

Tey tak' te horse ten by te head,
 And tere tey mak' her stan', man ;
 Me tell tem, me ha'e seen te day
 Tey no had sic comman', man.

Nae doubts, himsell maun traw her purse,
 And pay tem what hims like, man ;
 I'll see a shugement on his toor,
 Tat filthy Turnimspike man.

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
 Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near your Turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her.]

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

As this was a favourite theme with our later Scottish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest is to be found in the "Musical Museum," beginning, "I ha'e been at Crookieden." One reason for my thinking so is, that Oswald had it in his collection by the name of "The auld Highland Laddie." It is also known by the name of "Jinglan Johnnie," which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is little known to the peasantry by the name of "Highland Laddie," while everybody knows "Jinglan Johnnie." The song begins,—

"Jinglan John, the meickle man,
 He met wi' a lass was blithe and bonnie."

Another "Highland Laddie" is also in the Museum," Vol. V., which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus, "O, my bonnie Highland lad," &c. It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus, and has humour in its composition. It is an excellent but somewhat licentious song. It begins,—

As I cam' o'er the Cairney-Mount,
 And down among the blooming heather,
 Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
 To shelter frae the stormy weather.

O, my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weel-faured Highland laddie !
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel rowed in his tartan plaidie ?

Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent,
 And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating ;
 But he wan my heart's consent
 To be his ain at the neist meeting.

O, my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weel-faured Highland laddie !
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel rowed in his tartan plaidie ?

This air, and the common "Highland Laddie," seem only to be different sets.

Another "Highland Laddie," also in the "Museum," Vol. V., is the tune of several Jacobite fragments. One of these old songs to it only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines :—

"Whare ha'e ye been a' day,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ?
 Down the back o' Bell's brae,
 Courtin' Maggie, courtin' Maggie."

Another of this name is Dr. Arne's beautiful air, called the new "Highland Laddie."

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

To sing such a beautiful air to such execrable verses is downright prostitution of common sense ! The Scots verses, indeed, are tolerable.

[JENNY'S heart was frank and free,
 And wooers she had mony yet ;
 Her sang was aye, I fa' I see,
 Commend me to my Johnnie yet.
 For air and late, he has sic a gate
 To mak' a body cheery, that
 I wish to be, before I die,
 His ain kind dearie yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
 Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
 And few or nane in a' the place
 Had gowd and gear mair plenty yet ;
 Tho' war's alarms, and Johnnie's charms,
 Had gart her aft look eerie, yet
 She sung wi' glee, I hope to be
 My Johnnie's ain kind dearie yet.

What tho' he's now gaen far awa',
 Where guns and cannons rattle, yet
 Unless my Johnnie chance to fa'
 In some uncanny battle, yet
 Till he return, my breast will burn
 With love that weel may cheer me yet ;
 For I hope to see, before I die,
 His bairns to him endear me yet.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

This is an Anglo-Scottish production, but by no means a bad one.

[The fields were green, the hills were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray,
 When Colin met me in the grove,
 And told me tender tales of love.
 Was ever swain so blithe as he,
 So kind, so faithful, and so free ?
 In spite of all my friends could say,
 Young Colin stole my heart away.

Where'er he steps the meads along,
 He sweetly joins the woodlark's song ;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blithe as Colin seen :
 If he'd but try, and nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care,
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides when'er I roam,
 And seems surprised I quit my home ;
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love :
 Full well I know the gen'rous swain
 Will never give my bosom pain ;
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.]

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and, by means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song. I was not acquainted with the editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.

[The following is Dr. Thomas Percy's song, which was set to music by Thomas Carter. Burns declared it to be, in his opinion, "perhaps the most beautiful ballad in the English language."

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer decked with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

—o—

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

The following is a set of this song, which was the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sang it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing:—

O WILLIE! weel I mind I lent you my hand]
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot
That you called it "The Gear and the Blaithrie o't."

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, nor
pride,
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never
rot,
And preferable to gear and the blaithrie o't.

Though my lassie ha'e nae scarlets nor silks to
put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the
throne;
I wad rather ha'e my lassie, though she cam' in
her smock,
Than a princess wi' the gear and the blaithrie
o't.

Though we ha'e nae horses nor menzie at com-
mand,
We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our
hand;
And when wearied without rest, we'll find it
sweet in any spot,
And we'll value not the gear and the blaithrie
o't.

If we ha'e ony babies, we'll count them as lent;
Ha'e we less, ha'e we mair, we will aye be con-
tent;
For they say they ha'e mair pleasure that wins
but a groat
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blaithrie
o't.

I'll not meddle wi' the affairs o' the Kirk or the
Queen;
They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink,
let them swim;
On your Kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold
it still remote:
Sae tak' this for "The Gear and the Blaithrie
o't.]"

MAY EVE ; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

"Kate of Aberdeen" is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham, the player ; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the Church coming past Cunningham one Sunday, as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native county, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, "as he had no dinner but what lay at the bottom of that pool !" This Mr. Woods, the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true.

[THE silver moon's enamoured beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy Sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
Whilst I May's wakeful vigils keep
With Kate of Aberdeen !

The nymphs and swains, expectant, wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till Morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen !

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove ;
Till new-waked birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dressed green :
Fond bird ! 't is not the morning breaks,
'T is Kate of Aberdeen !

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play ;
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tuned lay.
Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
And claims a Virgin Queen ;
The nymphs and swains, exulting, cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen !]

—c—

TWEED-SIDE.

In Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance ; which songs are marked with the letters D., C., &c. Old Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, the worthy and able defender of the beauteous Queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C. in the "Tea-Table" were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Achname, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France. As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsay, I think the anecdote may be depended on. Of consequence, the beautiful song of "Tweed-Side" is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honour to his poetical talents. He was Robert Crawford ; the Mary he celebrates was a Mary Stewart, of the Castle-Milk family, afterwards married to a Mr. John Ritchie :—

I have seen a song, calling itself the original "Tweed-Side," and said to have been composed by a Lord Yester. It consisted of two stanzas, of which I still recollect the first :—

WHEN Maggie and I was acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' high ;
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,
Nor gowdspink sae happy as me :

But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed ;
 I wooed, but I cam' nae great speed ;
 So now I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

[The following is the song by Robert Crawford
 of Drumsoy :—

What beauties doth Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both Nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure do yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feathered folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind Nature indulging my bliss—
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgin excel,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 O ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
 Is it on the sweet-wending Tay,
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

THE POSIE.

It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his "Roslin Castle" on the modulation of this air. In the second part of Oswald's, in the first three bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed, the first three bars of the old air ; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was sung, when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice, had no great merit. The following is a specimen :—

THERE was a pretty May, and a-milkin' she
 went,
 Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal black
 hair ;
 And she has met a young man a-comin' o'er
 the bent,—
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May !

O, where are ye goin', my ain pretty May,
 Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal black
 hair ?
 Unto the yowes a-milkin', kind sir, she says,—
 With a double and adieu to thee, fair May !

What if I gang along wi' thee, my ain pretty
 May,
 Wi' thy red rosy cheeks and thy coal black
 hair ?
 Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir, she
 says,—
 With a doub'e and adieu to thee, fair May !

—2—

MARY'S DREAM.

The Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss Mary Macghie, daughter of the Laird of Airds, in Gallo-way. The poet was a Mr. John Lowe, who likewise wrote another beautiful song, called "Pompey's Ghost." I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North

America, where he now is, or lately was, to a lady in Scotland. By the strain of the verses, it appears that they allude to some love disappointment.

[THE moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from her eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, " Mary, weep no more for me ! "

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be ;
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e :
" O Mary dear ! cold is my clay, --
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death, --
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain ;
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee :
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me ! "

—0—

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

BY WILLIAM DUDGEON.

This Dudgeon is a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire.

[UP among yon clifly rocks
Sweetly rings the rising echo,

To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark ! she sings, " Young Sandie's kind,
And he's promised aye to lo'e me ;
Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine
Till he's fairly married to me.
Drive away, ye drone, Time,
And bring about our bridal day.

" Sandy herds a flock o' sheep ;
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae vastly sweet,
Lam'ies, listening, dare na bleat ;
He's as fleet 's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather,
Wading through the winter snow,
Keeping aye his flock together.
But, wi' plaid and bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest northern blast.

" Brawly he can dance and sing,
Canty glee or Highland cronach ;
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel, or round a ring ;
Wightly can he wield a rung, —
In a brawl he's aye the baughter :
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest-winded sangster !
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang.]

—0—

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

I never heard more of the words of this old song than the title.

[The opening stanza began thus :—

I wish my love were in a mire,
That I might pu' her out again.

As for the remainder of the ditty it is apparently lost beyond all chance of recovery.]

—0—



THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

P. 417.

ALLAN WATER.

This Allan Water, which the composer of the music has honoured with the name of the air, I have been told is Allan Water in Strathallan.

[WHAT numbers shall the Muse repeat,—

What verse be found to praise my Annie !
On her ten thousand graces wait,
Each swain admires and owns she 's bonnie.
Since first she strode the happy plain,
She set each youthful heart on fire ;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely, darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn, she 's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths convene,
Joyous they sport and play before her ;
All night, when she no more is seen,
In joyful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He looked, he loved, he bowed to Annie ;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many.
With smiles the lovely maid replied,
" Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?
Alas ! your love must be denied,
This destined breast can ne'er relieve ye."

Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling ;
He stole away my virgin heart—
Cease, poor Amyntor ! cease bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find ;
On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;
Then choose some heart that 's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.]

—o—

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT
THE HOUSE.

This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language. The two lines,—

And will I see his face again !
And will I hear him speak !

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by anything I ever heard or read ; and the lines,—

The present moment is our ain,
The niest we never saw—

are worthy of the first poet. It is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771, or '72, it came first on the streets as a ballad ; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.

[AND are you sure the news is true ?
And do you say he 's weel ?
Is this a time to speak of wark ?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel !
Is this a time to spin a thread,
When Colin 's at the door ?
Reach me my cloak—I 'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
There 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a' ;
There 's little pleasure in the house,
When our guidman 's awa'.

Rise, lass ! and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
'T is a' to pleasure my guidman,
For he 's been lang awa'.
There 's nae luck, &c.

There 's twa fat hens upo' the coop,
Been fed this month and mair ;
Mak' haste and throw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And mak' the table neat and trim,
Let everything be braw ;
For wha kens how my Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?
There 's nae luck, &c.

And gi'e to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin 's in the town.
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue ;
'T is a' to pleasure my guidman,
For he 's baith leal and true.
There 's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his heart, sae smooth's his speech,
 His breath like caller air,—
 His very foot hath music in 't
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again !
 And will I hear him speak !
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 There's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thrill'd thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by—I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part ;
 But what puts parting in my head ?
 It may be far awa' ;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw !
 There's nae luck, &c.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
 I ha'e nae mair to crave ;
 And gin I live to mak' him sae,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again !
 And will I hear him speak !
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth I'm like to greet !
 There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our guidman's awa'.]

—o—

TARRY WOO'.

This is a very pretty song ; but I fancy that the first half-stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words.

[TARRY woo', tarry woo',
 Tarry woo' is ill to spin ;
 Card it weel, card it weel,
 Card it weel e'er ye begin ;
 When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
 Then the work is hafless done ;
 But when woven, drest and clean,
 It may be cleaded for a queen.

Sing my bonnie harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountain steep,
 Bleating sweetly as ye go,
 Through the winter's frost and snow ;
 Hart and hynd and fallow-deer,
 No by half so useful are :
 Frae kings to him that hauds the plough,
 Are all obliged to tarry woo'.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo',
 Sing the flocks that bear it too.
 Harmless creatures, without blame,
 That clead the back and cram the wame,
 Keep us warm and hearty fou ;
 Leeze me on the tarry woo'.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
 Free frae courts, and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae ;
 No such music to his ear ;—
 Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
 Sturdy kent and colly true,
 Will defend the tarry woo'.

He lives content and envies none ;
 Not e'en the monarch on his throne,
 Though he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has not sweeter holidays.
 Who'd be a king ! can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well ?
 Sings sae well and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo'.]

—o—

GRAMACHREE.

The song of "Gramachree" was composed by Mr. Poe, a counsellor-at-law in Dublin. This anecdote I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the "Molly," who is the subject of the song, and to whom Mr. Poe sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than—

How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core !

But as the song is Irish, it has nothing to do with this collection.

As down on Banna's banks I strayed,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes,
Made vocal every spray :
They sang their little notes of love ;
They sang them o'er and o'er,—
Ah ! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
Mo Molly astore !

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of nature yields ;
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
Lay scattered o'er the fields.
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore,—
Ah ! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
Mo Molly astore !

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate.
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core !
Ah ! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
Mo Molly astore !

You said you loved me, Molly dear ;
Ah, why did I believe ?
Yes, who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive ?
That love was all I asked on earth,
Nay, Heaven could give no more ;
Ah ! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
Mo Molly astore !

O ! had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill ;
Or loved for me the numerous herds
That yon green pastures fill :
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store,
Ah ! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
Mo Molly astore !

Two turtle-doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough ;
I envied them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo.
Such fondness once for me she showed,
But now, alas ! 't is o'er ;
Ah ! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
Mo Molly astore !

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear !
Thy loss I still shall moan ;
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
'T will beat for thee alone.
Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
Its choicest blessings pour !
Ah ! gramachree, mo challie nouge,
Mo Molly astore !

—o—

THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

The first half-stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay. The old words began thus :—

The collier has a dochter, and O ! she's wonder bonnie :
A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money.
She wad na ha'e a laird, nor wad she be a lady ;
But she wad ha'e a collier, the colour o' her daddie.

[Allan Ramsay's adaptation is the following :—

THE collier has a daughter,
And O, she's wonder bonnie !
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in land and money.
The tutors watched the motion
Of this young honest lover ;
But love is like the ocean—
Wha can its deeps discover ?

He had the heart to please ye,
And was by a' respected ;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonnie lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
Aye sweet and never saucy,
Secured the heart of Willie.

He loved, beyond expression,
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession—
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her,
In safest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus telled ber :—

"My bonnie collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye ;
 'T is no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye.
 For I ha'e gear in plenty,
 And love says 't is my duty,
 To ware what Heaven has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty."

—o—

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

The old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than these inserted, which were mostly composed by poor Fergusson, in one of his merry humours. They began thus :—

I 'LL rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O,
 I 'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wat,
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I 'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

[The modern adaptation in the Museum is as follows :—

Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig?
 My ain kind dearie, O !
 And cuddle there sae kindly wi' me?
 My ain kind dearie, O !

At thorny dyke, and birkin tree,
 We'll daff, and ne'er be weary, O !
 They 'll sing ill e'en frae you and me,
 Mine ain kind dearie, O !

Nae herds wi' kent, and collie there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O,
 But laverocks whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O !

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for world's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lea my pleasure grows
 Wi' you, my kind dearie, O !

—o—

MARY SCOTT, THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

Mr. Robertson, in his "Statistical Account of the Parish of Selkirk," says, that Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, was descended from the Dryhope and married into the Harden family. Her daughter was married to a predecessor of the present Sir Francis Elliot, of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, and it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times. The father-in-law agrees to keep his daughter for some time after the marriage, for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas moon !

[Allan Ramsay's version is subjoined :—

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flame souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hapless lover.
 Ye registers of Heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
 Did you there see me marked to marrow
 Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah, no ! her form 's too heavenly fair,—
 Her love the gods alone must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas ! if not, you 'll soon debar
 Sighing swain on the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears ! I 'll not despair,—
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I 'll go tell her all mine anguish ;
 She is too good to let me languish.
 With success crowned, I 'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
 We 'll make a paradise of Yarrow.]

—o—

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

I have been informed that the tune of "Down the Burn, Davie," was the composition of David Maigh, keeper of the blood slough hounds belonging to the Laird of Riddel, in Tweeddale.

[The words were by Robert Crawford; but the first two stanzas can alone here be given, the rest of the song degenerating into licentiousness.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laughed in her e'e;
Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus—
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love.
And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwells on yon burnside,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her een were bonnie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.]

—o—

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTIE.

The old words, all that I remember,
are—

BLINK over the burn, sweet Bettie,
It is a cauld winter night;
It rains, it hails, it thunders,
The moon she gies nae light.
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Bettie
That ever I tint my way;
Sweet, let me lie beyond thee
Until it be break o' day.

O, Bettie will bake my bread,
And Bettie will brew my ale,
And Bettie will be my love,
When I come over the dale.
Blink over the burn, sweet Bettie,
Blink over the burn to me,
And while I ha'e life, dear lassie,
My ain sweet Bettie thou's be.

—o—

THE BLITHESOME BRIDAL.

I find "The Blithesome Bridal" in James Watson's collection of Scots poems, printed at Edinburgh in 1706. This collection, the publisher says, is the first of its nature which has been published in our own native Scots dialect. It is now extremely scarce.

[FYE, let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be liting there,
For Jock 'll be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang kail and castocks,
And bannocks o' barley-meal;
And there will be guid saut herring,
To relish a cog o' guid ale.
Fye, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sandy the sutor,
And Will wi' the meikle mou',
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow-legged Robie,
With thumbless Katie's gudeman,
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobbie,
And Laurie, the Laird of the lan'.
Fye, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plookie-faced Wat i' the mill;
Capper-nosed Francis and Gibbie,
That wons i' the howe o' the hill;
And there will be Alistair Sibbie,
Wha in wi' black Bessie did mool,
With snivelling Lillie and Tibbie,
The lass that stands aft on the stool.
Fye, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flae-luggit shaving-faced Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.
 And there will be hopper-hipped Nancie,
 And fairy-faced Flowrie by name,
 Muck Maddie, and fat-hippit Lizzie,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.
 Fye, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 With his jaikit wife, Jennie Bell,
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel'.
 There laddies and lassies in pearlins,
 Will feast in the heart o' the ha',
 On sybows, and ryfarts, and carlings,
 That are a' baith sodden and raw.
 Fye, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochan,
 Wi' rowth o' guid gabbocks o' skate;
 Powsowdie and drammock and crowdie,
 And caller nowt feet on a plate;
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whittings and speldings anew;
 With sing'd sheep-heads and a haggis,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spue.

And there will be lappered milk kebbuck,
 And sowens, and carles, and laps;
 With swats and weel-scrap'd paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps;
 And there will be meal-kail and porrage,
 Wi' skirk to sup till ye reve,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flewks that were taken alive.

Scrap't haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill o' guid sneeshing to prie:
 When weary wi' eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
 Then, fye, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be lilting there,
 For Jock'll be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.]

—o—

JOHN HAY'S BONNIE LASSIE.

John Hay's "Bonnie Lassie" was daughter of John Hay, Earl or Marquis of Tweeddale, and the late Countess Dowager of Roxburgh. She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, some time between the years 1720 and 1740.

[By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
 Aft cried he, "Oh, hey! maun I still live pining
 Mysel' thus away, and daurna discover
 To my bonnie Hay that I am her lover:

"Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes
 stranger,
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture;
 Maybe, ere we part, my vows may content her.

"She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-
 morrow;
 The sward o' the mead, enamelled wi' daisies,
 Looks withered and dead when twinned of her
 graces.

"But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
 sweeter;
 'T is heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
 Her smiles and bright een set my spirits a-
 glowing.

"The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is con-
 founded:
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye;
 For all my desire is to kiss Hay's bonnie lassie."]

—o—

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

The first two lines of this song are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the "Museum" marked T., are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of Balloon Tytler, from his having projected a balloon—a mortal who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace-of-God and Solomon-the-son-of-David; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous "Encyclopædia Britannica," which he composed at half-a-guinea a week.

[THE bonnie brucket lassie,
She's blue beneath the een;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green.
A lad he lo'ed her dearly,—
She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

"My shape," says she, "was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonnie brucket,
And blue beneath the een.
My eyes were bright and sparkling
Before that they turned blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

"O! could I live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me.
No other love I suffered
Within my breast to dwell;
In nought have I offended,
But loving him too well."

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanced to pass;
And pressed unto his bosom
The lovely brucket lass.
My dear," said he, "cease grieving,
Since that your love is true,—
My bonnie brucket lassie,
I'll faithful prove to you."

—o—

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN.

This song is beautiful. The chorus in particular is truly pathetic. I never could learn anything of its author.

[A lass that was laden wi' care'
Sat heavily under a thorn;
I listened awhile for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:
"Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the spring.
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
My heart it is like for to break,
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

"Our flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I viewed the wide world in its pride,
And laughed at the pomp of command.
'My dear,' he would oft to me say,
'What makes you hard-hearted to me?
O! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?'
Sae merry as we twa, &c.

"But now he is far from my sight,—
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,—
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily seated to spin,
I sat myself under an oak
And heavily sigh'd for him."
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
My heart it is like for to break,
When I think on the days we ha'e seen.]

—o—

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

This air is Oswald's.

[Sir Walter Scott has written of this:—
"Here's anither—it's no a Scots tune, but it
passes for ane. Oswald made it himsel', I reckon.
He has cheated mony a ane, but he canna cheat
Wandering Willie."

YE sylvan powers that rule the plain,
Where sweetly winding Forth glides,
Conduct me to those banks again,
Since there my charming Mary bides.

Those banks that breathe their vernal sweets
Where every smiling beauty meets,
Where Mary's charms adorn the plain,
And cheer the heart of every swain.

Oft in the thick embowering groves,
Where birds their music chirp aloud,
Alternately we sung our loves,
And Forth's fair meanders viewed.

The meadows wore a general smile;
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely prospect charmed the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Once, on the grassy bank reclined,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Mary lulled asleep :

My heart then leaped with inward bliss,
I softly stooped, and stole a kiss ;
She waked, she blushed, and gently blamed,
"Why, Damon ! are you not ashamed ?"

Ye sylvan powers, ye rural gods,
To whom we swains our cares impart,
Restore me to those blest abodes,
And ease, oh, ease, my love-sick heart !

Those happy days again restore,
When Mary and I shall part no more ;
When she shall fill these longing arms,
And crown my bliss with all her charms.]



THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

This is another beautiful song of Mr. Crawford's composition. In the neighbourhood of Traquair, tradition still shows the old "Bush ;" which, when I saw it, in the year 1787, was composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near by, which he calls "The New Bush."

[HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain !
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her ;
The bonnie bush aboon Traquair
Was where I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seemed ever kinder ;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my am'rous flame
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there passed, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet she shows disdain,—
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonnie bush bloomed fair in May,—
Its sweets I'll aye remember ;
But now her frowns make it decay,—
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
O ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender ;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.]



CROMLECK'S LILT.

The following interesting account of this plaintive dirge was communicated to Mr. Riddell by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee :—

"In the latter end of the sixteenth century, the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of that family was very much attached to the daughter of Stirling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch.

"At that time the opportunities of meeting between the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after, than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learning if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother-tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education. At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave, in France. Cromleck, when he went abroad to the war, was

obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay brother of the monastery of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromleck; and, by misinterpreting or keeping back the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them; Helen was inconsolable; and Cromleck has left behind him, in the ballad called 'Cromleck's Lilt,' a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

"When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover. Helen was obdurate; but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived—and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands—she submitted rather than consented to the ceremony: but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that after three gentle raps on the wainscot, at the bed-head, she heard Cromleck's voice, crying, 'O Helen, Helen, mind me!' Cromleck soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered, her marriage annulled, and Helen became Lady Cromleck."

N.B.—Margaret Murray, mother of these thirty-one children, was daughter of Murray of Stewrn, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.

[SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betrayed
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness,
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
O cruel fair!

Have I not graven our loves
On ev'ry tree
In yonder spreading groves,
Though false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both—
Thou thy faith, I my troth,—
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had:
Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat;
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me;
No grave do I desire
Nor obsequie.
The courteous redbreast he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy,
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame!
Whose cruelty
Has killed the fondest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.]

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

Another beautiful song of Crawford's.

[LOVE never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fixed on thee ;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray !
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see ;
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage ;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'T was this that, like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me ;
And when its destined day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers, that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share ;
You, with its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair :
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me !
O, never rob them from these arms !
I'm lost if Peggy die.]

—o—

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

The old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this ; but somebody—I believe it was Ramsay—took it into his head to clear it of some seeming indelicacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.

[THE night her silent sables wore,
And gloomy were the skies,
Of glittering stars appeared no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes,
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,—
I begged my fair, my lovely dame,
To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove,
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflamed my love.
Her beauty oft had pleased before,
While her bright eyes did roll :
But virtue only had the power
To charm my very soul.

These, who would cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part ?
I loved her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondness I obeyed,
Resolved she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms conveyed
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy,
No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain
The conquered flatt'ring mart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds, never to depart.]

—o—

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-
BUGHTS, MARION?

I am not sure if this old and charming air be of the south, as is commonly said, or of the north of Scotland. There is a song apparently as ancient as "Ewe-bughts, Marion," which sings to the same time, and is evidently of the north : it begins thus :—

THE Lord o' Gordon had three dochters,
Mary, Marget, and Jean,
They wad na stay at bonnie Castle-Gordon,
But awa' to Aberdeen.

[Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But no half sae sweet as thee.

O, Marion 's a bonnie lass,
And the blithe blinks in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
At e'en when I come hame.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Who gap and glow'r wi' their e'e,
At kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow! but ye will be vap'rin',
Whene'er ye gang to town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dance like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlyings, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie:
And soon as my chin has na hair on
I shall come west and see ye.]



LEWIS GORDON.

This air is a proof how one of our Scots tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one of the earliest copies of this song, and it has prefixed,—

“Tune of Tarry Woo’,”

of which tune a different set has insensibly varied into a different air. To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line—

“Though his back be at the wa’,”

must be very striking. It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song.

The supposed author of “Lewis Gordon” was a Mr. Geddes, priest, at Shenval, in the Ainzie.

[O! SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I mauna name;
Though his back be at the wa’,
Here’s to him that’s far awa’!
O-hon! my Highlandman!
O, my bonnie Highlandman;
Weel would I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O! to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heeled shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That’s the lad that I’ll gang wi’!
O-hon! &c.

The princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star;
You’d take him for the god of war.
O-hon! &c.

O! to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a’ would disappear,—
Then begins the Jub’lee year!
O-hon! my Highlandman!
O, my bonnie Highlandman;
Weel would I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.]



THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

There are two stanzas still sung to this tune, which I take to be the original song whence Ramsay composed his beautiful song of that name in the "Gentle Shepherd." It begins,—

"O, will ye speak of our town,
As ye came frae the fauld."

I regret that, as in many of our old songs, the delicacy of this old fragment is not equal to its wit and humour.

[My Peggie is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggie is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld;
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggie speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane;
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggie speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggie smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggie smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blithe and bauld;
And naething gies me sic delight
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggie sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confessed,
By a' the rest, that she sings best
My Peggie sings sae saftly,
And in her songs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale o' sense,
At wauking o' the fauld.]

O HONE A RIE!

Dr. Blacklock informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe.

[O! was not I a weary wight! O Hone a Rie!
Maid, wife, and widow in one night! O Hone a Rie!

When in my soft and yielding arms, O Hone a Rie!

O! when most I thought him free from harms;
O Hone a Rie!

Even at the dead time of the night, O Hone a Rie!

They broke my bower, and slew my knight, O Hone a Rie!

With ae lock of his jet-black hair, O Hone a Rie!
I'll tie my heart for evermair, O Hone a Rie!

Nae sly-tongued youth, nor flattering swain, O Hone a Rie!

Shall e'er untie this knot again, O Hone a Rie!
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be, O Hone a Rie!

Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee, O Hone a Rie!]

—o—

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

This is another of Crawford's songs, but I do not think in his happiest manner. What an absurdity to join such names as Adonis and Mary together!

[ONE day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas! my heart will break
If thou should leave me:
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceived thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love, that has grieved thee?]

—o—

My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may believe me ;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee ?
Now may thy anguish soothe,
This breast shall revive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee ;
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee ?
Oh ! that thought makes me sad ;
I'll never leave thee !

Where would my Adonis fly ?
Why does he grieve me ?
Alas ! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

—o—

CORN-RIGS ARE BONNIE.

All the old words that ever I could
meet to this air were the following,
which seem to have been an old
chorus :—

O, CORN-RIGS and rye-rigs,
O, corn-rigs are bonnie ;
And where'er you meet a bonnie lass,
Preen up her cockernony.

[Peggy's first song in Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" is the one given in Johnson's Museum.

My Pattie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle-size ;
He's stately in his walking ;
The shining of his een surprise ;
'T is heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spak'
That set my heart a-glowing.

He kissed and vowed he wad be mine,
And lo'ed me best of ony ;
That gars me like to sing sin' syne,
O, corn-rigs are bonnie.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are designed,
We chastely should be granting ;
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony ;
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn-rigs are bonnie.]

—o—

THE MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S
BYRE.

The chorus of this song is old ; the
rest is the work of Balloon Tytler.

[The song adapted to the old tune and chorus,
by James Tytler, is the following :—

As I went o'er yon meadows,
And carelessly passed alang,
I listened with pleasure to Jenny,
While mournfully singing this sang.
The mucking o' Geordie's byre,
And the shoolding the griup sae clean,
Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
And brought the saut tears in my een.

It was not my father's pleasure,
Nor was it my mother's desire,
That ever I puddled my fingers
Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
The mucking o' Geordie's byre, &c.

Though the roads were ever sae filthy,
Or the day sae stoury and foul,
I would aye be ganging wi' Geordie ;
I liked it far better than school.
The mucking o' Geordie's byre, &c.

My brither abuses me daily
For being wi' Geordie sae free ;
My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,
Because he's below my degree.
The mucking o' Geordie's byre, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
 Although he was cunning and slee;
 He ca's me his dear and his honey;
 And I'm sure that my Geordie lo'es me.
 The mucking o' Geordie's byre, &c.

The mouse is a merry beast,
 And the moudiwort wants the een:
 But the warld shall ne'er get wit
 Sae merry as we ha'e been.
 The mucking o' Geordie's byre,
 And the shoollin the griup sae clean,
 Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
 And brought the saut tears in my een.]

—o—

BIDE YE YET.

There is a beautiful song to this tune,
 beginning—

“Alas! my son, you little know,”

which is the composition of Miss Jenny
 Graham, of Dumfries.

[ALAS! my son, you little know
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
 Farewell to every day of ease,
 When you have got a wife to please.
 Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what 's to betide ye yet;
 The half of that will gane ye yet,
 Gif a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

Your hopes are high, your wisdom small,
 Woe has not had you in its thall;
 The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
 Which gars you sing along the road.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
 Or some piece of the spinning-wheel,
 She'll drive at you, my bonnie chiel,
 And send you headlang to the de'il.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

When I, like you, was young and free,
 I valued not the proudest she;
 Like you, my boast was bold and vain,
 That men alone were born to reign.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Great Hercules, and Samson too,
 Were stronger far than I or you:
 Yet they were baffled by their dears,
 And felt the distaff and the shears.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass and well-built walls
 Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
 But naught is found, by sea or land,
 That can a wayward wife withstand.
 Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
 Ye little ken what 's to betide ye yet;
 The half of that will gane ye yet,
 Gif a wayward wife obtain ye yet.]

—o—

* * Here the remarks by Burns on the
 first volume of the “Musical Museum”
 conclude. The second volume con-
 tained the following preface from his
 hand:—

“In the first volume of this work, two
 or three airs, not of Scots composition,
 have been inadvertently inserted; which,
 whatever excellence they may have, was
 improper, as the collection is solely to be
 the music of our own country. The songs
 contained in this volume, both music and
 poetry, are all of them the work of
 Scotsmen. Wherever the old words
 could be recovered, they have been pre-
 ferred; both as suiting better the genius
 of the tunes, and to preserve the produc-
 tions of those earlier sons of the Scottish
 Muses, some of whose names deserved
 a better fate than has befallen them,—
 ‘buried ’midst the wreck of things which
 were.’ Of our more modern songs, the
 Editor has inserted the authors’ names
 as far as he can ascertain them; and, as
 that was neglected in the first volume, it
 is annexed here. If he have made any
 mistakes in this affair, which he possibly
 may, he will be very grateful at being set
 right.

"Ignorance and prejudice may perhaps affect to sneer at the simplicity of the poetry or music of some of these poems; but their having been for ages the favourites of Nature's judges—the common people—was to the Editor a sufficient test of their merit.

"EDINBURGH, *March 1, 1788.*"

—o—

TRANENT-MUIR.

"Tranent-Muir" was composed by a Mr. Skirving, a very worthy, respectable farmer near Haddington. I have heard the anecdote often, that Lieut. Smith, whom he mentions in the ninth stanza, came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirving to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song. "Gang awa' back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I ha'e nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak' a look o' him, and if he think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa'."

Stanza ninth, as well as tenth, to which the anecdote refers, shows that the anger of the Lieutenant was anything but unreasonable.

[AND Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he called for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man!]

He made sic haste, sae spurred his beast,
'T was little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man.
But let that end, for weel 't is keimed
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never fought,
When he had room to flee, man.]

—o—

POLWART, ON THE GREEN.

The author of "Polwart, on the Green," is Captain John Drummond M'Gregor, of the family of Bochaldie.

[AT Polwart, on the Green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome ye shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete—
The lad and lover you.]

Let dorty dames say na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem cauldier than the snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze.
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart, on the Green,
Among the new-mown hay,
With sangs and dancing keen,
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twined of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.]

—o—

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

The following account of this song I had from Dr. Blacklock:—The “Strephon and Lydia” mentioned in the song were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the “Gentle Jean,” celebrated somewhere in Hamilton of Bangour’s poems. Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment, which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connection, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon’s expedition to Carthage.

The author of the song was William Wallace, Esq., of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire.

[ALL lonely on the sultry beach
Expiring Strephon lay,
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth ! no parent nigh,
To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride to fix thy swimming eye,
Or smooth the face of death !

Far distant from the mournful scene,
Thy parents sit at ease,
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring, to please.
Ill-fated youth ! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe depressed,
Thou fall’st, alas ! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country unredressed !]

MY JO, JANET.

Johnson the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza [here omitted] of this humorous ballad.

[Allan Ramsay is believed to have given a characteristic touch or two to this old song, which dates much further back than when he first published it (in 1724) in *The Tea-Table Miscellany*.

“O, SWEET sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass, then.”
“Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet ;
And there ye ’ll see your bonnie sel’,
My jo, Janet.”

“Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa’ in, then ?
Syne a’ my kin will say and swear
I drowned mysel’ for sin, then.”
“Haud the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet ;
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo, Janet.”

“Good sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of sheen then.”
“Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet ;
A pair may gain ye half a year,
My jo, Janet.”

“But what, if dancing on the green,
An’ skipping like a maukin,
If they should see my clouted sheen,
Of me they will be taunking.”
“Dance aye laigh, and late at e’en,
Janet, Janet ;
Syne a’ their fauts will no be seen,
My jo, Janet.”

“Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the Cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse, then.”
“Pace upo’ your spinning-wheel,
Janet, Janet ;
Pace upo’ your spinning-wheel,
My jo, Janet.”]

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY
MOURNING.

The words are by a Mr. R. Scott, from
the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

[By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay :
Be so kind, O ye nymphs ! I oft heard her say,
Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,

And love is the cause of my mourning.
False shepherds that tell me of beauty and
charms,

Deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never
warms ;

Yet bring me this Strephon, I'll die in his
arms ;—

O Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go

Down to the shades below,

Ere ye let Strephon know

That I have loved him so :

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show

That love is the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed, when Strephon
came by,

He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew
nigh ;

But finding her breathless, "O heavens !" did
he cry,

"Ah, Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs use your art,"

They sighing replied, "'T was yourself shot the
dart,

That wounded the tender young shepherdess'
heart,

And killed the poor Chloris with mourning."

"Ah ! then, is Chloris dead,

Wounded by me ?" he said ;

"I'll follow thee, chaste maid,

Down to the silent shade,"

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,

Expired the poor Strephon with mourning.]

—o—

FIFE, AND ALL THE LANDS
ABOUT IT.

This song is Dr. Blacklock's. He, as
well as I, often gave Johnson verses,
trifling enough, perhaps, but they served
as a vehicle to the music.

[ALLAN, by his grief excited,
Long the victim of despair,
Thus deplored his passion slighted,
Thus addressed the scornful fair :—

"Fife and all the lands about it,
Undesiring I can see ;
Joy may crown my days without it,—
Not, my charmer, without thee.

"Must I then for ever languish,
Still complaining, still endure ?
Can her form create an anguish
Which her soul disdains to cure ?
Why, by hopeless passion fated,
Must I still those eyes admire,
Whilst unheeded, unregretted,
In her presence I expire ?

"Would thy charms improve their power ?
Timely think, relentless maid ;
Beauty is a short-lived flower,
Destined but to bloom and fade !
Let that Heaven, whose kind impression
All thy lovely features show,
Melt thy soul to soft compassion
For a suffering lover's woe."]

—o—

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT
I WAD DIE.

Lord Hailes, in the notes to his collec-
tion of ancient Scottish poems, says that
this song was the composition of Lady
Grisel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl
of Marchmont, and wife of George
Baillie, of Jerviswood.

[THERE was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men.
She biggit her bonnie bower down in yon glen ;
But now she cries dool ! and a-well-a-day !
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me ;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things :
And were na my heart light I wad die.

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,
Because I was twice as bonnie as she ;
She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his
mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam and lay down to die ;
She mained and she grained out of dolour and
pain,
Till he vowed he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,—
Said, "What had he to do with the like of
me?"

Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnny :
And were na my heart light I wad die.

They said I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins through the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins through the mill e'e :
And were na my heart light I wad die.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spied me as I cam' o'er the lea ;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,—
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood ance fu' round on his brow ;
His auld ane looks aye as weel as some's new ;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his e'e :
An' were na my heart light I wad die.

Were I young for thee as I ance ha'e been,
We should have been galloping down on yon
green,
And linking it on the lily-white lea .
And wow, gin I were but young for thee !]

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

This song is the composition of Balloon
Tytler.

[ONE night I dreamed I lay most easy,
By a murm'ring river's side,
Where lovely banks were spread with daisies,
And the streams did smoothly glide :

While around me, and quite over,
Spreading branches were displayed,
All interwoven in due order,
Soon became a pleasant shade.

I saw my lass come in most charming,
With a look and air so sweet ;
Every grace was most alarming,
Every beauty most complete.

Cupid with his bow attended ;
Lovely Venus too was there :
As his bow young Cupid bended,
Far away flew carking Care.

On a bank of roses seated,
Charmingly my true love sung ;
While glad Echo still repeated,
And the hills and valleys rung :

At the last, by sleep oppressed,
On the bank my love did lie,
By young Cupid still caressed,
While the Graces round did fly.

The rose's red, the lily's blossom,
With her charms might not compare ;
To view her cheeks and heaving bosom,
Down they drooped as in despair.

On her slumber I encroaching,
Panting came to steal a kiss ;
Cupid smiled at me approaching,
Seemed to say, "There's naught amiss."

With eager wishes I drew nigher,
This fair maiden to embrace ;
My breath grew quick, my pulse beat higher,
Gazing on her lovely face.

The nymph awaking, quickly checked me,
Starting up with angry tone :
"Thus," says she, "do you respect me ?
Leave me quick, and hence begone !"

Cupid for me interposing,
To my love did bow full low ;
She from him her hands unloosing,
In contempt struck down his bow.

Angry Cupid from her flying,
Cried out, as he sought the skies,
" Haughty nymphs their love denying,
Cupid ever shall despise."

As he spoke, old Care came wandering,
With him stalked destructive Time ;
Winter froze the streams meandering,
Nipped the roses in their prime.

Spectres then my love surrounded,—
At their back marched chilling Death ;
Whilst she, frighted and confounded,
Felt their blasting pois'nous breath :

As her charms were swift decaying,
And the furrows seized her cheek ;
Forbear, ye fiends ! I vainly crying,
Wakèd in the attempt to speak.]

—o—

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Dr. Blacklock told me that Smollett, who was at the bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic verses on the infamous depredations of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden.

[MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground :
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war ;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze ?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day ;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe :
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful curse ! O fatal morn !
Accursed to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood ;
The parent shed his children's blood !
Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel.

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend ;
And stretched beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !]

—o—

AH ! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

Tune—"Gallashiels."

The old title, "Sour Plums o' Gallashiels," probably was a song to this air, which is now lost.

The tune of "Gallashiels" was composed about the beginning of the present century by the Laird of Gallashiels' piper.

[William Hamilton of Bairgoin, who was the author of this, died at the age of fifty-five, in the March of 1754.

AH ! the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doomed to love and languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish !
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover ;
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling !
The every look and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee ;
'Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee :
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.]

—o—

THE MILL, MILL, O !

The original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's, is still extant. It runs thus :—

THE mill, mill, O ! and the kill, kill, O !
And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel, O !
The sack and the sieve, and a' she did leave,
And danced the miller's reel, O !

As I cam' down yon water-side,
And by yon shellin'-hill, O !
There I spied a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And a lass that I loved right weel, O !

—o—

WE RAN, AND THEY RAN.

The author of "We ran, and they ran," was a Rev. Mr. Murdoch M'Lennan, minister at Crathie, Dee-side.

[The following are the words of this song, as given in Ritson's Collection. The event celebrated in it was the curiously confused battle of Sheriff-muir, fought on the 13th of March, 1715, the opposing forces being those under the Earl of Mar, on the side of the Chevalier, and those under the Duke of Argyle, on the side of the Government. The left wing of each of the belligerents suffered defeat ; but both armies, in spite of having been thus partially routed, claimed the victory.

THERE 's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man ;
But ae thing I 'm sure,
That at Sheriff-muir
A battle there was, which I saw, man :
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Brave Argyle and Belhaven,
Not like frightened Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man,
For they all, with Wightman,
Advanced to the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man.

Lord Roxburgh was there,
In order to share
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man ;
Volunteerly to ramble
With Lord Loudoun Campbell ;
Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,
Wi' broadsword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;
An hero that 's bold,
None could him withhold,
He stoutly encountered the targemen.

For the cowardly Whittam,
For fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broadswords wi' a pa', man,
And that in such thrang,
Made Baird aid-du-camp,
And from the brave clans ran awa', man.

Brave Mar and Panmure
 Were firm, I am sure ;
 The latter was kidnapt awa', man ;
 With brisk men about,
 Brave Harry retook
 His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.

Brave Marshall and Lithgow,
 And Glengary's pith, too,
 Assisted by brave Loggie-A'mon ;
 And Gordons the bright
 Sae boldly did fight,
 The red-coats took flight and awa', man.

Strathmore and Clanronald
 Cried still, "Advance, Donald !"
 Till baith of these heroes did fa', man ;
 For there was sic hashing,
 And broadswords a-clashing,
 Brave Forfar himsel' got a claw, man.

Lord Perth stood the storm,
 Seaforth but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth and Strathallan not slaw, man ;
 And Hamilton pled—
 The men were not bred,
 For he had nae fancy to fa', man.

Brave, generous Southesk,
 Tullibardine was brisk,
 Whose father, indeed, would not draw, man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which served for a cloak
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.

Lord Rollo, not fear'd,
 Kintore and his beard,
 Pitsligo and Ogilvie a', man,
 And brothers Balfours,
 They stood the first stours ;
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw, man.

But Cleppan acted pretty,
 And Struan, the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to draw, man,

For Huntly and Sinclair,
 They baith played the tinkler,
 With consciences black like a crow, man,
 Some Angus and Fife men,
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.

Then Lawrie, the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king, and his country, and a', man,
 Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight
 To the right of the army awa', man.

Then Lawrie, for fear
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse, and awa', man
 'Stead o' going to Perth
 He cross'd the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling Bridge, and awa', man.

To London he press'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behaved best o' them a', man ;
 And there, without strife,
 Got settled for life,
 A hundred a year to his fa', man.

In Borrows tounness
 He resides wi' disgrace,
 Till his neck stand in need of a draw, man ;
 And then in a tether
 He'll swing frae a ladder,
 And go aff the stage wi' a pa', man.

Rob Roy stood watch
 On a hill, for to catch
 The booty, for aught that I saw, man ;
 For he ne'er advanced
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 Till nae mair to do there at a', man.

So we a' took the flight,
 And Mowbray the wright ;
 But Letham, the smith, was a brow man ;
 For he took the gout,
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdraw, man.

And trumpet McLean,
 Whose breeks were not clean—
 Through misfortune he happened to fa', man—
 By saving his neck,
 His trumpet did break,
 Came aff without music at a', man.

So there such a race was
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chase was at a', man ;
 Frae ither they ran,
 Without tuck o' drum ;
 They did not make use of a pa', man.

And we ran, and they ran,
 And they ran, and we ran,
 And we ran, and they ran awa', man.]

WALY, WALY.

In the west country I have heard a different edition of the second stanza. Instead of the four lines beginning with "When cockle-shells," the other way it ran thus :—

O, wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin' my fause luvie has me forsook,
And says he'll never luvie me mair?

[O waly, waly, up yon bank,
And waly, waly, down yon brae,
And waly, by yon burn-side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.
O waly, waly, love is bonnie
A little while, when it is new;
But when it's auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

When cockle-shells turn siller bells,
And mussels grow on every tree;
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
Then shall my luvie prove true to me.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trustie tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brake,
And sae did my fause luvie to me.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me:
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true luvie's forsaken me.
O Mart' mas wind! when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death! when wilt thou come?
And tak' a life that wearies me?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that mak's me cry,
But my luvie's heart grown cauld to me.
When we cam' in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My luvie was clad in velvet black,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane;
For a maid again I'll never be.]

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

This is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweed-side, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland. The oldest Ayrshire reel is "Stewarton Lasses," which was made by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, alias Lord Lysle; since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty. "Johnnie Faa" is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

[DUMBARTON drums beat bonnie, O!
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie, O!
How happy am I
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O!
For his graceful looks do unite me, O!
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O!

My love is a handsome laddie, O!
Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudie, O!
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he shall serve no longer a caddie, O!
A soldier has honour and bravery, O!
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O!
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the King,
For every other care is but slavery, O!

Then I'll be the Captain's lady, O!
Farewell all my friends and my daddie, O!
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And where'er that beats I'll be ready, O!
Dumbarton drums sound bonnie, O!
They are sprightly, like my dear Johnnie, O!
How happy shall I be
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!]

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

This song is by the Duke of Gordon.
The old verses are,—

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strathbogie ;
When ilka lad maun ha'e his lass,
Then fye, gi'e me my coggie.
My coggie, sirs, my coggie, sirs,
I canna want my coggie :
I wadna gi'e my three-girred cup
For e'er a quean in Bogie.

There's Johnnie Smith has got a wife,
That scrimps him o' his coggie ;
If she were mine, upon my life
I wad douk her in a boggie.
My coggie, sirs, my coggie, sirs,
I canna want my coggie :
I wadna gi'e my three-girred cup
For e'er a quean in Bogie.

[Premising that coggie signifies both a wooden platter for holding porridge and a drinking vessel, that castocks are the stalks of cabbages, and that kail is that commonest ingredient in broth, colewort—here is the world-famous song of his Grace of Gordon :—

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie ;
Gin I but ha'e a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your coggie :
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid daylight ;
Gi'e me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel ;
John Bull loves countra dances ;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well ;
Mynheer an allemende prances :
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome they dance wond'rous light :
But twasome ding a' out o' sight,
Danced to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blithesome rogie ;
I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie !

Now, piper lad, bang up the spring ;
The countra fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's e'er we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie :
But a' the lassies look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun ha'e their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie ;
We'll stop awhile and tak' a rest,
And tiddle out a coggie :
Come, now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the reel o' Bogie.]

—o—

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

The country girls in Ayrshire, instead
of the line—

“She me forsook for a great duke,”

say,

“For Athole's duke she me forsook,”

which I take to be the original reading.

This song was written by the late Dr. Austin, physician, at Edinburgh. He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to have been married ; but the Duke of Athole, having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted of, and she jilted the Doctor.

[For lack of gold she's left me, O !
And of all that's dear bereft me, O !
For Athole's duke she me forsook,
And to endless care has left me, O !

A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
For empty titles we must part,
And for glittering show she's left me, O !

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love ;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeanie she has left me, O !
Ye Powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair :
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Though she's for ever left me, O !]

—0—

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

This song is Dr. Blacklock's. He told me that tradition gives the air to our James IV. of Scotland.

[To me what are riches encumbered with care !
To me what is pomp's insignificant glare !
No minion of fortune, no pageant of state,
Shall ever induce me to envy his fate.

Their personal graces let fops idolize,
Whose life is but death in a splendid disguise ;
But soon the pale tyrant his right shall resume,
And all their false lustre be hid in the tomb.

Let the meteor Discovery attract the fond sage,
In fruitless researches for life to engage ;
Content with my portion, the rest I forego,
Nor labour to gain disappointment and woe.

Contemptibly fond of contemptible self,
While mines their wishes concentrate in pelf ;
Let the god-like delight of imparting be mine,—
Enjoyment reflected is pleasure divine.

Extensive dominion and absolute power
May tickle ambition, perhaps, for an hour ;
But power in possession soon loses its charms,
While conscience remonstrates, and terror alarms.

With vigour, O teach me, kind Heaven, to
sustain
Those ills which in life to be suffered remain ;
And when 't is allowed me the goal to descry,
For my species I lived, for myself let me die.]

HEY TUTTI TAITI.

I have met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn.

[Appropriately, therefore, to this air Burns wrote his glorious battle-song of Bruce at Bannockburn.]

—0—

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

A part of this old song, according to the English set of it, is quoted in Shakspere.

[Iago, it will be remembered, sings in Act ii. sc. 3, of *Othello*—

KING STEPHEN was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,—
With that he called the tailor loun.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :
'T is pride that pulls the country down ;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

The song is given as follows in Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* :—

In winter, when the rain rained cauld,
And frost and snaw on iika hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threatening a' our kye to kill :
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
"Get up, guidman, save Cromie's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

"My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come of a good kin' ;"
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, guidman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
Sloth never made a gracious end,—
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it 's scanty worth a groat,
 For I ha'e worn 't this thretty year.
 Let 's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
 We little ken the day we 'll die ;
 Then I 'll be proud, since I ha'e sworn
 To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a crown ;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loun.
 He was the king, that wore a crown,
 And thou 'rt a man o' laigh degree ;
 It 's pride puts a' the country doun ;
 Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool ;
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye no see Rab, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin in the asse?—
 I 'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

"Gudeman, I wat it 's thretty year
 Sin' we did ane anither ken ;
 And we ha'e had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be ;
 If you would prove a gude husband,
 Then tak' your auld cloak about ye."

Bell, my wife, she lo'es na strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can ;
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I 'm gudeman.
 Nought 's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
 Then I 'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.]

YE GODS ! WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST ?

Tune—"Fourteenth of October."

The title of this air shows that it alludes to the famous King Crispin, the patron of the honourable corporation of shoemakers. St. Crispin's day falls on the 14th of October, old style, as the old proverb tells,—

"On the fourteenth of October,
 Was ne'er a Sutor sober."

[YE gods ! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast ?
 Move softer, thou fond fluttering heart !
 O, gently throb, too fierce thou art !
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
 For Strephon was the bliss designed ?
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wandering shade ?

And thou, blessed shade, that sweetly art
 Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent prayer ;
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee : were I lord
 Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 O ! smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks that lifeless are :
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'T is true thy charms, O powerful maid !
 To life can bring the silent shade :
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But, oh ! it ne'er can love like me,—
 I ever loved, and loved but thee.
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.]

SINCE ROBBED OF ALL THAT CHARMED MY VIEW.

The old name of this air is "The Blossom o' the Raspberry." The song is Dr. Blacklock's.

[SINCE robbed of all that charmed my view,
Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,
Ye smiling native scenes, adieu,
With each delightful object there !

O ! when my heart revolves the joys
Which in your sweet recess I knew,
The last dread shock, which life destroys,
Is heaven compared with losing you !

Ah me ! had Heaven and she proved kind,
Then, full of age and free from care,
How blest had I my life resigned,
When first I breathed this vital air.

But since no flattering hope remains,
Let me my wretched lot pursue ;
Adieu ! dear friends and native scenes !
To all but grief and love, adieu !]

—o—

YOUNG DAMON.

This air is by Oswald.

[The words of the song are the following. They were written by Robert Fergusson, and the melody they were set to goes by the name of "The Highland Lamentation."

AMIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
Young Damon mourned his forlorn fate ;
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breathed his woes in lonely state.

Gay joy no more shall ease his mind,
No wanton sports can soothe his care,
Since sweet Amanda proved unkind,
And left him full of black despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
Can now no longer smiles impart ;
His pensive soul, on sadness borne,
Is racked and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda, cheer your swain,
Unshroud him from this vale of woe ;
Range every charm to soothe the pain
That in his tortured breast doth grow.]

—o—

KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

Tradition, in the western parts of Scotland, tells that this old song, of which there are still three stanzas extant, once saved a covenanting clergyman out of a scrape. It was a little prior to the Revolution, a period when being a Scots covenantanter was being a felon, that one of their clergy, who was at that very time hunted by the merciless soldiery, fell in, by accident, with a party of the military. The soldiers were not exactly acquainted with the person of the reverend gentleman of whom they were in search ; but, from suspicious circumstances, they fancied that they had got one of that cloth and opprobrious persuasion among them in the person of this stranger. "Mass John," to extricate himself, assumed a freedom of manners very unlike the gloomy strictness of his sect ; and, among other convivial exhibitions, sung (and some traditions say composed, on the spur of the occasion) "Kirk wad let me be," with such effect, that the soldiers swore he was a d——d honest fellow, and that it was impossible he could belong to those hellish conventions ; and so gave him his liberty.

The first stanza of this song, a little altered, is a favourite kind of dramatic interlude, acted at country weddings in the south-west parts of the kingdom. A young fellow is dressed up like an old beggar. A peruke, commonly made of carded tow, represents hoary locks ; an

old bonnet ; a ragged plaid, or surtout, bound with a straw rope for a girdle ; a pair of old shoes, with straw ropes twisted round his ankles, as is done by shepherds in snowy weather. His face they disguise as like wretched old age as they can. In this plight he is brought into the wedding-house, frequently to the astonishment of strangers, who are not in the secret, and begins to sing,—

“O, I am a silly auld man,
My name is auld Glenae.”

He is asked to drink, and by-and-by to dance, which, after some uncouth excuses, he is prevailed on to do, the fiddler playing the tune, which here is commonly called “Auld Glenae :” in short, he is all the time so plied with liquor, that he is understood to get intoxicated, and, with all the ridiculous gesticulations of an old drunken beggar, he dances and staggers until he falls on the floor ; yet still, in all his riot—nay, in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with some or other drunken motion of his body—he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out dead drunk.

[I AM a silly puir man,
Gaun hirplin' owre a tree ;
For courting a lass in the dark,
The kirk came haunting me.
If a' my rags were aff,
And nought but hale claes on,
O, I could please a young lass
As well as a richer man.

The parson he ca'd me a rogue,
The session and a' thegither ;
The justice he cried, “You dog,
Your knavery I'll consider.”
Sae I drapt down on my knee,
And thus did humbly pray,—
“O, if ye'll let me gae free,
My hale confession ye'se ha'e.

“'T was late on Tysday at e'en,
When the moon was on the grass ;
O, just for charity's sake,
I was kind to a beggar lass.
She had begged down Annan-side,
Lochmaben and Hightae ;
But de'il an awmous she got,
Till she met wi' auld Glenae.”]

—o—

JOHNNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

The people in Ayrshire begin this song,—

“The gypsies cam' to my Lord Cassilis' yett.”

They have a great many more stanzas in this song than I ever yet saw in any printed copy. The castle is still remaining at Maybole where his lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life.

[The gypsies cam' to our lord's gate,
And wow, but they sang sweetly ;
They sang sae sweet, and sae complete,
That down cam' the fair ladie.

When she cam' tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her ;
As soon as they saw her weel-faured face,
They coost the glamour o'er her.

“O ! come with me,” says Johnnie Faa ;
“O ! come with me, my dearie ;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye !”

Then she gied them the gude wheit breid,
And they ga'e her the ginger ;
But she gied them the far better thing,
The gowd ring aff her finger.

“Gae tak' frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie ;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
And my good lord beside me ;
This night I 'll lay in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

"O ! come to your bed," says Johnny Faa,
"O ! come to your bed, my dearie ;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye !"

"I 'll gae now with you, my Johnnie Faa,
And I 'll gae now with you, my dearie ;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me."

"I 'll mak' a hap to my Johnny Faa,
And I 'll mak' a hap to my dearie ;
And he 's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord cam' hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, and the ither replied,
"She 's awa' wi' the gypsie laddie."

"Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak' him ready ;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I 'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie ;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

My lady's skin, like the driven snaw,
Looked through her satin cleedin',
Her white hause, as the wine ran down,
It like a rose did redden.]

—0—

TO DAUNTON ME.

The two following stanzas to this tune
have some merit :—

To daunton me, to daunton me,
O, ken ye what it is that 'll daunton me ?
There 's Eighty-eight and Eighty-nine,
And a' that I ha'e born sinsyne,
There 's cess and press, and Presbytrie,
I think it would do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O, ken ye what it is that would wanton me ?
To see guid corn upon the rigs,
And banishment among the Whigs,
And right restored where right sud be,
I think it would do meikle for to wanton me.

[The third stanza, not quoted by Burns, is as follows :—

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what maist would wanton me ?—
To see King James at Edinburgh Cross,
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper forced to flee,
O this is that maist would wanton me.]

—0—

ABSENCE.

A song in the manner of Shenstone.
This song and air are both by Dr. Black-
lock.

[Ye harvests that wave in the breeze,
As far as the view can extend ;
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend ;
Your landscape what joy to survey,
Were Melissa with me to admire !
Then the harvests would glitter how gay,
How majestic the mountains aspire !

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
Ye sunbeams around her that play,
Does her sympathy dwell on my care ?
Does she number the hours of my stay ?
First perish ambition and wealth,
First perish all else that is dear,
Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
Ere my absence should cost her one tear.]

—0—

I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

This story is founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor of a very respectable farming family, who live in a place in the parish, I think, of Galston, called Bar-mill, was the luckless hero that "had a horse and had nae mair." For some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West Highlands, where "he feed himself to a Highland laird," for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard. The present Mr. Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great-grandchild of our hero.

[I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought me on a time,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee mysel' to a Lawland laird,
Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,—
"Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care na though ye ken'd it:
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blithely be the man
Would strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh,
"Ye needna been sae blate, man;
You might ha'e come to me yoursel',
And tauld me o' your state, man:
You might ha'e come to me yoursel',
Outwittens o' ony body,
And made John Gownkston of the laird,
And kissed his bonnie lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,—
We drank wine in a coggie;
She feed a mae to rub my horse,
And wow, but I was vogie!
But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came, rap, rap, to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
And happed me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wished me wi' my daddy.
The laird went out, he saw na me,
I went when I was ready;
I promised, but I ne'er gaed back
To kiss my bonnie lady.]

—O—

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

This edition of the song I got from Tom Neil, of facetious fame, in Edinburgh. The expression "Up and warn a', Willie," alludes to the Crantara, or warning of a Highland clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders in the west and south say, "Up and waur them a'," &c.

[UP and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
To hear my canty Highland sang
Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
Wi' true design to serve the king,
And banish Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
And wow! but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie;
The royal nit upon the tap,
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then second-sighted Sandy said
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth—
The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
We did na doubt the foes to rout,
Restore our king and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
The pipers played frae right to left;
O whirry Whigs awa', Willie.

But when we marched to Sherra-muir,
 And there the rebels saw, Willie,
 Brave Argyle attack'd our right,
 Our flank, and front, and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
 Seaforth, St. Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right
 The rebels' left did claw, Willie;
 He there the greatest slaughter made
 That ever Donald saw, Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 And Witham — his breeks for fear,
 And fast did rin awa', Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,
 And soon he 'd slay us a', Willie;
 But we chased him back to Stirling brig,
 Dragoons and Foot and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 At length we rallied on a hill,
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
 And them in order saw, Willie,
 He straight gaed to Dumblane again,
 And back his left did draw, Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then we to Auchterarder march'd,
 To wait a better fa', Willie.;

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,
 I've tell'd ye what I saw, Willie;
 We baith did fight, and baith did beat,
 And baith did rin awa', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 For second-sighted Sandy said
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.]

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

It is remarkworthy that the song of
 "Hooly and Fairly," in all the old
 editions of it, is called "The Drunken
 Wife o' Galloway," which localizes it to
 that county.

[Down in yon meadow a couple did tarry;
 The gudewife she drank naething but sack and
 canary,
 The gudeman to his friends complained right
 early,
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

First she drank crummie, and syne she drank
 garie;
 Now she has drucken my bonnie grey marie,
 That carried me thro' a' the drabs and the lairie—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

She has drucken her stockings, sae has she her
 shoon,
 And she has drucken her bonnie new gown;
 Her wee bit dud sark that cover'd her sae rarely—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much
 care,
 But she drinks my claithes I canna weel spare,
 When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me sairly—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

My Sunday's coat she laid it a wad,
 The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
 At kirk and at market I'm covered but barely—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

The vera grey mittens that gaed on my han's,
 To her neebour wife she has laid them in pawns;
 My bane-headed cane that I lo'd sae dearly—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

If there's ony siller she maun keep the purse ;
 If I seek but a bawbee she'll scauld and she'll
 curse ;
 She gangs like a queen,—I scrimped and
 sparely—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

I never was given to wrangling or strife,
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life :
 Ere it come to a war I'm aye for a parley—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
 But when she sits down she fills hersel' fou ;
 And when she is fou she's unco contrarie—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

When she comes to the street she rows and she
 rants,
 Has nae fear o' her neebours, nor minds the house
 wants ;
 She rants up some fool sang, like "Up your
 heart, Charlie,"—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, &c.

And when she comes hame she logs on the lads,
 She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jads,
 And I my ain sel' an auld cuckold carlie—
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
 Q gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !]



TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

This song was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, Nonjuror clergyman at Linshart, near Peterhead. He is likewise author of "Tullochgorum," "Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn," "John o' Baden-yond," &c., and, what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind. He is the author of an ecclesiastical history of Scotland. The air is by Mr. Marshall, butler to the

Duke of Gordon, the first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody, who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces—"The Marquis of Huntley's Reel," his "Farewell," and "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel"—from the old air, "The German Lairdie."

[TUNE your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
 Play the Marquis' Reel discreetly ;
 Here we are a band completely
 Fitted to be jolly.
 Come, my boys, be blithe and gaudie ;
 Every youngster choose his lassie ;
 Dance wi' life, and be not saucy,
 Shy, nor melancholy.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
 Clouded brows, and drumlie faces ;
 Look about and see their graces,
 How they smile delighted.
 Now's the season to be merry ;
 Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry !
 Time enough to turn camstrarie
 When we're old and doited.

Butler, put about the claret,
 Through us a' divide and share it,
 Gordon Castle weel can spare it,
 It has claret plenty :
 Wine's the true inspiring liquor,
 Draffy drink may please the vicar,
 When he grasps the foaming bicker—
 Vicers are not dainty.

We'll extol our noble master,
 Sprung from many a brave ancestor,
 Heaven preserve him from disaster—
 So we pray in duty !
 Prosper too our pretty duchess,
 Safe from all distressful touches
 Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
 Long in health and beauty.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
 Make him long his father's joy,
 Sturdy like the heir of Troy,
 Stout and brisk and healthy !
 Pallas grant him every blessing,
 Wit and strength, and size increasing,
 Plutus ! what's in thy possessing ?—
 Make him rich and wealthy.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,
 In refined and worthy measure :
 Merit gain him choicest treasure
 From the royal donor :
 Famous may he be in story,
 Full of days and full of glory ;
 To the grave, when old and hoary,
 May he go with honour !

Gordons, join our hearty praises,
 Honest thought in homely phrases,
 Love our cheerful spirits raises
 Lofty as the lark is ;
 Echo, waft our wishes daily,
 Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,
 Sound o'er even hill and valley
 Blessings on our Marquis !]

—o—

GIL MORICE.

This plaintive ballad ought to have been called "Child Maurice," and not "Gil Morice." In its present dress it has gained immortal honour from Mr. Home's taking from it the groundwork of his fine tragedy of *Douglas*. But I am of opinion that the present ballad is a modern composition ; perhaps not much above the age of the middle of the last century ; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to 1650. That it was taken from an old ballad called "Child Maurice," now lost, I am inclined to believe ; but the present one may be classed with "Hardyknute," "Kenneth," "Duncan, the Laird of Woodhouselee," "Lord Livingston," "Binnorie," "The Death of Monteith," and many other modern productions, which have been swallowed by many readers as ancient fragments of old poems. This beautiful plaintive tune was composed by Mr. M'Gibbon, the selector of a Collection of Scots tunes.

In addition to the observations on "Gil Morice," I add that, of the songs which Capt. Riddel mentions, "Kenneth" and "Duncan" are juvenile compositions of Mr. M'Kenzie, "The Man of Feeling." M'Kenzie's father showed them in MS. to Dr. Blacklock, as the productions of his son, from which the Doctor rightly prognosticated that the young poet would make, in his more advanced years, a respectable figure in the world of letters.

This I had from Blacklock.

[Thomas Gray, who himself wrote the "Story without an End," while speaking of this old ballad as "divine," refers to it almost with an air of dismay, as being so long that it would reach from Aston to Cambridge ! Its extreme length renders it out of the question that it should be quoted here.]

—o—

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM
LEAN.

This song was the work of a very worthy facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, the Ayr Bank. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting over their misfortunes.

[Burns thus alludes to this song in his Epistle to Lapraik :—

There was ae sang among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife ;
 It thirled the heart-strings through the breast,
 A' to the life.

Here follow the words of the song itself :—

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane wha ance were twain :
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss :
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Had I a wish ?—it's a' for thee ;
I ken thy wish is me to please :
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze.
Well pleased they see our happy days,
Nor Envy's sel' find aught to blame ;
And aye when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear :
Ha'e I a joy ?—it's a' her ain ;
United still her heart and mine ;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.]

—O—

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

This tune was the composition of General Reid, and called by him "The Highland, or 42nd Regiment's March." The words are by Sir Harry Erskine.

[IN the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-covered mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavoured our country to gain ;
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our ancestors of old, we stood by Freedom's cause ;
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to change in aught our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail ;
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,—
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes ;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase ;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause ;
And like our ancestors of old, for honour and applause,
To defy the French, with all their art, to change in aught our laws.]

—C—

LEADER-HAUGHS AND
YARROW.

There is in several collections the old song of "Leader-Haughts and Yarrow." It seems to have been the work of one of our itinerant minstrels, as he calls himself, at the conclusion of his song, "Minstrel Burn."

[WHEN Phœbus bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth :
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams and silver streams
O'er Leader-Haughts and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
Nae longer he abideth ;
Then Flora Queen, with mantle green,
Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',
In Leader-Haughts and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughts commending.
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, Guid-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields
Than Leader-Haughts and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leaderside,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
Like Dedalus' contriving ;
Men passing by do aften cry,
In sooth it hath nae marrow ;
It stands as sweet on Leaderside
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing ;
Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'erhinging ;
The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lea,
With nimble wing she sporteth ;
But vows she'll flee far frae the tree
Where Philomel resorteth :
By break of day the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll streek my wing, and, mounting, sing
O'er Leader-Haughts and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
The East and Western Maines,
The wood of Lauder's fair enugh,
The corns are good in Blainshes ;
Where aits are fine, and sold by kin',
That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader-Haughts and Yarrow.

In Burmill Bog, and Whiteslade Shaws,
The fearful hare she haunteth ;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodshiel she knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth ;
Yet when she irks, to Kaidslly birks
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader-Haughts,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear
Than hounds and beagles crying ?
The started hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her speed relying :
But yet her strength it fails at length,
Nae bielding can she burrow,
In Sorrel's field, Cleckman, or Hag's,
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Slag,
With sight and scent pursue her,
Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can rescue her :
O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,
She'll rin the fields all thorow,
Till failed, she fa's in Leader-Haughts,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,
Where Homes had ance commanding ;
And Drygrange with the milk-white ewes,
"T'wixt Tweed and Leader standing ;
The birds that flee thro' Reedpath trees,
And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing—Sweet Leader-Haughts
And bonnie holms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assauge
His grief, while life endareth,
To see the changes of this age
That fleeting time procureth :

For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blithe folk kend nae sorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leaderside,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.]

—o—

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

The first half-stanza is old, the rest is
Ramsay's. The old words are—

O, this is no my ain house,
My ain house, my ain house ;
This is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin' o't.

Bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,
My door-cheeks, my door-cheeks ;
Bread and cheese are my door-cheeks,
And pancakes the riggin' o't.

This is no my ain wean,
My ain wean, my ain wean ;
This is no my ain wean,
I ken by the greetie o't.

I'll tak' the curchie aff my head,
Aff my head, aff my head ;
I'll tak' the curchie aff my head,
And row 't about the feetie o't.

The tune is an old Highland air, called
"Shuan truish willighan."

[This is no my ain house,
I ken by the riggin' o't ;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the biggin' o't.
For now that I'm young Robbie's bride,
And mistress of his fireside,
My ain house I'll like to guide,
And please me wi' the riggin' o't.

Then fareweel to my father's house,
I gang when love invites me ;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with duty meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robbie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang' he kindly treats me.

When I'm in my ain house,
True love shall be at hand aye
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command aye ;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life
That mak's ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band aye.]

—o—

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

This song is by Dr. Blacklock.

[The tender words of the old ditty ran after
this fashion :—

LANG ha'e we parted been, lassie, my dearie ;
Now we are met again, lassie, lie near me,
Near me, near me, lassie, lie near me ;
Lang hast thou lien thy love, lassie, lie near me.
A' that I ha'e endured, lassie, my dearie,
Here in thy arms is cured, lassie, lie near me,
Near me, near me, lassie, lie near me ;
Lang hast thou lien thy love, lassie, lie near me.

The following, however, is the adaptation of
Dr. Thomas Blacklock :—

Hark ! the loud tempest shakes the earth to its
centre !
How mad were the task on a journey to venture !
How dismal's my prospect ! of life I am weary :
O, listen, my love ! I beseech thee to hear me.
Hear me, hear me, in tenderness hear me ;
All the long winter night, laddie, lie near me.

Nights though protracted, though piercing the
weather,
Yet summer was endless when we were to-
gether ;
Now since thy absence I feel most severely
Joy is extinguished, and being is dreary,—
Dreary, dreary, painful and dreary ;
All the long winter night, laddie, lie near me.]

—o—

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The "Gaberlunzie Man" is supposed to commemorate an intrigue of James V. Mr. Callander, of Craigforth, published, some years ago, an edition of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and the "Gaberlunzie Man," with notes critical and historical. James V. is said to have been fond of Gosford, in Aberlady parish, and that it was suspected by his contemporaries that, in his frequent excursions to that part of the country, he had other purposes in view besides golfing and archery. Three favourite ladies, Sandilands, Weir, and Oliphant (one of them resided at Gosford, and the others in the neighbourhood), were occasionally visited by their royal and gallant admirer, which gave rise to the following satirical advice to his Majesty, from Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, Lord Lyon:—

Sow not yere seeds on Sandilands,
Spend not yere strength in Weir,
And ride not on yere Oliphants,
For gawing o' yere gear.

[THE pawky auld carle cam' o'er the lea,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Guidwife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat:
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blithe and merrie wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minnie ken
What thir sleet twa thegither were say'n,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee on my back,
And awa' wi' me thou should gang.
And O! quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleed me braw and lady-like,
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot:
They raise awae before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife rase,
And at her leisure put on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To spier for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar ay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cried, Dulefu' day!
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But naught was stown that could be mist;
She danc'd her lane, cried, Praise be blest!
I have lodged a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirk's to kirk and milk to earn;
Gae but the house, lass, and wauken my barn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away;
And fast to her guidwife did say,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie man.

O fye! gar ride, and fye! gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran afoot,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But aye did curse and did ban.

Meantime far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a wangle.
The priving was gude, it pleased them baith;
To lo'e for aye, he ga'e her his aith:
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie man.

O, kenn'd my minnie I were wi' you,
Ill-fauredly wad she crook her mou';
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha'e na learned the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need ;
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e ;
A cripple, or blind, they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.]

—o—

THE BLACK EAGLE.

This song is by Dr. Fordyce, whose merits as a prose writer are well known.

[HARK ! yonder eagle lonely wails ;
His faithful bosom grief assails ;
Last night I heard him in my dream,
When death and woe were all the theme.
Like that poor bird, I make my moan,
I grieve for dearest Delia gone ;
With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
He mourns for love, and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tamed his breast,
'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest ;
He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
Since she he fondly loved was dead.
With Delia's breath my joy expired ;
'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fired ;
Like that poor bird, I pine, and prove
Naught can supply the place of love.

Dark as his feathers was the fate
That robbed him of his darling mate ;
Dimmed is the lustre of his eye,
That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
To him is now for ever lost
The heart-felt bliss he once could boast :
Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display
An image of my soul's dismay.]

—o—

JOHNNIE COPE.

This satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans, in 1745, when he marched against the Clans.

The air was the tune of an old song, of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was—

“Will ye go to the coals in the morning?”

[COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar—
Charlie, meet me, an ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wakin yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If we were wakin I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,—
Come, follow me, my merry, merry men,
To meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie, &c.

Now, Johnnie Cope, be as good's your word,
And try our fate wi' fire and sword,
And dinna tak' wing like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To ha'e a horse in readiness
To flee awa' i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie, &c.

Fie, Johnnie, now get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bludie morning.
Hey, Johnnie, &c.

Yon's no the tuck o' England's drum,
But it's the war-pipes' deadly strum ;
And poues the claymore and the gun—
It will be a bludie morning.
Hey, Johnnie, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
 They spiered at him, "Where 's a' your men?"
 "The de'il confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a' i' the morning."
 Hey, Johnnie, &c.

Now, Johnnie, trowth ye was na blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 Sae early in the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie, &c.

Ah, faith! quo' Johnnie, I got a fleg,
 With their claymores and philabeg;
 If I face them again, de'il break my leg,—
 Sae I wish you a good morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet?
 Or are your drums a-beating yet?
 If ye were waking I would wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.]

—o—

CEASE, CEASE, MY DEAR FRIEND, TO EXPLORE.

The song is by Dr. Blacklock, I
 believe; but I am not quite certain that
 the air is his too.

[CEASE, cease, my dear friend, to explore
 From whence and how piercing my smart;
 Let the charms of the nymph I adore
 Excuse and interpret my heart.
 Then how much I admire ye shall prove,
 When like me ye are taught to admire,
 And imagine how boundless my love,
 When you number the charms that inspire.

Than sunshine more dear to my sight,
 To my life more essential than air;
 To my soul she is perfect delight,
 To my sense all that's pleasing and fair.
 The swains, who her beauty behold,
 With transport applaud every charm,
 And swear that the breast must be cold
 Which a beam so intense cannot warm.

Does my boldness offend my dear maid?
 Is my fondness loquacious and free?
 Are my visits too frequently paid?
 Or my converse unworthy of thee?

Yet when grief was too big for my breast,
 And laboured in sighs to complain,
 Its struggles I oft have suppress,
 And silence imposed on my pain.

Ah, Strephon, how vain thy desire!
 Thy numbers and music how vain!
 While merit and fortune conspire
 The smiles of the nymph to obtain.
 Yet cease to upbraid the soft choice,
 Though it ne'er should determine for thee;
 If my heart in her joy may rejoice,
 Unhappy thou never canst be.]

—o—

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

This air was formerly called "The
 bridegroom greets when the sun gangs
 down." The words are by Lady Ann
 Lindsay.

[WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the
 kye at hame,
 And a' the weary world to sleep are gane:
 The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
 When my guidman sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me
 for his bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething else beside;
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to
 sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a year and a day,
 When my father brak his arm, and my Jamie at
 the sea;
 My mither she fell sick, and our cow was stown
 away,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father couldna work, and my mither couldna
 spin,
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna
 win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears
 in his e'e,
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O, marry me."

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie
back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack;
The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to say, Wae's me!

My father argued sair, though my mither didna
speak,
She lookit in my face till my heart was like to
break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was
in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is guidman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it
he,
Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry
thee."

O, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves
away:
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a guid wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.]

—C—

DONALD AND FLORA.

This is one of those fine Gaelic tunes, preserved from time immemorial in the Hebrides; they seem to be the groundwork of many of our finest Scots pastoral tunes. The words of this song were written to commemorate the unfortunate expedition of General Burgoyne in America, in 1777.

[WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play
Poor Flora slipt away,
Sadd'ning, to Mora;

Loose flowed her coal black hair,
Quick heaved her bosom bare,
As thus to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow:—

"Loud howls the northern blast,
Bleak is the dreary waste;
Haste thee, O Donald, haste,
Haste to thy Flora!
Twice twelve long months are o'er
Since, on a foreign shore,
You promised to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear?
Maids cry with taunting sneer;
'Say, is he still sincere
To his loved Flora?'
Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turned to stone;
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless in Mora!

"Come, then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay!
Where can my rover stray
From his loved Flora?
Ah! sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me—
O Heaven! is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora?"

"Never—ah! wretched fair!"
(Sighed the sad messenger,
'Never shall Donald mair
Meet his loved Flora!
Cold, cold, beyond the main,
Donald, thy love, lies slain:
He sent me to soothe thy pain,
Weeping in Mora.

"Well fought our gallant men,
Headed by brave Burgoyne,
Our heroes were thrice led on
To British glory;
But ah! though our foes did flee,
Sad was the loss to thee,
While every fresh victory
Drowned us in sorrow.

"Here, take this trusty blade,"
(Donald expiring said,
'Give it to yon dear maid,
Weeping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan! tell,
Donald thus bravely fell,
And that in his last farewell
He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair ;
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sighed out, " Poor Flora !
O Donald ! oh, well-a-day !"
Was all the fond heart could say :
At length the sound died away,
Feebly, in Mora.]

—o—

THE CAPTIVE RIBAND.

This air is called " Robie donna
Gorach."

[DEAR Myra, the captive riband's mine,
'T was all my faithful love could gain ;
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain ?

Go, bid the hero who has run
Through fields of death to gather fame,
Go, bid him lay his laurels down,
And all his well-earned praise disclaim.

The riband shall its freedom lose,
Lose all the bliss it had with you,
And share the fate I would impose
On thee, wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace ;
And at its fortune if you grieve,
Retrieve its doom, and take its place.]

—o—

THE BRIDAL O'T.

This song is the work of a Mr.
Alexander Ross, late schoolmaster at
Lochlee, and author of a beautiful Scots
poem, called " The Fortunate Shep-
herdess."

[THEY say that Jockey 'll speed weel o't,
They say that Jockey 'll speed weel o't,

For he grows brawer ilka day—
I hope we 'll ha'e a bridal o't :
For yesternight, nae farther gane,
The back-house at the side wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirdin' seen—
I hope we 'll ha'e a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
An we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto guid-luck,
Although there should betide ill o't :
For bridal days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't,
Their brows maun be in rank and file,
Although that they should guide ill o't :
The boddom o' the kist is then
Turned up into the inmost o't,
The end that held the keeks sae clean
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin' fain,
And ilka day 's a clashing o't :
He 'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for anither o't,
And ere he want to clear his shot,
His sark 'll pay the tither o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o't ;
Fan thick and threefauld they convene,
Ilka ane envies the tither o't,
And wishes nane but him alane
May ever see anither o't.

Fan they ha'e done wi' eating o't,
Fan they ha'e done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
And aiblins to the beating o't :
He dances best that dances fast,
And louns at ilka reesing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
And furls about the feezings o't.]

—6—

TODLIN' HAME.

This is perhaps the first bottle-song
that ever was composed.

[WHEN I ha'e a saxpence under my thoom,
Then I get credit in ilka toun ;
But aye when I'm puir they bid me gang by ;
O ! poverty parts gude company.
Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
Couldna my love come todlin' hame ?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippeny chance to be sma',
We 'll tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlin' hame, todlin' hame.
As round as a neep come todlin' hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet ;
And aye when we wakened we drank them dry :
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I ?
Todlin' but, and todlin' ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlin' hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin' dow,
Ye're aye sae gude-humoured when weeting your
mou' ;
When sober sae sour, ye 'll fecht wi' a flea,
That 't is a blithe sight to the bairns and me,
When todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlin' hame.]

—0—

THE SHEPHERD'S PREFER-
ENCE.

This song is Dr. Blacklock's. I don't
know how it came by the name, but
the oldest appellation of the air was,
"Whistle and I'll come to you, my
lad."

It has little affinity to the tune com-
monly known by that name.

[IN May, when the daisies appear on the green,
And flowers in the field and the forest are seen ;

Where lilies bloomed bonnie, and hawthorns up-
sprung,
A pensive young shepherd oft whistled and
sung ;
But neither the shades nor the sweets of the
flowers,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled in blossoming
bowers,
Could brighten his eye or his ear entertain,
For love was his pleasure, and love was his pain

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all
around
Drew nearer and nearer and sighed to the
sound ;
Around as in chains lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarmed and with music subdued :—
Young Jessie is fair as the Spring's early flower,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in her bower ;
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they,
With looks like the morning—with smiles like the
day.]

—0—

JOHN O' BADENYON.

This excellent song is the composition
of my worthy friend, old Skinner, at
Linshart.

[WHEN first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know ;
In best attire I stepped abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here, and there, and everywhere,
Was like a morn in May.
No care had I, no fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have passed
In country or in town ;
I still was pleased where'er I went,
And, when I was alone,
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself
With John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find,
For love, they say, gives one an air,
And ev'n improves the mind :

On Phillis fair, above the rest,
 Kind fortune fixed my eyes ;
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice.
 To Cupid then, with hearty prayer,
 I offered many a vow ;
 And danced and sang, and sighed and swore,
 As other lovers do :
 But when at last I breathed my flame,
 I found her cold as stone ;
 I left the jilt, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled
 With foolish hopes and vain ;
 To friendship's port I steered my course,
 And laughed at lovers' pain :
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'T was something like divine,—
 An honest friend 's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine :
 And now, whatever might betide ;
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply :
 A strait soon came, my friend I tried ;
 He heard and spurned my moan ;
 I hid me home, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,
 And would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
 And cry up Parson Horne.
 Their manly spirit I admired,
 And praised their noble zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen
 Maintained the public weal ;
 But e'er a month or two had passed,
 I found myself betrayed,
 'T was self and party, after all,
 For all the stir they made :
 At last I saw these factious knaves
 Insult the very throne ;
 I cursed them all, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mused awhile,
 Still hoping to succeed ;
 I pitched on books for company,
 And gravely tried to read ;
 I bought and borrowed everywhere,
 And studied night and day ;
 Nor missed what dean or doctor wrote,
 That happened in my way :

Philosophy I now esteemed
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully, thro' many a page,
 I hunted after truth.
 A thousand various schemes I tried,
 And yet was pleased with none ;
 I threw them by, and tuned my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere,
 Who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
 For happiness below ;
 What you may fancy pleasure here
 Is but an empty name,
 For girls and friends, and books also,
 You 'll find them all the same.
 Then be advised, and warning take
 From such a man as me ;
 I 'm neither pope nor cardinal,
 Nor one of high degree :
 You 'll find displeasure everywhere ;
 Then do as I have done—
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
 With John o' Badenyon.]

—o—

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.

I picked up this old song and tune
 from a country girl in Nithsdale. I
 never met with it elsewhere in Scot-
 land.

[WHARE are you gaun, my bonnie lass ?
 Whare are you gaun, my hinnie ?
 She answered me right saucilie—
 An errand for my minnie.

O, whare live ye, my bonnie lass ?
 O, whare live ye, my hinnie ?
 By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
 In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en,
 To see my bonnie lassie ;
 And lang before the grey morn cam'
 She was na hauf sae saucie.

O, weary fa' the waukrife cock,
 And the founart lay his crawin' !
 He waukened the auld wife frae her sleep,
 A wee blink or the dawin'.

An angry wife I wat she rase,
 And o'er the bed she brought her ;
 And with a mickle hazel-rung
 She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

O, fare thee weel, my bonnie lass !
 O, fare thee weel, my hinnie !
 Thou art a gay and a bonnie lass,
 But thou hast a waukrife minnie.]

—o—

TULLOCHGORUM.

This first of songs is the masterpiece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day at the town of Cullen, I think it was, in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of "Tullochgorum" wanted words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad.

These particulars I had from the author's son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen.

[COME, gi'e's a sang, Montgomery cried,
 And lay your disputes all aside ;
 What signifies 't for folks to chide
 For what was done before them ?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory all agree
 To drop their whig-mig-morum.
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night in mirth and glee,
 And cheerful sing, along wi' me,
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite ;
 And ony sumpth that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 For blithe and cheerie we'll be a',
 Blithe and cheerie, blithe and cheerie.
 Blithe and cheerie we'll be a',
 And mak' a happy quorum.

For blithe and cheerie we'll be a',
 As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise,
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ?
 I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys
 For half a hunder score o' 'em.
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
 Dowf and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum.
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest, —
 They canna please a Scottish taste,
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
 And sullen sots themsel's distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum :
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit
 Like auld Philosophorum ?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever try to shake a fit
 To the Reel o' Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings e'er attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And all that's good watch o'er him !
 May peace and plenty be his lot !
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' 'em !
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstained by any vicious spot,
 And may he never want a groat,
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum !

But for the sullen frampish fool,
 That loves to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him !
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, Wae's me for him !
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum !]

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

Another excellent song of old Skinner's.

[O, WERE I able to rehearse
My Ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
The Ewie wi' the crookit horn
Weel deserved baith garse and corn ;
Sic a Ewie ne'er was born
Hereabout, nor far awa' ;
Sic a Ewie ne'er was born
Hereabout, nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keil
To mark her upo' hip or heel ;
Her crookit horn did just as weel
To ken her by amo' them a'.
She never threatened scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot
Was never sweir to lead nor ca' ;
Baith to the fauld and to the cot
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor rain could never wrang her ;
Ane she lay an ouk and langer
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.
When ither ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My Ewie never played the like,
But tyced about the barn-yard wa' ;
My Ewie never played the like,
But tyced about the barn-yard wa'.

A better nor a thriftier beast
Nae honest man could weel ha'e wist :
Puir silly thing, she never missed
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.
The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind of stock,
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair nor thirty head to ca' ;
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair nor thirty head to ca'.

The neist I ga'e to Jean—and now
The bairn's sae braw, has fauld sae fu',
That lads sae thick come here to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

I lookit aye at ev'n for her,
For fear the foumart might devour her,
Or some mischanter had come o'er her,
Gin the beastie bade awa' ;
Or some mischanter had come o'er her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.

Vet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can speak it without weeping ?)
A villain cam' when I was sleeping,
And sta' my Ewie, horn and a'.
I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a buss o' thorn
I got my Ewie's crookit horn,
But ah, my Ewie was awa' ;
I got my Ewie's crookit horn,
But ah, my Ewie was awa'.

O ! gin I had the loun that did it,
Sworn I have as weel as said it,
Though a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gi'e his neck a thra'.
I never met wi' sic a turn
As this sin' ever I was born,
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Puir sillie Ewie, stown awa' ;
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Puir sillie Ewie, stown awa'.

O ! had she died o' crook or cauld,
As ewies do when they grow auld,
It wadna been, by monyfauld,
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a' ;
For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne
Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa' ;
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne
Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a bluidy villain's knife !
I'm really fley't that our guidwife
Will never win aboon't a va.
O ! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Now ca' your muses up and mourn
Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Sto'en frae us and fell't and a' ;
Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Sto'en frae us and fell't and a'.]

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

There are several editions of this ballad. This, here inserted, is from the oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song. It originally had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten.

[OUR lords are to the mountains gane,
A-hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they have grippet Hughie Graham
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

And they ha'e tied him hand and foot,
And led him up through Stirling toun ;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, " Hughie Graham, thou art a loun."

" O, lowse my right hand free," he says,
" And put my braid sword in the same ;
He's no in Stirling toun this day
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham."

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop's knee,
" Five hundred white stots I'll gi'e you,
If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free."

" O, haud your tongue," the bishop says,
" And wi' your pleading let me be ;
For though ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall die."

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the bishop's knee ;
" Five hundred white pence I'll gi'e you,
If ye'll gi'e Hughie Graham to me."

" O, haud your tongue now, lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be ;
Although ten Grahams were in his coat,
It's for my honour he maun die."

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He lookèd to the gallow's tree ;
But never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blink his e'e.

At length he lookèd round about,
To see whatever he could spy :
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

" O, haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be ;
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart
Than a' that they can do to me.

" And ye may gi'e my brother John
My sword that's bent in the middle clear
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
And see me pay the bishop's mare.

" And ye may gi'e my brother James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown ;
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

" Remember me to Maggie, my wife,
The neist time ye gang o'er the moor :
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,—
Tell her she was the bishop's —."

" And ye may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blood ;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak
To mak' it shorter by the hood."]

—o—

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

This is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before. It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this collection, was written from Mrs. Burns's voice.

[A SOUTHLAND Jennie that was right bonnie,
She had for a suitor a Norlan' Johnnie ;
But he was siccan a bashfu' wooer
That he could scarcely speak unto her.

But blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,
Forced him at last to tell his mind till'er :
" My dear," quo' he, " we'll nae longer tarry,
Gin ye can love me, let's o'er the muir and marry."

" Come awa' then, my Norlan' laddie,
Though we gang neat, some are mair gaudy ;
Albeit I ha'e neither land nor money,
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee."

"Ye lasses o' the South, ye 're a' for dressin';
Lasses o' the North mind milkin' and threshin';
My minnie wad be angry, and sae wad my
daddy,
Should I marry ane as dink as a lady.

"I maun ha'e a wife that will rise i' the mornin',
Cruddle a' the milk, and keep the house a-
scauldin',
Tulzie wi' her neebors, and learn at my minnie;
A Norlan' Jockie maun ha'e a Norlan' Jennie."

"My father's only dochter, wi' farms and siller
ready,
Wad be ill-bestowed upon sic a clownish body;
A' that I ha'e said was to see what was in thee,
Gae hame, ye Norlan' Jockie, and court your
Norlan' Jennie."]

—o—

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

This tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow. It is notoriously taken from "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre." It is also to be found, long prior to Nathaniel Gow's era, in Aird's "Selection of Airs and Marches," the first edition, under the name of "The Highway to Edinburgh."

—o—

THEN, GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN'.

The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect:—

Every day my wife tells me
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But if guid liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head—
O, guidwife, count the lawin'.

—o—

THE SOGER LADDIE.

The first verse of this is old; the rest is by Ramsay. The tune seems to be the same, with a slow air, called "Jacky Hume's Lament"—or, "The Hollin Buss"—or, "Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?"

[My soger laddie is over the sea,
And he'll bring gold and silver to me,
And when he comes hame he will make me his
lady:
My blessings gang wi' him, my soger laddie!

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;
He's true to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare wi' my soger laddie.

O, shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms!
Return him, with laurels, to my longing arms!
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gi'e me.

O, soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow!
As quickly they must, if he get but his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.]

—o—

WHERE WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE?

The old name of this tune is—"Whare'll our gudeman lie?" A silly old stanza of it runs thus:—

O, WHARE'll our guidman lie,
Guidman lie, guidman lie,
O, whare'll our guidman lie,
Till he shute o'er the simmer?

Up amang the hen-bawks,
The hen-bawks, the hen-bawks,
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Amang the rotten timmer.

[Ramsay's song is as follows :—

O, where wad bonnie Annie lie?
Alane nae mair ye maunna lie;
Wad ye a guidman try,—
Is that the thing ye're lacking?
O, can a lass sae young as I
Venture on the bridal tie?
Syne down wi' a guidman lie,—
I'm fleyed he'd keep me waukin'.

Never judge until ye try:
Mak' me your guidman—I
Shanna hinder you to lie
And sleep till ye be weary.
What if I should waukin' lie,
When the ho boys are gaun by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and eiry?

In my bosom thou shalt lie,
When thou waukife art, and dry,
Healthy cordial standing by
Shall presently revive thee.
To your will I then comply;
Join us, priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a guidman lie,
Wha can a cordial gi'e me.]

—o—

GALLOWAY TAM.

I have seen an interlude (acted at a wedding) to this tune, called "The Wooing of the Maiden." These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland. Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz., "Silly Puir Auld Glenae," and this one, "The Wooing of the Maiden."

[O, GALLOWAY Tam cam' here to woo,—
We'd better ha'e gi'en him the brawnit cow,
For our lass Bess may curse and ban
The wanton wit o' Galloway Tam.

A cannie tongue and a glance fu' gleg,
A boordly back and a lordly leg,
A heart like a fox, and a look like a lamb—
O, these are the marks o' Galloway Tam.

O, Galloway Tam cam' here to sheare,—
We'd better ha'e gi'en him the guid grey meare,
He kissed the guidwife and he danged the guid-
man,
And these are the tricks o' Galloway Tam.

He owed the kirk a twalmonth's score,
And he doffed his bonnet at the door;
The loun cried out, wha sung the psalm,
"There's room on the stool for Galloway
Tam!"

Ye lasses o' Galloway, frank and fair,
Tak' tent o' your hearts and something mair;
And bar your doors, your windows steek,
For he comes stealing like night and sleep:

O, naught frae Tam but wae ye'll win,
He'll sing ye dumb and he'll dance ye blin';
And aff your balance he'll cowl ye then:
Tak' tent o' the de'il and Galloway Tam.

"Sir," quoth Mess John, "the wanton de'il
Has put his birn 'boon gospel kiel,
And bound your cloots in his black ban':"
"For mercy loo'st!" quo' Galloway Tam:

"In our kirk-fauld we maun ye bar,
And smear your fleece wi' Covenant tar,
And pettle ye up a dainty lamb:"
"Amang the yowes," quo' Galloway Tam.

Eased of a twalmonth's graceless deeds,
He gaily doffed his sackcloth weeds;
An' 'mang the maidens he laughing cam'—
"Tak' tent o' your hearts," quo' Galloway Tam.

A cannie tongue and a glance fu' gleg,
A boordly back and a lordly leg,
A heart like a fox, and a look like a lamb—
O, these are the marks o' Galloway Tam.]

—o—

AS I CAM' DOWŃ BY YON CASTLE WA'.

This is a very popular Ayrshire song.

[As I cam' down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
O, there I spied a bonnie, bonnie lass,
But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonnie, bonnie lassie she was,
 As ever mine eyes did see ;
 O, five hundred pounds would I give
 For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

To have such a pretty bride as me !
 Young man, ye are sairly mista'en ;
 Though ye were king o' fair Scotland,
 I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,
 O, talk not so very, very high ;
 The man at the fair, that wad sell,
 He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
 And herry a far richer nest :
 Tak' this advice o' me, bonnie lass,—
 Humility wad set thee best.]

—o—

LORD RONALD, MY SON.

This air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of "Lochaber." In this manner most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple artless original air ; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.

—o—

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

This song is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a —, but also a thief ; and in one or other character has visited most of the Correction Houses in the West. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a sleight-of-hand blackguard.

[COMIN' through the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither.
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I, " My dearie, where's thy hame,
 In moor or dale, pray tell me whether ?"
 She says, " I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather."
 O'er the moor, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,
 And aye the burden o' the sang
 Was, " O'er the moor amang the heather."
 O'er the moor, &c.

She charmed my heart, and aye sinsyne
 I could na think on anyither ;
 By sea and sky she shall be mine !
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither.]

—o—

TO THE ROSEBUD.

This song is the composition of one Johnson, a joiner in the neighbourhood of Belfast. The tune is by Oswald, altered evidently from "Jockie's Grey Breeks."

[ALL hail to thee, thou bawmy lud.
 Thou charming child o' simmer, hail !
 Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
 Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See, on thy lately faulded form
 Glad Phœbus smiles wi' cheering eye,
 While on thy head the dewy morn
 Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower,
 Wi' sangs of joy thy presence hail;
 Then haste, thou balmy, fragrant flower,
 And gi'e thy bosom to the gale.

And see the fair, industrious bee,
 With airy wheel and soothing hum,
 Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree,
 While gentle breezes trembling come.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
 She'll pu' thee frae thy thorny stem;
 Awhile thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
 But soon thou'lt fade, my bonnie gem.

Ah! short, too short, thy rural reign,
 And yield to fate, alas! thou must:
 Bright emblem of the virgin train,
 Thou blooms, alas! to mix wi' dust.

Sae bonnie Liza hence may learn,
 Wi' every youthful maiden gay,
 That beauty, like the simmer's rose,
 In time shall wither and decay.]

—0—

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

This song of genius was composed by a Miss Cranstoun. It wanted four lines, to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the first four of the last stanza:

[The tears I shed must ever fall;
 I weep not for an absent swain,
 For time can past delights recall,
 And parted lovers meet again.
 I weep not for the silent dead,—
 Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
 And those they loved their steps shall tread,
 And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
 If certain that his heart is near,
 A conscious transport glads the scene,
 Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
 Even when by Death's cold hand removed,
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
 To think that even in death he loved,
 Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear
 Of her who slighted love bewails;
 No hopes her gloomy prospect cheer
 No pleasing melancholy hails,

Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
 Of blasted hope, and withered joy;
 The prop she leaned on pierced her side,—
 The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
 The scenes once tinged in transport's dye,
 The sad reverse soon meets the view,
 And turns the thought to agony.
 Even conscious virtue cannot cure
 The pangs to every feeling due;
 Ungenerous youth, thy boast how poor,
 To steal a heart, and break it too!]

No cold reproach—no altered mien—
 Just what would make suspicion start;
 No pause the dire extremes between,—
 He made me blest—and broke my heart!
 [Hope from its only anchor torn,
 Neglected and neglecting all,
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The tears I shed must ever fall.]

—0—

DAINTY DAVIE.

This song, tradition says—and the composition itself confirms it—was composed on the Rev. David Williamson's begetting the daughter of Lady Cherry-trees with child, while a party of dragoons were searching her house to apprehend him for being an adherent to the Solemn League and Covenant. The pious woman had put a lady's nightcap on him, and had laid him abed with her own daughter, and passed him to the soldiery as a lady, her daughter's bed-fellow. A mutilated stanza or two are to be found in Herd's collection, but the original song consists of five or six stanzas, and were their delicacy equal to their wit and humour, they would merit a place in any collection. The first stanza is as follows:—

Being pursued by the dragoons,
 Within my bed he was laid down;
 And weel I wat he was worth his room,
 For he was my daintie Davie.

Ramsay's song, "Luckie Nansy," though he calls it an old song with additions, seems to be all his own, except the chorus, which I should conjecture to be part of a song prior to the affair of Williamson.

[WHILE fops, in soft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane 's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and sense is scarce,

These lines I have indited.
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine sounds, I swear,
The maidens are delighted.

I was aye telling you,
Luckie Nansy, luckie Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, Phillis.

I'll fetch na simile frae Jove,
My height of extacy to prove,
Nor sighing—thus—present my love
With roses eke and lilies.

I was aye telling you, &c.

But stay—I had amais't forgot
My mistress and my sang to boot,
But that 's an unco faut, I wot—

But, Nansy, 't is nae matter.
Ye see, I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And, ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forbye, how sweet my numbers chime,
And slide away like water!

I was aye telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half-shut een and hodding air,
Are a' my passion's fuel.

Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee,
Yet thou hast charms enow for me,—
Then smile, and be na cruel.

Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Luckie Nansy, luckie Nansy;
Driest wood will eithest low,
And Nansy, sae will ye now.

Troth, I have sung the sang to you
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear, then, my charitable vow,

Dear, venerable Nansy;
But if the world my passion wrang,
And say, Ye only live in sang,
Ken, I despise a slandering tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

Leeze me on thy snawy pow,
Luckie Nansy, luckie Nansy;
Driest wood will eithest low,
And Nansy, sae will ye now.]

—o—

ROB O' DUMBLANE.

Ramsay, as usual, has modernized this song. The original, which I learned on the spot, from my old hostess in the principal inn there, is,—

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp-heckle,
And I'll lend you my thrippin'-kame;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we'll gae dance the bob o' Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood—three cam' hame:
An it be na weel bobbitt, weel bobbitt, weel
bobbitt,

An it be na weel bobbitt, we'll bob it again.

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated:—In the evening of the day of the Battle of Dumblane (Sheriff-Muir), when the action was over, a Scots officer, in Argyll's army, observed to his Grace that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that *they* had gotten the victory. "Weel, weel," returned his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, "if they think it be na weel bobbitt, we'll bob it again."

[The battle of Dumblane, or Sheriff-Muir, was fought on the 13th of November, 1715, between the Earl of Mar, for Prince Charles Edward, and the Duke of Argyle, for the Government. Both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of each army being routed.]

Appendix.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST, OR KILMARNOCK EDITION.

[Barring the extravagant praise here accorded to Shenstone, and the extraordinary deference shown by Burns to his predecessors, Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson, nothing could possibly have been in better taste than the subjoined Preface to his maiden volume, which was published on the 31st of July, 1786, in a thinnish 8vo, price 3s. (blue boarded and with a white back), by John Wilson at Kilmarnock. Exactly 612 copies were printed, 350 subscribers being enrolled before the book made its appearance. A facsimile of the volume was reprinted, price half-a-guinea, on the 31st of July, 1867, by James McKie, at Kilmarnock.]

The following trifles are not the production of the Poet who, with all the advantages of learned art, and, perhaps, amid the elegancies and idleness of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names, their countrymen are, at least in their original language, "a fountain shut up, and a book sealed." Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a rhymers from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulse of the softer passions, it was not till very lately that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of friendship, awakened his vanity so far as to make him think anything of his worth showing; and none of the following works were composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigue of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings—the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears—in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind—these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast at the thought of being branded as—an impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and, because he can make shift to jingle a few doggerel Scottish rhymes together, looking upon himself as a poet, of no small consequence, forsooth!

It is an observation of that celebrated poet, Shenstone, whose divine *Elegies* do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that "Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame!" If any critic catches at the word *Genius*, the author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing, in the manner he has done, would be a manoeuvre below the worst character which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him. But to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawnings of the poor unfortunate Fergusson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scottish poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he owes to benevolence and friendship for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the learned and the polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for education and circumstances of life; but if, after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of dullness and nonsense, let him be done by as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

DEDICATION TO THE SECOND, OR EDINBURGH, EDITION OF THE POEMS OF BURNS.



[This re-issue of Burns is variously known as the First Edinburgh or Caledonian Hunt Edition. It was published in 8vo by William Creech, price 5s. to subscribers, 6s. to non-subscribers, the imprint being one of 3,000 copies, which were very rapidly, indeed, sold off, 2,800, in fact, being secured beforehand by subscribers. The book made its appearance on the 21st of April, 1787, and within the same year a London Edition was brought out, printed for A. Strachan and T. Cadell in the Strand, as well as for W. Creech of Edinburgh.]

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—

A SCOTTISH BARD, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the PLOUGH; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours: that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul of a servile author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party: and may Social Joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude, and highest respect,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most devoted, humble Servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Edinburgh, April 4, 1787.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF BURNS' BIOGRAPHERS.

1. Robert Heron (<i>Life of Burns</i>)	1797
2. Dr. James Currie (<i>Life and Works</i> , 4 vols.)	1800
3. James Storer and John Greig (<i>Illustrated Works, with Sketch of Life</i>)	1804
4. Robert Hartley Cromek (<i>Reliques of Burns</i>)	1808
5. Lord (Francis) Jeffrey (<i>Edinburgh Review</i>)	1808
6. Sir Walter Scott (<i>Quarterly Review</i>)	1808
7. Dr. David Irving (<i>Life of Burns</i>)	1810
8. Professor (Josiah) Walker (<i>Life and Poems</i> , 2 vols.)	1811
9. Rev. Hamilton Paul (<i>Life and Poems</i>)	1819
10. Gilbert Burns (<i>Additions to Dr. Currie's 8th Edition</i>)	1820
11. Hew Ainslie (<i>Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns</i>)	1822
12. Archibald Constable (<i>Life and Works</i> , 3 vols.)	1823
13. Alexander Peterkin (<i>Life and Works</i> , 4 vols.)	1824
14. John Gibson Lockhart (<i>Life of Burns</i>)	1828
15. Thomas Carlyle (<i>Edinburgh Review</i>)	1828
16. Allan Cunningham (<i>Life and Works</i> , 8 vols.)	1834
17. James Hogg and William Motherwell (<i>Memoir and Works</i> , 5 vols.)	1834
18. Professor (John) Wilson (<i>Essay on Genius and Character</i>)	1840
19. W. C. McLehose (<i>Correspondence between Burns and Clarinda</i>)	1843
20. Samuel Tyler (<i>Burns as a Poet and as a Man</i>)	1849
21. Robert Chambers (<i>Life and Works</i>)	1851
22. George Gilfillan (<i>Memoir and Works</i> , 2 vols.)	1856
23. Rev. James White (<i>Robert Burns and Walter Scott: Two Lives</i>)	1858
24. Rev. Peter Hately Waddell (<i>Life and Works</i>)	1859
25. John and Angus Macpherson (<i>Centenary Edition</i>)	1859
26. William Gunnyon (<i>Memoir and Works</i>)	1865
27. Robert Aris Wilmott (<i>Memoir and Works</i>)	1866
28. Sir Harris Nicolas (<i>Aldine Edition</i> , 3 vols.)	1866
29. James Mackie (<i>Bibliotheca Burnsiana</i>)	1866
30. Alexander Smith (<i>Globe Edition</i>)	1868
31. William Michael Rossetti (<i>Memoir and Works</i>)	1871
32. Charles Cowden Clarke (<i>Memoir and Works</i> , 2 vols.)	1872
33. James Gibson (<i>Robert Burns and Masonry</i>)	1873
34. Rev. Stopford Brooke (<i>Theology in the English Poets</i>)	1874
35. Henry Bright (<i>Account of the Glenriddel MSS.</i>)	1874
36. William Scott Douglas (<i>Kilmarnock Edition</i> , 2 vols.)	1876
37. P. F. Aiken (<i>Memorials of Burns and his Contemporaries</i>)	1876

SEVEN EPOCHS IN BURNS' LIFE.

FIRST EPOCH—ALLOWAY.

Seven years were passed in the Auld Clay Biggin at Alloway, from the 25th of January, 1759, until the Whitsuntide of 1766.

SECOND EPOCH—MOUNT OLIPHANT.

Eleven years (from his seventh to his eighteenth year) were passed in the farm at Mount Oliphant, from the Whitsuntide of 1766 until the Whitsuntide of 1777.

THIRD EPOCH—LOCHLEA.

Six years (from his eighteenth to his twenty-fourth year) were passed in the farm at Lochlea, from the Whitsuntide of 1777 until the Martinmas of 1783.

FOURTH EPOCH—MOSSGIEL.

Three years (from his twenty-fourth to his twenty-seventh year) were passed at Mossgiel, from the Martinmas of 1783 until the Martinmas of 1786.

FIFTH EPOCH—EDINBURGH.

Nearly two years (from his twenty-eighth on into his twenty-ninth year) were passed in Edinburgh, or in tours to the south, and into the West Highlands.

SIXTH EPOCH—ELLISLAND.

Three years (from his twenty-ninth to his thirty-second year), from the Whitsuntide of 1788, until nearly the end of 1791, were passed at the farm of Ellisland.

SEVENTH EPOCH—DUMFRIES.

Five years, from the end of 1791, until the 21st of July, 1796, when he died (at the age of thirty-seven years and six months, all but four days), were passed in the town of Dumfries, first in the Wee Vennel, now known as Bank Street, and finally in a narrow street near the church, now called Burns Street, in memory of its having been the last place of residence of the National Poet of Scotland.

BURNS AT MOSSGIEL.*

BRIGHT dews of labour on his brow,
 Warm passion in the ruddy glow,
 Deep-flushing lustrous eyes below—
 What love flames back
 Where thro' green leaves the white gleams flow
 That mark *her* track!

Sweet glimpse but of a rustic girl
 With tartan veiled, whence streams one curl,
 Where fluttering witcheries unfurl
 Love's springe of hair—
 Of ringlets, yea! the pink, the pearl,
His heart to snare!

Among the rippling wheat he stands,
 A tawny reaper with brown hands,
 That swathe ripe sheaves with crackling bands,
 Or with keen blade
 Sweep gold waves back from stubble-strands
 With shocks arrayed.

Rough, sunburnt, stalwart son of toil,
 To till, to sow, to glean the soil,
 How fair for thee that ringlet's coil
 That lures thy gaze!
 Not rudest lot thy fame shall foil
 To chant her praise!

One moment there, one moment gone,
 Quenched seems the arrowy beam that shone
 That twinkling golden tress upon
 In trills of light—
 Hope's shadowy mist of dreamings drawn
 Before thy sight!

Seen thro' which tremulous haze of hope,
 Spread wide before thy fancy's scope—
 As when o'er midnight's mystic cope
 God's gems are seen—
 Strange visionary splendours ope
 And shine serene.

A young athletic peasant, thou!
 Full soon Fame's crown shall gird thy brow
 Thick gemmed with scarlet berries' glow,
 'Mid bristling leaves,
 Thy sceptre, but a sickle now,
 Sway souls for sheaves.

That wondrous sceptre of thy song
 Shall ever to thy land belong,
 While every rapture, every wrong,
 That thrills thy breast,
 By sympathy shall thrill the throng
 Thy woes have blest.

Then million millions yet unborn
 Will hail with joy this autumn morn,
 When, loitering 'mid the ripened corn,
 Thy glorious eyes
 Watched thro' yon maze of leaf and thorn
 Thy life's best prize.

Thy bonnie Jean, thy winsome wife,
 Sweet blossom of that rugged life—
 Rough rind with tenderest fibres rife,
 Whence bloomed yon flower,
 Rich guerdon of thy manhood's strife,
 With healing power.

Was not her type that gowan fair,
 When, toiling down the glebe of Ayr,
 Thy footstep tracked the hissing share
 That turned the mould,
 And pity yearned that jewel rare
 With love t' enfold?

The bonniest lass of blithest charms
 Thou e'er didst win with wooing arms,
 To soothe thee 'midst the world's alarms
 In home's dear rest,
 With looks whose merest memory warms
 Thy manly breast.

The fairest of them all was she—
Yon "lass that made the bed for thee!"
 To whom thy trust in grief may flee,
 By anguish riven—
 When Highland Mary e'en shall be
 Still loved in heaven!

Unheard as yet Fame's trumpet-call
 From yonder lowly labours' thrall
 To grand Walhalla's deathless hall,
 Where waits his throne—
 Yon Peasant-Poet counts worth all
 Her love alone!

Around him thus the day-beams shine
 O'er locks more black than raven's crine,
 O'er glittering orbs of light divine,
 And radiant face,
 Where sentence thrills each lordly line
 With nerves of grace.

Ah! better, Robin, thus to stand
 With sickle aye in healthful hand
 Than leader of a brawling band
 With gauge or bowl,
 When bowed to sordid craft thy grand
 Heroic soul!

* From "Dreamland, and other Poems." By Charles Kent. Longmans, 1862.

WILLIAM BURNESSE' FAMILY.



William Burness, born at Clockenhill, 11th of November, 1721.

(Died 13th of February, 1784, ætat. 63.)

Agnes Brown, his Wife, born in Carrick district, 17th of March, 1732.

(Married 15th of December, 1757.)

Children—

1. Robert, born 25th of January, 1759.

(Died 21st of July, 1796, ætat. 37.)

2. Gilbert, born 28th of September, 1760.

3. Agnes, born 30th of September, 1762.

4. Anabella, born 14th of November, 1764.

5. William, born 30th of July, 1767.

6. John, born 10th of July, 1769.

7. Isabel, born 27th of June, 1771.

ROBERT BURNS' FAMILY.



Robert Burns, born 25th of January, 1759.

(Died at Dumfries, 21st of July, 1796, ætat. 37.)

Jean Armour, his Wife, born at Mauchline, February, 1765.

(Died at Dumfries, 26th of March, 1834, ætat. 69.)

Children—

Twins—boy and girl—born 3rd of September, 1786.

1. Robert. (The girl died in infancy.)

Twins again, born 12th of March, 1788.

(Both died soon after their birth.)

2. Francis Wallace, born 18th of August, 1789.

(Died 9th of July, 1803, ætat. 14.)

3. William Nicol, born 9th of April, 1791.

4. Elizabeth Riddel, born 21st of November, 1792.

(Died September, 1795, ætat. 2 years, 10 months.)

5. James Glencairn, born 12th of August, 1794.

(Died in 1865.)

6. Maxwell (posthumous), born 25th of July, 1796.

(Died 25th of April, 1799, ætat. 2 years, 9 months.)

Glossary of Scotticisms.

A.

A', all.
 Aback, away, aloof, behind.
 Abeigh, at a shy distance.
 Aboon, above, up.
 Abread, abroad, in sight.
 Abreed, in breadth.
 Ae, one.
 Aff, off; aff-loof, unpremeditated.
 Afore, before.
 Aft, oft.
 Aften, often.
 Agle, off the right line, wrong, wide of the aim.
 Aiblins, perhaps.
 Ain, own.
 Airl-penny, earnest-money.
 Airn, iron.
 Aith, an oath.
 Aits, oats.
 Aiver, an old horse.
 Aizle, a hot cinder, a red ember.
 Alake, alas.
 Alane, alone.
 Amaist, almost.
 Amang, among.
 An', and, if.
 Ance, once.
 Ane, one, an.
 Anither, another.
 Artfu', artful.
 Ase, ashes.
 Asklent, asquint, aslant.
 Asteer, abroad, stirring.
 Athort, athwart.
 Aught, eight, possession, as in a' my aught—in all my possession.
 Auld, old.
 Auld-farran, or auld-farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent.

Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years.
 Ava, at all, of all.
 Awa', away.
 Awfu', awful.
 Awkward, awkward.
 Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
 Awnie, bearded.
 Ayont, beyond.

B.

BA', ball.
 Backlins-comin', coming back, returning.
 Bad, did bid.
 Bade, endured, did stay.
 Baggie, the belly.
 Bainie, or banie, having large bones, stout.
 Bairan, baring.
 Bairn, a child.
 Bairntime, time of having a family or brood of children.
 Baith, both.
 Bane, bone.
 Bang, an effort.
 Bannock, a kind of thick cake of bread.
 Bardie, diminutive of bard.
 Barefit, bare-footed.
 Barkin', barking.
 Barkit, barked.
 Barmie, of, or like barm.
 Bashfu', bashful.
 Batch, a crew, a gang.
 Batts, bots.
 Baudrons, a cat.
 Bauk, a cross-beam; bauken, the end of a beam.
 Bauld, bold; bauldly, boldly.
 Bawk, a footpath through a corn-field.
 Be, to let be, to give over, to cease, to leave in quiet.

- Beastie, diminutive of beast.
 Beet, to add fuel to fire.
 Befu', to befall.
 Behint, or behin', behind.
 Beld, bald.
 Belly-fu', belly-full.
 Bellies, bellows.
 Belyve, by-and-by.
 Ben, into the spence or parlour; but and ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
 Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
 Be't, be it.
 Bethankit, the grace after meat.
 Beuk, a book.
 Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
 Biel, or bield, shelter.
 Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
 Big, to build; biggit, builded.
 Biggin, building, a house.
 Bill, a bull.
 Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
 Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
 Birk, birch.
 Birken-shaw, birchen-woodshaw, a small wood.
 Birkie, a clever fellow.
 Birring, the noise of partridges when they spring.
 Bit, crisis, nick of time.
 Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
 Blastie, a shrivell'd dwarf, a term of contempt.
 Blastit, or blastet, blasted, worthless.
 Blate, bashful, sheepish.
 Blather, the bladder.
 Blaud, a flat piece of anything, to slap.
 Blaw, to blow, to boast.
 Bleatin', bleating.
 Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum.
 Bleert and blin', bleared and blind.
 Bleezin', blazing.
 Blessin', blessing.
 Blether, to talk idly, nonsense.
 Bleth'rin, talking idly.
 Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits, a glance, an amorous leer.
 Blinker, a term of contempt.
 Blinkin', smirking.
 Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the King's birthday, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.
 Bluid, blood; bluidy, bloody.
 Bluntie, soft, easily imposed on.
 Blusht, did blush.
 Blype, a shred of cloth, a large piece.
 Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
 Bocked, gushed, vomited.
 Bodle, a small old coin.
 Boggles, spirits, hobgoblins.
 Bonnie, or bonny, handsome, beautiful.
 Bonnilie, handsomely, beautifully.
 Boord, a board.
 Boortree, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards.
 Boost, behoved, must needs.
 Botch, an angry tumour.
 Bother, to pother.
 Bow-kail, cabbage.
 Bown't, bended, crooked.
 Brachens, ferns.
 Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
 Braid, broad.
 Braik, a kind of harrow.
 Braindge, or brainge, to run rashly forward, to draw unsteadily.
 Braindg't, reeled forward.
 Brak, broke, made insolvent.
 Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
 Brash, a sudden illness.
 Brat, a worn shred of cloth.
 Brats, coarse clothes, rags.
 Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
 Braw, fine, handsome.
 Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily.
 Brawnie, stout, brawny.
 Braws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
 Braxie, a morbid sheep, or the mutton of a sheep which has been smothered in snow.
 Breakin', breaking.
 Breastie, diminutive of breast.
 Breastit, did spring up or forward.
 Breathin', breathing.
 Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell or charm.
 Breeks, breeches.
 Brent, smooth.
 Brewin', brewing.
 Brie, juice, liquid.
 Brig, a bridge.
 Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
 Brither, a brother.
 Brogue, a hum, a trick, an affront.
 Broo, broth, liquid, water.
 Broose, a race at country weddings—who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
 Brugh, a burgh.
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.
 Brunstane, brimstone.
 Brunt, did burn.
 Brust, to burst.
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
 Bught, a pen for sheep.
 Bughtin'-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.

Bairdly, stout-made, broad-built.
 Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the
 summer evening.
 Bummin', humming as bees.
 Bummle, to blunder.
 Bummler, a blunderer.
 Bure, bore, did bear.
 Burn, water, a rivulet.
 Burnewin, *i.e.* burn the wind, a blacksmith.
 Burnie, diminutive of burn.
 Busking, dressing.
 Buskit, dressed.
 Busks, dresses,
 Busle, a bustle, to bustle.
 Buss, a bush.
 But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
 But, without.
 By himsel', lunatic, distracted.
 Byre, a cow-stable.

Ca', to call, to name, to drive.
 Cadger, a carrier.
 Cadie, or caddie, a person, a young fellow.
 Caff, chaff.
 Caird, a tinker.
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
 Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
 Callan, a boy.
 Caller, fresh, sound.
 Cam', did come.
 Canna, cannot.
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous.
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently.
 Cantharidian, made of cantharides.
 Cantie, or canty, cheerful, merry.
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
 Cape-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
 Careerin', cheerfully.
 Caressin', caressing.
 Carlin, a stout old woman.
 Carryin', carrying.
 Cartes, cards.
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved.
 Caudron, a caldron.
 Cauld, cold.
 Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel.
 Cesses, taxes.
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
 Chantin', chanting.
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
 Chearfu', cheerful.
 Cheekit, cheeked.

Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
 Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow.
 Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate.
 Chimla-lug, the fireside.
 Chittering, shivering, trembling.
 Chokin', choking.
 Chow, to chew.
 Chuffie, fat-faced.
 Clachan, a small village about a church, a ham-
 let.
 Claise, or claes, clothes.
 Claith, cloth; claithing, clothing.
 Clap, clapper of a mill.
 Clarkit, wrote.
 Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
 Clatter, to tell little idle stories, an idle story.
 Claut, to clean, to scrape.
 Clauted, scraped.
 Clavers, idle stories.
 Claw, to cratch.
 Cleed, to clothe.
 Cleeds, clothes.
 Clinkin', jerking, clinking.
 Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell.
 Clips, sheers.
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
 Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
 Clockin', hatching.
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
 Cloutie, an old name for the Devil.
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
 Cluds, clouds.
 Coaxin', wheedling.
 Coble, a fishing-boat.
 Cockernony, a lock of hair tied up on a girl's
 head, a cap.
 Coft, bought.
 Cog, a wooden dish.
 Coggie, diminutive of cog.
 Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so
 called, saith tradition, from Coil or Coilus,
 a Pictish monarch.
 Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular,
 name for country curs.
 Collieshangie, quarrelling.
 Comin', coming.
 Commaun, command.
 Cood, the cud.
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
 Coost, did cast.
 Cootie, wooden kitchen dish, also those fowls
 whose legs are clad with feathers are said to
 be cootie.
 Core, corps, party, clan.
 Corn't, fed with oats.
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a cottage.

Countra, country.
 Couthie, kind, loving.
 Cove, a cavern.
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop, a fright.
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a fall, a gang.
 Cowpit, tumbled.
 Cow'rin', cowering.
 Cowte, a colt.
 Cozie, snug; coziely, snugly.
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
 Crack, conversation, to converse.
 Crackin', conversing.
 Craft, or croft, a field near a house.
 Craiks, landrails.
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggerel verses.
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel, a harsh, grating sound.
 Crankous, fretful, captious, peevish.
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
 Crap, a crop, the top.
 Crow, a crow of a cock, a rook.
 Creel, a basket; to have one's wits in a creel, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
 Creepin', creeping.
 Creeshie, greasy.
 Cronie, crony.
 Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove.
 Croon, a hollow continued moan, to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune.
 Crooning, humming.
 Crouchie, crook-backed.
 Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
 Crousely, cheerfully, courageously.
 Crowdie, a dish made of oatmeal.
 Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
 Crowlin', crawling, or creeping.
 Crump, hard and brittle—spoken of bread.
 Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
 Crushin', crushing; crusht, crushed.
 Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
 Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
 Curchie, a courtesy.
 Curler, a player on the ice.
 Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
 Curling, a well-known game on ice.
 Curmurring, murmuring, slight, rumbling noise.
 Curpin, the crupper.
 Cushat, the dove or wood-pigeon.
 Cutty, short.

D.

DADDIE, a father.
 Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
 Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
 Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen icker, an ear of corn now and then.
 Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured, agreeable.
 Dancin', dancing.
 Dappl't, dappled.
 Darklins, darkling.
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
 Daur, to dare; daur't, dared.
 Daurg, or daurk, a day's labour.
 Daut, to caress, to fondle.
 Davoc, David.
 Dawd, a large piece.
 Dawtit, or dautet, fondled, caressed.
 Dead-sweer, very loath, averse.
 Dearies, diminutive of dears.
 Dearthfu', dear.
 Deave, to deafen.
 Deil-ma-care! devil-may-care.
 Deleerit, delirious.
 Delvin', delving.
 Describe, to describe.
 Deservin', deserving.
 Devel, a stunning blow.
 Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff, cleaned from chaff.
 Dimpl't, dimpled.
 Ding, to worst, to push.
 Dinna, do not.
 Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
 Disrespeckit, disrespected.
 Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen.
 Dizzie, dizzy, giddy.
 Doited, stupefied, hebetated.
 Dolefu', doleful.
 Donsie, unlucky.
 Dool, sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn.
 Doos, doves.
 Dorty, saucy, nice.
 Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent.
 Doucely, soberly, prudently.
 Dought, was *or* were able.
 Doup, backside.
 Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
 Doure, stout, durable, stubborn,ullen.
 Doure and din, sullen and sallow.
 Douser, more prudent.
 Dow, am *or* are able to, can.
 Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
 Dowie, worn with grief.
 Downa, am *or* are not able, cannot.
 Doylet, stupefied, crazed.

Drap, a drop, to drop.
 Drapping, dropping.
 Draunting, drawling.
 Dreadfu', dreadful.
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping.
 Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
 Drift, a drove.
 Drinkin', drinking.
 Droddum, the breech.
 Drone, part of a bagpipe, a tiresome speaker.
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
 Droukit, wet, dripping.
 Drouth, thirst, drought.
 Drucken, drunken.
 Drumlie, muddy.
 Drummock, meal and water mixed raw.
 Drunt, pet, sour humour.
 Dryin', drying.
 Dub, a small pond.
 Duddie, ragged.
 Duds, rags of clothes.
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven.
 Dunted, boxed, well-beaten.
 Dush, to push as a bull or ram does.
 Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

E'e, the eye; een, the eyes.
 E'enin', evening.
 Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.
 Eild, old age.
 Elbuck, the elbow.
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
 En', end.
 Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
 Eneugh, enough.
 Ensuin', ensuing.
 Especial, especially.
 Eydent, diligent, constant, busy.

F

FA', fall, lot, to fall.
 Fac't, faced.
 Faddom't, fathomed.
 Fae, a foe.
 Faem, foam.
 Fairin, a fairing, a present.
 Faithfu', faithful.

Fallow, fellow.
 Fand, did find.
 Farl, a cake of bread.
 Fareweel, farewell.
 Fa's, does fall, water-fall.
 Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
 Fash't, troubled.
 Fasten-e'en, Fastens-Even.
 Fatterels, ribbon ends.
 Fauld, a fold, to fold.
 Faulding, folding.
 Faut, fault.
 Fawsont, decent, seemly, orderly.
 Fearfu', frightful.
 Fear't, frightened.
 Feat, neat, spruce.
 Fecht, to fight; fechtin', fighting.
 Fecket, waistcoat, a vest of woollen stuff.
 Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
 Feckly, weakly, mostly.
 Feg, a fig.
 Feid, feud, enmity.
 Fell, keen, biting, the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
 Fen', successful struggle, fight.
 Fend, to live comfortably.
 Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder, a wonder; a sort of term of contempt.
 Fetch, to pull.
 Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
 Fidge, to fidget.
 Fidgin', fidgeting.
 Fiel, soft, smooth.
 Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
 Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
 Fissle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.
 Fit, a foot.
 Fittie-lan', the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
 Fizz, to make a hissing noise like fermentation.
 Flainen, flannel.
 Flatterin', flattering.
 Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
 Fleechin', supplicating.
 Fleesh, a fleece.
 Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
 Flether, to decoy by fair words.
 Fletherin', flattering.
 Fley, to scare, to frighten.
 Fley'd, frightened, scared.
 Flichter, to flutter.
 Flichterin', fluttering.
 Flickering, to meet, to encounter.
 Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.

Flingin'-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable, a flail.

Flisk, to fret at the yoke.

Fliskit, fretted.

Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.

Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.

Flunkie, a servant in livery.

Flyin', flying.

Foamin', foaming.

Foord, a ford.

Forbears, forefathers, ancestors.

Forbye, besides.

Forfain, distressed, worn out, jaded.

Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.

Forgi'e, to forgive.

Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.

Formin', forming.

Fother, fodder.

Fou, full, drunk.

Foughten, troubled, harassed.

Fow, a bushel, full, drunk.

Frae, from.

Freath, froth.

Frien', friend.

Fu', full.

Fud, the scut of the hare.

Fuff, to blow intermittently.

Fuff't, did blow.

Fur, a furrow.

Furm, a form, a bench.

Funnie, full of merriment.

Fyfteen, fifteen.

Fyke, trifling cares, to piddle, to be in a flass about trifles.

Fyle, to soil, to dirty.

Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

G.

GAB, the mouth, to speak boldly or pertly.

Gaberlunzie, an old man who takes to begging, or, literally, a wallet carried at the loins.

Gadsman, ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.

Gae, to go; gaed, went; gaen or gane, gone; gaun, going.

Gaet, or gate, way, manner, road.

Gang, to go, to walk.

Gar, to make, to force to.

Gar't, forced to.

Garten, a garter.

Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.

Gashin', conversing.

Gatherin', gathering.

Gaucy, or gawsie, jolly, large.

Gear, riches, goods of any kind.

Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.

Ged, a pike.

Gentles, great folks.

Geordie, a guinea.

Get, a child, a young one.

Ghaist, a ghost.

Gi'e, to give; gied, gave; gi'en, given.

Giftie, diminutive of gift.

Giglets, playful girls.

Gillie, diminutive of gill.

Gilpey, a young girl.

Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old.

Gin, if, against.

Gipsy, a young girl.

Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.

Girnin', grinning.

Gizz, a periwig.

Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.

Glaizie, glittering, smooth like glass.

Glaum'd, aimed, snatched at greedily.

Gleg, sharp, ready.

Gleib, glebe.

Glen, dale, deep valley.

Gley, a squint, to squint; agley, off at a side, wrong.

Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily.

Glint, to peep; glinted, peeped; glintin', peep-ing.

Gloamin', the twilight.

Glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.

Glowred, looked, stared.

Glowrin', staring.

Glunch, a frown, to frown.

Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawk-weed.

Gowany, gowany glens, daisied dales.

Gowd, gold.

Gowff, the game of golf.

Gowffed, struck.

Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.

Gowl, to howl.

Gowling, howling.

Gracefu', graceful.

Grained and gaunted, groaned and grunted.

Grained, groaned.

Graining, groaning.

Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.

Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress.

Grane, or grain, a groan, to groan.

Grannie, a grandmother.

Grape, to grope; grapit, groped.

Gratefu', grateful.

Great, intimate, familiar.
 Gree, to agree ; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor.
 Gree't, a greed.
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
 Greetin', crying, weeping.
 Grievin', grieving.
 Grippet, caught, seized.
 Grissle, gristle.
 Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.
 Grozet, a gooseberry.
 Gruesome, loathsomely grim.
 Grumphie, a sow.
 Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
 Grun', ground.
 Grunstone, a grindstone.
 Gruntle, the phiz or visage, a grunting noise.
 Grunzie, mouth, snout.
 Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
 GUDE, the SUPREME BEING ; good.
 Guid, good ; guid-mornin', good morrow ; guid-e'en, good evening.
 Guidfather and guidmother, father-in-law and mother-in-law.
 Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house ; young guidman, a man newly married.
 Gully, or gullie, a large knife.
 Gumlie, muddy.
 Gusty, tasteful.

H.

HA', hall.
 Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
 Ha'e, to have.
 Haen, had, the participle.
 Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation, nothing.
 Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
 Haffins, nearly half, partly.
 Hag, a scour or gulf in mosses and moors.
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
 Hain, to spare, to save ; hained, spared.
 Hairst, harvest.
 Haith, a petty oath.
 Hal', hald, an abiding place.
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
 Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage.
 Haly, holy.
 Hame, home ; hameward, homeward.

Hamely, homely, affable.
 Han', or haun', hand.
 Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. ; to wrap, to cover, to hap.
 Happer, a hopper.
 Happing, hopping.
 Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop-skip-and-leap.
 Harkit, hearkened.
 Hash, a sot, a term of contempt.
 Hastit, hastened.
 Haud, to hold.
 Haughs, low-lying rich lands, valleys.
 Haur!, to drag, to peel.
 Haurlin', peeling.
 Haver!, a half-witted person, half-witted.
 Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
 Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
 Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
 Heapit, heaped.
 Hearse, hoarse.
 Hear't, hear it.
 Heather, heath.
 Hech ! oh ! strange.
 Hecht, offered ; to hecht, to raise in price.
 Hecht, to foretell, or forebode, something that is to be got or given, foretold, the thing foretold.
 Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
 Hellim, the rudder or helm.
 Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
 Herrin', a herring.
 Herry, to plunder.
 Herryment, plundering, devastation.
 Hersel', herself.
 Het, hot.
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
 Hilchin', halting.
 Himsel', himself.
 Hiney, honey ; also a term of endearment, a sweet creature.
 Hing, to hang.
 Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep ; hirplin', creeping.
 Hirsle, so many cattle as one person can attend.
 Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
 Hitch, a loop, a knot.
 Hizzie, hussy, a young girl.
 Hoddin, the motion of a sage country man riding on a cart-horse.
 Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling drawn across the rink.
 Hog-shouter, a kind of horse-play by justling with the shoulder, to justle.
 Hool, outer skin or case.

Hoolie, slowly, leisurely; hoolie! take leisure! stop!

Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.

Hoordit, hoarded.

Horn, a spoon made of horn.

Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil.

Host, or hoast, to cough; hostin', coughing.

Houghmagandie, fornication.

Housie, diminutive of house.

Hove, to heave, to swell.

Hoved, heaved, swelled.

Howdie, a midwife.

Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.

Howe-backit, sunk in the back.

Howff, a landlady, a house of resort, a haunt, a place of shelter.

Howk, to dig; howkit, digged; howkin', digging.

Howlet, an owl.

Hoy, to urge incessantly; hoy't, urged.

Hoysie, a pull upwards.

Hoysie, to amble crazily, a motion between a trot and a gallop.

Hughoc, diminutive of Hugh.

Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.

Hushion, a cushion, an old footless stocking—hose-shin.

I.

I', in.

Ic:er, an ear of corn.

Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.

Ilk, or ilka, each, every.

Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly, unkind.

Indentin', indenting.

Ingenie, genius, ingenuity.

Ingle, fire, fireplace.

I'se, I shall or will.

Ither, other, one another.

J.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term, among country folks, for a giddy young girl.

Jauk, to dally [at work], to trifle.

Jaukin', trifling, dallying.

Jaup, a jerk of water, to jerk as agitated water.

Jaw, coarse raillery, to pour out, to spurt.

Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.

Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.

Jinglin', jingling.

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning a corner.

Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay, sprightly girl, a wag.

Jinkin', dodging.

Jirk, a jerk.

Jocteleg, a kind of knife.

Jokin', joking.

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.

Jow, to swing and sound like a bell.

Joyfu', joyful.

Jumpin', jumping.

Jumpit, did jump.

Jundie, to justle.

K.

KAE, a daw.

Kail, coleworts, a kind of broth.

Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort.

Kain, fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer.

Kebback, a cheese.

Keek, a peep, to peep.

Keepit, kept.

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.

Ken, to know; kend or ken't, knew.

Kennin, a small matter.

Kenspeckle, well-known, a marked person.

Ken't, knew.

Ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool.

Kiaugh, carking anxiety.

Kilt, to truss up the clothes.

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.

Kin, kindred.

Kin', kind.

King's hood, part of the en'rails of an ox.

Kintra cooser, country stallion; cooser, courser.

Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn, to churn.

Kirsan, to christen.

Kist, chest, a shop-counter.

Kitchen, anything that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kith, kindred.

Kittle, to tickle; ticklish, likely.

Kitlin, a young cat.

Kiuttle, to cuddle, to caress, to fondle.

Kiuttlin', cuddling.

Knaggie, like knags or points of rocks.

Knappin'-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.

Kuowe, a small round hillock.

Knurl, dwarf.
 Kye, cows.
 Kyle, a district of Ayrshire.
 Kyte, the belly.
 Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.

L.

LADDIE, diminutive of lad.
 Laggan, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
 Laigh, low.
 Lairing, wading and sinking in snow, mud, &c.
 Laith, loth.
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
 Lallan, Lowland; Lallans, Scotch dialect.
 Lambie, diminutive of lamb.
 Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.
 Lan', land, estate.
 Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, &c., myself alone, &c., thyself alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely.
 Lang, long; to think lang, to long, to weary.
 Lap, did leap.
 Lapfu', lapful.
 Laughin', laughing.
 Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
 Laverock, the lark.
 Lawfu', lawful.
 Lawin, shot, reckoning, bill.
 Lea'e, to leave.
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
 Lear (pronounced lare), learning.
 Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
 Lee-lang, live-long.
 Leesome, pleasant, sheltered.
 Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment.
 Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
 Leugh, did laugh.
 Leuk, a look, to look.
 Libbet, gelded.
 Lift, the sky.
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at.
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
 Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet, a woman of easy virtue.
 Limpit, limp'd, hobbled.
 Link, to trip along.
 Linkin', tripping.
 Linn, a waterfall.
 Lint, flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower.
 Lintwhite, a linnet.
 Livin', living.

Loan, the place of milking.
 Loof, the palm of the hand.
 Loot, did let.
 Looves, plural of loof.
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
 Loup, jump, leap.
 Lowe, a flame, to flame.
 Lowin', flaming.
 Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.
 Lowsed, loosed.
 Lowse, to loose.
 Lug, the ear, a handle.
 Lugget, having a handle.
 Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
 Lum, the chimney.
 Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lunt, a column of smoke, to smoke.
 Luntin', smoking.
 Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.

M.

MAE, more.
 Mailen, farm.
 Mair, more.
 Maist, most, almost.
 Maistly, mostly.
 Mak', to make; makin', making.
 Mallie, Molly.
 Mang, among.
 Manteele, a mantle.
 Mark, marks.
 Mar's year, the Rebellion, A.D. 1715.
 Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn.
 Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
 Maskin'-pat, a teapot.
 Maukin, a hare.
 Maun, must.
 Mavis, the thrush.
 Maw, to mow; mawin', mowing.
 Meere, a mare.
 Melancholious, mournful.
 Mell, to meddle.
 Melvie, to soil with meal.
 Men', to mend.
 Mense, good manners, decorum.
 Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
 Messin, a small dog.
 Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dung hill.
 Midden, a dunghill.
 Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
 Min', mind, remembrance.

Miadfu', mindful.
 Minn't, mind it, resolved, intending.
 Minnie, mother, dam.
 Mirk, or mirkest, dark, darkest.
 Misca', to abuse, to call names.
 Misca'd, abused.
 Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
 Misteuk, mistook.
 Mither, a mother.
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly, mixed.
 Moistify, to moisten.
 Mony, or monie, many.
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
 Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
 Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
 Mottie, full of motes.
 Mou', the mouth.
 Moudiewort, a mole.
 Mournfu', mournful.
 Mousie, diminutive of mouse.
 Muckle, or meikle, great, big, much.
 Musie, diminutive of muse.
 Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water,
 shelled barley, and greens.
 Mutchkin, an English pint.
 Mysel', myself.

N.

NA, no, not, nor.
 Nae, no, not, any.
 Naething, or naithing, nothing.
 Naig, a horse.
 Nane, none.
 Neebor, a neighbour.
 Needfu', needful.
 Negleckit, neglected.
 Neuk, nook.
 Niest, next.
 Nieve, the fist.
 Nievefu', handful.
 Niffer, an exchange, to exchange, to barter.
 Nigger, a negro.
 Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
 Nit, a nut.
 Norland, of or belonging to the north.
 Nor'-west, north-west.
 Noteless, unnoticed, unknown.
 Notic't, noticed.
 Nowte, black cattle.

O.

O', of.
 Observin', observing.
 Ochils, name of mountains between Clackman-
 nan and Perthshire.

O haith ! O faith ! an oath.
 Ony, or onie, any.
 Or, is often used for ere, before.
 O't, of it.
 Ourie, shivering, drooping.
 Oursel', or oursel's, ourselves.
 Outler, not housed, lying in the fields by night.
 Owre, over, too.
 Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with a
 hammer over the arm.

P.

PACK, intimate, familiar, twelve stones of wool.
 Painch, paunch.
 Paitrick, a partridge.
 Pang, to cram.
 Parle, speech.
 Parliamentin', at parliament.
 Parritch, oatmeal stirabout.
 Pat, did put, a pot.
 Pattie, or pettie, a plough-staff.
 Paughty, proud, haughty, saucy.
 Paukie, cunning, sly.
 Pay't, paid, beat.
 Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
 Pechan, the crop of fowls, the stomach.
 Peelin', peeling.
 Penny-wheep, small beer.
 Pensivelie, pensively.
 Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
 Pettie, to cherish, a plough-staff.
 Philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highland-
 men.
 Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
 Phraisin', flattery.
 Pickle, a small quantity.
 Pine, pain, uneasiness.
 Pit, to put.
 Placad, a public proclamation.
 Plack, an old Scotch coin.
 Plackless, penniless.
 Platie, diminutive of plate.
 Plew, or pleugh, a plough.
 Pliskie, a trick.
 Plumpit, did plump.
 Poortith, poverty.
 Pou, to pull.
 Pouk, to pluck.
 Poussie, a hare or cat.
 Pou't, did pull.
 Pout, a poult, a chicken.
 Pouthery, like powder.
 Pow, the head, the skull.
 Pownie, a little horse.
 Powther, or pouthier, powder.

Prayin', praying.
 Preen, a pin.
 Prent, print.
 Pridefu', proud, saucy.
 Prie, to taste.
 Pried, tasted.
 Prief, proof.
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
 Priggin', cheapening.
 Primsie, demure, precise, affectedly nice.
 Propone, to lay down, to propose.
 Provoses, provosts.
 Pryin', prying.
 Puddin', pudding.
 Pudding, a well-known Scotch dish,
 Pund, pound, pounds.
 Pyle, a single grain.

Q.

QUAK, to quake.
 Quakin', quaking.
 Quat, to quit.
 Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

RAEP, or rape, a rope.
 Ragweed, the plant ragwort.
 Raible, to rattle nonsense, to repeat by rote.
 Rair, to roar; rair't, roared; rairin', roaring.
 Raize, to madden, to enflame.
 Ramblin', rambling.
 Ram-feezeled, fatigued, overspent.
 Ram-stam, forward, thoughtless.
 Rantin', ranting.
 Rarely, excellent, very well.
 Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes.
 Rattlin', rattling.
 Ratton, a rat.
 Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.
 Raught, reached.
 Raw, a row.
 Rax, to stretch.
 Ream, cream.
 Reave, to rob.
 Receivin', receiving.
 Reck, to take heed.
 Rede, counsel, to counsel.
 Red-wud, stark-mad.
 Ree, half-drunk, fuddled.
 Reek, smoke, to smoke; reekin', smoking; reekit, smoked, smoky.
 Reest, to stand restive.

Reestit, stood restive, stunted, withered, shrivelled.
 Reft, torn, ragged.
 Refus't, refuse it.
 Remarkin', remarking.
 Remead, remedy.
 Requit, requital.
 Restricket, restricted.
 Rew, repent.
 Rhyming, rhyming.
 Ridin', riding.
 Rief-randies, sturdy leggars.
 Rief, reaving.
 Rig, a ridge.
 Rin, to run, to melt; rinnin', running.
 Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling.
 Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn, &c.
 Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots with the plough.
 Roamin', roaming.
 Rockin', a meeting on a winter evening to spin on the rock or distaff.
 Roon, a shred, a remnant.
 Roose, to praise, to commend.
 Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
 Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
 Routh o' gear, plenty of goods.
 Routhie, plentiful.
 Row, to roll, to wrap.
 Row't, rolled, wrapped.
 Rowte, to low, to bellow.
 Rowth, plenty.
 Rowtin', lowing.
 Rozet, rosin.
 Rung, a cudgel.
 Runkled, wrinkled.
 Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
 Rustlin', rustling.

S.

'S, is.
 Sae, so.
 Saft, soft.
 Sair, to serve, sore.
 Sairly, or sairly, sorely.
 Sair't, served.
 Sang, a song.
 Sark, a shirt.
 Sarkit, provided in shirts.
 Saugh, the willow.
 Saul, soul.
 Saumont, salmon.
 Saunt, a saint.
 Saut, salt; sautet, salted.

- Saw, to sow.
 Sawin', sowing.
 Sax, six.
 Scath, to damage, to injure, injury.
 Scar, to scare.
 Scaud, to scald.
 Scauld, to scold ; scaulding, scolding.
 Scaur, apt to be scared.
 Scawl, a scold.
 Scone, a kind of bread.
 Scornfu', scornful.
 Scaich, to scream as a hen, partridge, &c.
 Scaichin', screaming.
 Screechin', screeching.
 Scream, to tear, a rent.
 Screigh, to cry shrilly.
 Scribe, to glide swiftly along, to run smoothly.
 Screevin', gleesomely, swiftly.
 Scrimp, to scant ; scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
 Scunner, a loathing, to loathe.
 See'd, did see.
 Seizin', seizing.
 Sel', self ; a body's sel'—one's self alone.
 Sell't, did sell.
 Sen', to send ; sen't, send it.
 Servan', servant.
 Sets, sets aff, goes away.
 Settlin', settling ; to get a settlin', to be frightened into quietness.
 Shaird, a shred, a shard.
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one end, for putting the tail of a dog, &c., into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
 Shaver, a humorous or mischievous wag, a barber.
 Shaw, to show, a small wood in a hollow place.
 Sheen, bright, shining.
 Sheep-shank, to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited.
 Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A.D. 1715.
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench.
 Shiel, a shed, a bothy.
 Shill, shrill.
 Shog, a shock.
 Shool, a shovel.
 Shoon, shoes.
 Shootin', shooting.
 Shor'd, offered.
 Shore, to offer, to threaten.
 Shouter, the shoulder.
 Sic, such.
 Sicker, sure, steady.
 Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
 Siller, silver, money.
 Simmer, summer.
 Sin, a son.
 Sin', since.
 Sinfu', sinful.
 Sinkin', sinking.
 Sittin', sitting.
 Skath, to damage, to injure, injury.
 Skelp, to strike, to slap, to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
 Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
 Skelpin', slapping, walking smartly.
 Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled, fiery.
 Skinklin', a small portion, a sprinkling.
 Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
 Skirling, shrieking, crying.
 Skirl't, shrieked.
 Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth, to fib.
 Sklented, ran or hit in an oblique direction.
 Sklentín, slanting.
 Skriegh, a scream, to scream.
 Slade, did slide.
 Slae, sloe.
 Slap, a gate, a breach in the fence.
 Slaw, slow.
 Slee, sly ; sleest, slyest.
 Sleekit, sleek.
 Sliddery, slippery.
 Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
 Slypet, fell.
 Sma', small.
 Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
 Smiddy, smithy.
 Smoor, to smother ; smoor'd, smothered.
 Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
 Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
 Snapper, stumble, diverge from the path.
 Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
 Snaw, snow, to snow.
 Snaw-broo, melted snow.
 Snawie, snowy.
 Sned, to lop, to cut off.
 Sneeshin, snuff ; sneeshin-mill, snuff-box.
 Snell, bitter, biting.
 Snick, the latchet of a door.
 Snick-drawing, trick-contriving.
 Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery, to submit tamely, to sneak.
 Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
 Snoov't, went smoothly.
 Snowk, to scent or snuff as a dog, horse, &c.
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
 Sobbin', sobbing.
 Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
 Soom, to swim.
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath.

- Sootie, sooty.
 Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
 Souple, flexible, swift.
 Souter, a shoemaker.
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
 Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
 Sowther, solder, to solder, to cement.
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
 Spairge, to dash, to soil as with mire, to spurt about like water.
 Spak', did speak.
 Sparin', sparing.
 Spate, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.
 Spates, swollen streams.
 Spaul, a limb.
 Spaviet, having the spavin.
 Speakin', speaking.
 Speel, to climb.
 Spence, the country parlour.
 Spier, to ask, to inquire.
 Spier't, inquired.
 Spitefu', spiteful.
 Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
 Spleuchan, a tobacco-pouch.
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise, a ramble.
 Sportin', sporting.
 Sprattle, to scramble.
 Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
 Spring, a quick air in music, a Scotch reel.
 Springin', springing.
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes.
 Sprittie, full of spirits, rushy.
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery, Will-o'-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*.
 Squad, a crew, a party.
 Squatter, to flutter in water as a wild duck, &c.
 Squattle, to sprawl.
 Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream.
 Stacher, to stagger.
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
 Staggy, diminutive of stag.
 Stalwart, strong, stout.
 Stampin', stamping.
 Stan', to stand ; stan't, did stand.
 Stane, a stone.
 Stank, a pool of standing water.
 Stap, to stop.
 Stark, stout.
 Startin', starting.
 Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
 Starvin', starving.
 Staumrel, half-witted.
 Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
 Stechin', cramming.
 Steek, to shut, a stitch.
 Steer, to molest, to stir.
 Steeve, firm, compacted.
 Steh, or stegh, to cram the belly.
 Stell, a still.
 Sten, to rear as a horse.
 Sten't, reared.
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
 Stey, steep ; steyest, steepest.
 Stibble, stubble ; stibble-rig, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
 Stick an' stow, totally, altogether.
 Stilt, a crutch, to halt, to limp.
 Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
 Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
 Stockin', stocking.
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
 Stot, an ox.
 Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
 Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
 Stown, stolen.
 Stowlins, by stealth.
 Stoyte, stumble.
 Strack, did strike.
 Strae, straw ; to die a fair strae death, to die in bed.
 Straik, to stroke ; strait, stroked.
 Strappan, tall and handsome.
 Straught, straight.
 Streek, stretched, to stretch ; streekit, stretched.
 Strewin', strewing.
 Striddle, to straddle.
 Stringin', stringing.
 Stroan, to spout, to pour out like a spout.
 Stroan't, spouted.
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind, to walk sturdily.
 Studdie, an anvil.
 Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
 Stumpie, diminutive of stump.
 Sturt, trouble, to molest.
 Sturtin, frightened.
 Sucker, sugar.
 Sud, should.
 Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
 Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation.
 Swaird, sword.
 Swalled, swelled.
 Swank, stately, jolly.
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight, strapping young fellow or girl.
 Swap, an exchange, to barter.
 Swarf, swoon.
 Swat, did sweat.

Swatch, a sample.
 Swats, liquor, strong ale.
 Sweatin', sweating.
 Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse.
 Swervin', swerving.
 Swinge, to beat, to whip.
 Swingein', beating, whipping.
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.
 Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
 Swith ! get away !
 Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
 Swoor, swore, did swear.
 Syne, since, ago, then.

T.

TAE, a toe; three-tae'd, having three prongs.
 Taet, a small quantity.
 Tairge, target.
 Tak', to take; takin', taking.
 Talkin', talking.
 Tangle, a sea-weed.
 Tantallon, the name of a rock in East Lothian on which a castle is built.
 Tap, the top.
 Tapetless, heedless, foolish, unthinking.
 Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy.
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
 Tarrow't, murmured.
 Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
 Tauld, or tald, told.
 Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.
 Tauted, or tautie, matted together, spoken of hair or wool.
 Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
 Tearfu', tearful.
 Teat, a small quantity.
 Tedding, spreading after the mower.
 Ten hours' bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yolk in the forenoon.
 Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution, to take heed.
 Tentie, heedful, cautious.
 Tentless, heedless.
 Tough, tough; toughly, toughly.
 Thack, thatch; thack an' rape, clothing, necessaries.
 Thae, these.
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
 Thankfu', thankful.
 Thankit, thanked.
 Theekit, thatched.
 Thegither, together.
 Themsel', themselves.
 Thick, intimate, familiar.
 Thieveless, cold, dry, spited, spoken of a person's demeanour.
 Thinkin', thinking.
 Thir, these.
 Thirl, to thrill.
 Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
 Thole, to suffer, to endure.
 Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
 Thowless, slack, lazy, pithless.
 Thrang, throng, a crowd.
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
 Thrawin', twisting.
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted.
 Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
 Threshin', thrashing.
 Threteen, thirteen.
 Thrissle, thistle.
 Through, to go on with, to make out.
 Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
 Thud, to make a loud, intermittent noise.
 Thumpin', thumping.
 Thumpit, thumped.
 Thysel', thyself.
 Till't, to it.
 Timmer, timber; timmer-propt, propped with timber.
 Tine, to lose; tint, lost.
 Tinkler, a tinker.
 Tint the gate, lost the way.
 Tip, a ram.
 Tippence, twopence.
 Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
 Tirlin', uncovering.
 Tither, the other.
 Tittle, to whisper.
 Tittlin', whispering.
 Tocher, marriage portion.
 Tod, a fox.
 Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child.
 Toddlin', tottering.
 Toom, empty.
 Toop, a ram.
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.
 Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
 Tow, a rope.
 Towzie, rough, shaggy.
 Towmond, a twelvemonth.
 Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
 Toyte, to totter like old age.
 Transmugrify'd, metamorphosed.
 Trashtrie, trash.
 Trews, trousers.

Trow, to believe.
 Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
 Tryin', trying.
 Trickle, full of tricks.
 Trig, spruce, neat.
 Trimly, excellently.
 Trottin', trotting.
 Trysted, appointed, to tryste.
 Try't, tried.
 Tug, raw hide, of which, in old times, plough-
 traces were frequently made.
 Tulzie, a quarrel, to quarrel, to fight.
 Tune'fu', tuneful.
 Twa, two.
 'T wad, it would.
 Twal, twelve; twalpennie-worth, a small
 quantity, a penny-worth.
 Twa-three, a few.
 Twin, to part.
 Tyke, a dog.

U.

UNCARING, disregarding.
 Unco, strange, uncouth, very, very great, pro-
 digious.
 Uncos, news.
 Undoin', undoing.
 Unkenn'd, unknown.
 Unskaited, undamaged, unhurt.
 Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
 Unweeting, unwotting, unknowing.
 Upo', upon.
 Urchin, a hedgehog, applied to a mischievous
 boy.

V.

VAP'RIŃ', vapouring.
 Vera, very.
 Virl, a ring round a column.

W.

WA', wall; wa's, walls.
 Wabster, a weaver.
 Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.
 Wadna, would not.
 Wae, woe, sorrowful.
 Waefu', woeful.
 Waesucks! O waes me! alas! O the pity!
 Waft, the woof.
 Waillfu', wailing.
 Wair, to lay out, to expend.
 Wale, choice, to choose.

Waled, chose, chosen.
 Walie, ample, large, jolly, also an interjection of
 distress.
 Wame, the belly; wamefou', a belly-full.
 Wanchancie, unlucky.
 Wanrestfu', restless.
 Wark, work.
 Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
 Warl', or warld, world.
 Warlock, a wizard.
 Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.
 Warran, a warrant, to warrant.
 Warst, worst.
 Warstled, or warsled, wrestled.
 Wastrie, prodigality.
 Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know.
 Water-brose, brose made of meal and water
 simply, without the addition of milk, butter,
 &c.
 Water-kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits that
 are said to haunt fords.
 Wattle, a twig, a wand.
 Wauble, to swing, to reel.
 Waught, draught, a copious libation; "a right
 gude-willie waught," a right hearty bumper.
 Wauken, to awake.
 Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.
 Waur, worst, to worst.
 Waur't, worsted.
 Wean, or weanie, a child.
 Wearie, weary; mony a wearie body, many a
 different person.
 Weason, weasand.
 Wee, little; wee things, little ones; wee bit, a
 small matter.
 Weel, well; weelfare, welfare.
 Weet, rain, wetness.
 Weird, fate.
 We'se, we shall.
 Wha, who.
 Whaizle, to wheeze.
 Whalpit, whelped.
 Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread,
 &c.; to give the strappado.
 Whare, where; whare'er, wherever.
 Whase, whose.
 Whatreck, nevertheless.
 Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-wheep,
 small beer.
 Whid, the motion of a hare running but not
 frighted, a lie.
 Whiddin, running as a hare or coney.
 Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
 Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appen-
 dages.
 Whisht! silence! to hold one's whisht, to be
 silent.

Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
 Whiskit, lashed.
 Whistle, a whistle, to whistle.
 Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
 Whun-stane, a whin-stone.
 Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
 Wt', with.
 Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
 Wicker, willow (the smaller sort).
 Wiel, a small whirlpool.
 Wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
 Wimple, to meander.
 Wimplin', waving, meandering.
 Wimpl't, meandered.
 Win, to wind, to winnow.
 Win', wind; win's, winds.
 Winkin', winking.
 Winna, will not.
 Winnock, a window.
 Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted.
 Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
 Wintle, a staggering motion, to stagger, to reel.
 Winze, an oath.
 Wiss, to wish.
 Withoutten, without.
 Wizened, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
 Wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully.
 Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
 Wons, dwells.
 Woo', wool.
 Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops and ends.
 Wordy, worthy.
 Worset, worsted.
 Wow! an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
 Wrack, to tease, to vex, to trouble.
 Wraith, a spirit, a ghost, an apparition exactly like a living person whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.

Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
 Wud, mad, distracted.
 Wumble, a wimble.
 Wyle, beguile.
 Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.
 Wyte, blame, to blame.

Y.

YAE, one, spelled *ae* in Scots, but generally pronounced as with *y* prefixed.
 Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for *thou*.
 Year, is used for both singular and plural years.
 Yearlings, born in the same year, co-evals.
 Yell, barren, that gives no milk, dry.
 Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
 Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
 Yestreen, yesternight.
 Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
 Yill, ale.
 Yin, one, generally spelled *ane* in Scots, although almost always pronounced with *y* prefixed, as in "yill," for ale; "yirth," or "yird," for earth; "yowe," for ewe.
 Yince, once, generally spelled *ance*, but usually sounded as with *y*.
 Yirl, earl.
 Yits, oats; yit-cake, oatmeal-cake.
 Yokin', yoking, a bout.
 Yont, beyond.
 Young guidman, a newly married man.
 Yoursel', yourself.
 Youthfu', youthful.
 Yowe, a ewe.
 Yowie, diminutive of yowe.
 Yule, Christmas.

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